WEEK ENDING DEC. 14, 1929

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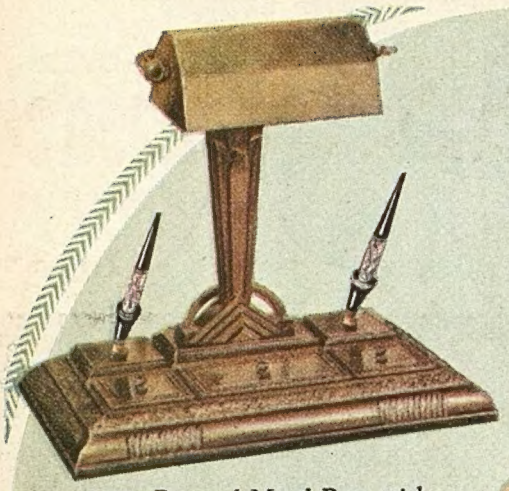
Beginning

THE LIFE OF LILLIE LANGTRY *by* **Princess Kropotkin**



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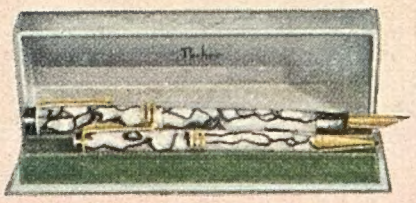

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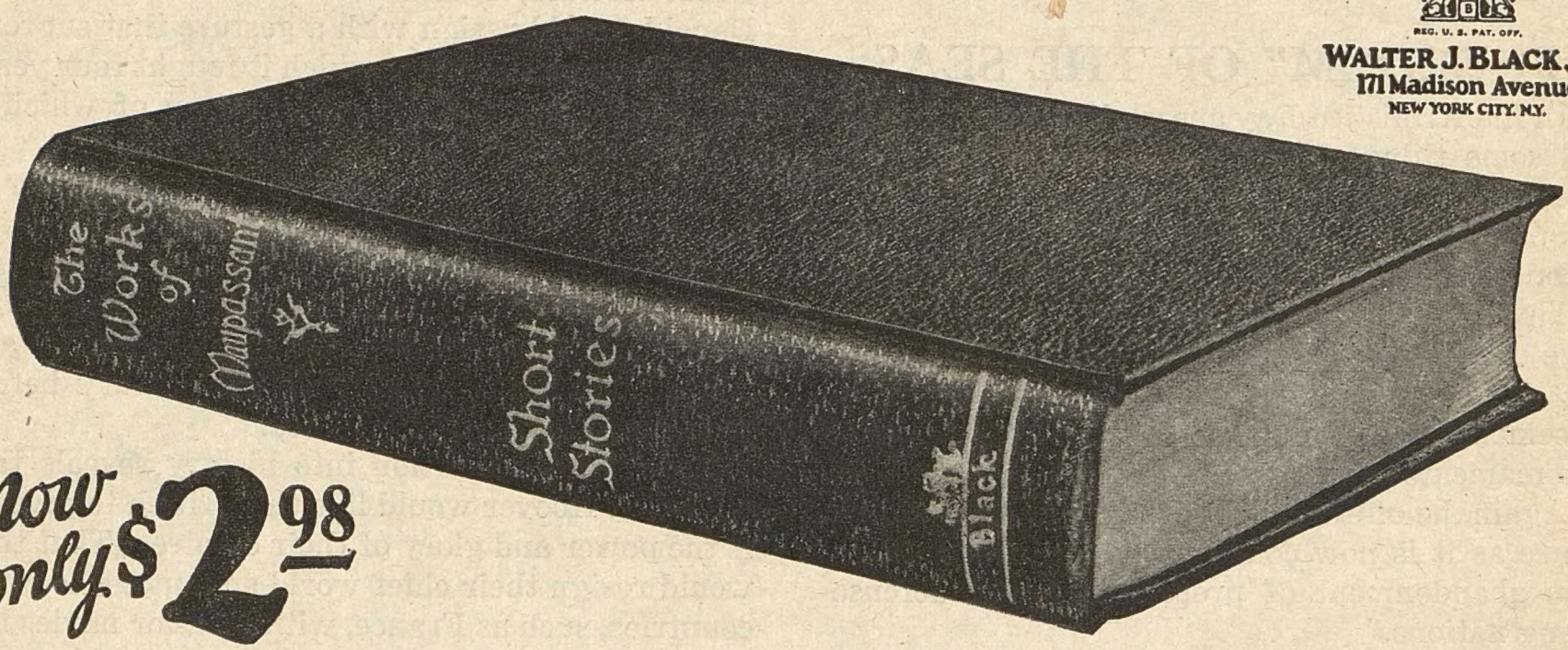

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

"FREEDOM" OF THE SEAS

In his Armistice Day speech President Hoover said some things with which we most certainly agree.

Speaking of the approaching naval conference in London, he said: "In setting up this conference we have already agreed with Great Britain that there shall be a parity in naval strength between us. . . . We must reduce and limit warships by agreement only. I have no faith in the reduction of armaments by example alone."

Again, he offered it as his opinion that human nature as it is now constituted does not warrant "the abandonment of preparedness for defense among nations."

"To do so," he said, "may invite war. I am for adequate preparedness as a guaranty that no foreign soldier shall ever step upon the soil of our country."

The President's speech contained another thought with which we might agree, but to which we feel sure that Great Britain will not subscribe. This is the President's proposal that in the next war (which we thought Mr. Kellogg had arranged is not to happen) food ships shall go freely to both sides and be accorded equal treatment with hospital ships.

Should Great Britain accept such a plan it would automatically cut in half the power and influence of its navy.

At the present time, if war should come in Europe, the British navy would decide to what countries food supplies might go just as in the last war it decided to what countries food might go.

The power of this one decision, more than any other single thing, brought victory to the Allies. There can be no doubt that, if we as neutrals could have sent corn, meat, and wheat to Germany, Austria, and Turkey during the late war, Germany would have been very hard, if not impossible, to defeat. In that event it seems probable the Kaiser would still be in Potsdam, perhaps with the title Kaiser von Mitteleuropa.

The war, in fact, was fought largely because the building up of the German navy under the Von Tirpitz policy was threatening British naval supremacy.

Does President Hoover seriously think that Great Britain, even under a pacifist like MacDonald, would resign with a gesture that supremacy in European waters which it fought four years to sustain, and for the preservation of which it had already been fighting for centuries?

The British couldn't have beaten the Kaiser in this century without their power to blockade him. They couldn't have beaten Napoleon in the last century without a similar power. And they couldn't have beaten Louis XIV and Louis XV and taken away their colonies in the century before that without supremacy at sea.

A little examination into history reveals that what Mr. Hoover would like the British to give up is the power and glory of their empire. That they would resign their chief world advantage to other countries, such as France, with inferior navies but superior armies, seems to us inconceivable.

Nor, we think, would it be well if they did. Far better that the United States, Great Britain, and Japan should have a loose working partnership to patrol the seas and enforce order, each in its own vicinity.

Thus, in a general way, the waters near us would be under our suzerainty, those near Great Britain under the suzerainty of Great Britain, and those near Japan under the suzerainty of Japan.

It is a good working arrangement, and it ought to keep peace in the world for perhaps two generations ahead. No statesman can see farther than that. And there is no reason why any statesman should.

We may safely leave the problems of three generations ahead for our grandchildren to consider. There is no reason to suppose they will be any less wise than we.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Jersey Lily . . . . . PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 9
Beginning a new biography of the lovely Langtry

"Unsolved"—*A story* . . . . . FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN 14

Britain Flies Ahead . . . . . RICHARD CARROLL 25
A look at the Schneider Cup team, speed champions of the air

Melodramatics—*Movie reviews* . . . FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 32

Glorifying Miss Browne—*A story* . . . . . FRED MACISAAC 34

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator . . . . . BERT GREEN 49

Knave of Hearts . . . . . VIVIENNE C. CHADWICK 51
A short short story

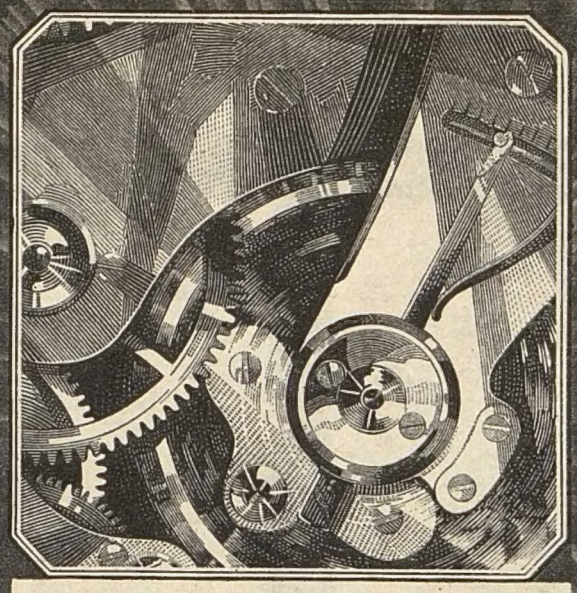
The Quick and the Dead in China . . . . FREDERICK PALMER 54
How the East is awakening from ancestor worship

The Rake and the Hussy—*Part XII* . ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 65

The Patriotic Game of Presidents—*A $25,000 contest* 73

Inside the Ropes—*Part III* . . . . . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 74

Bright Sayings of Children (p. 30); News of the World (31); Twenty Questions (46); For the Love o' Lil (48); Vox Pop (52-53); Fashions (63); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (64); Mistake Picture Prize Awards (79); Cross Word Puzzles (80-81); Food (82) Cover by Leslie Thrasher



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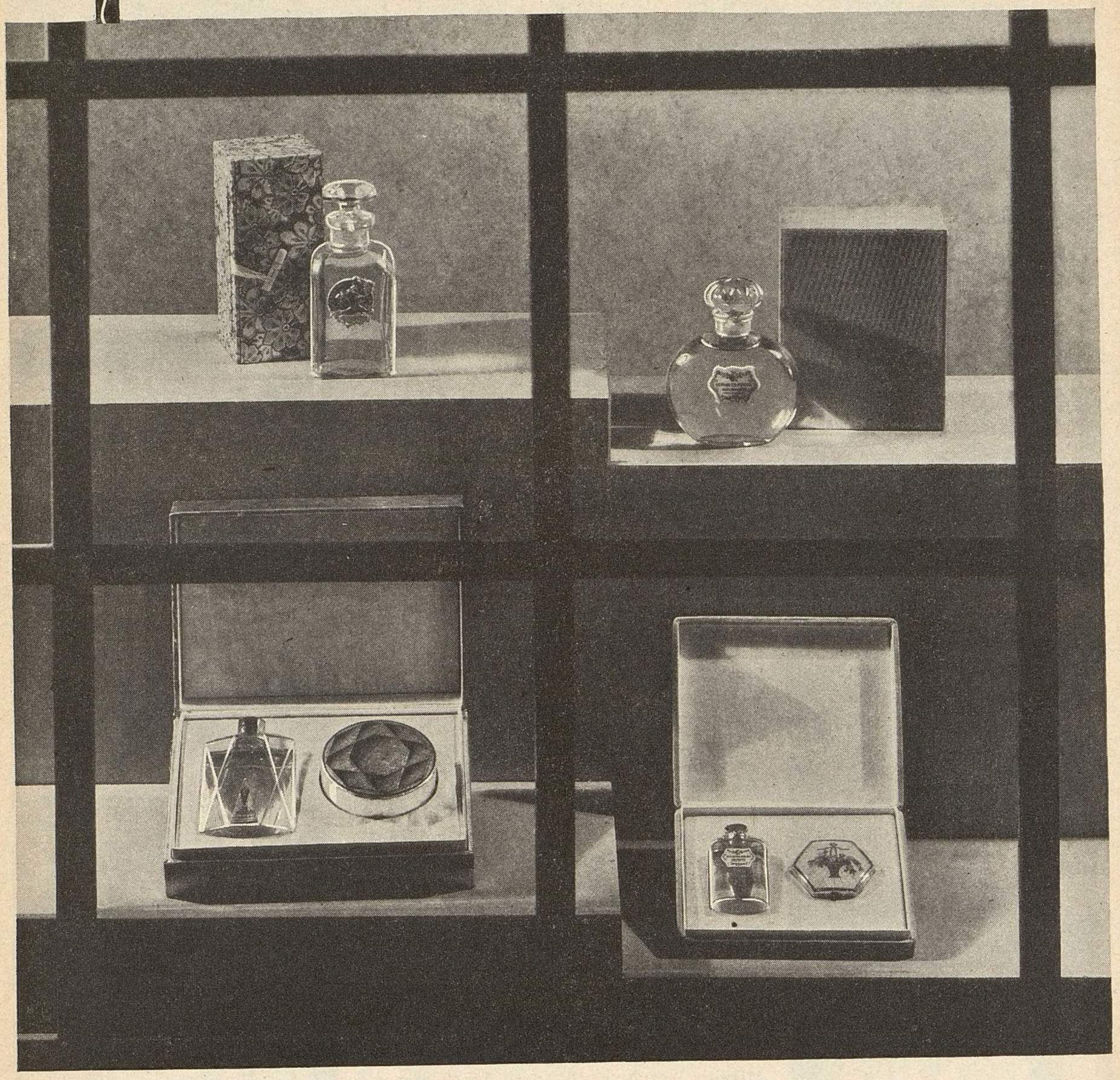

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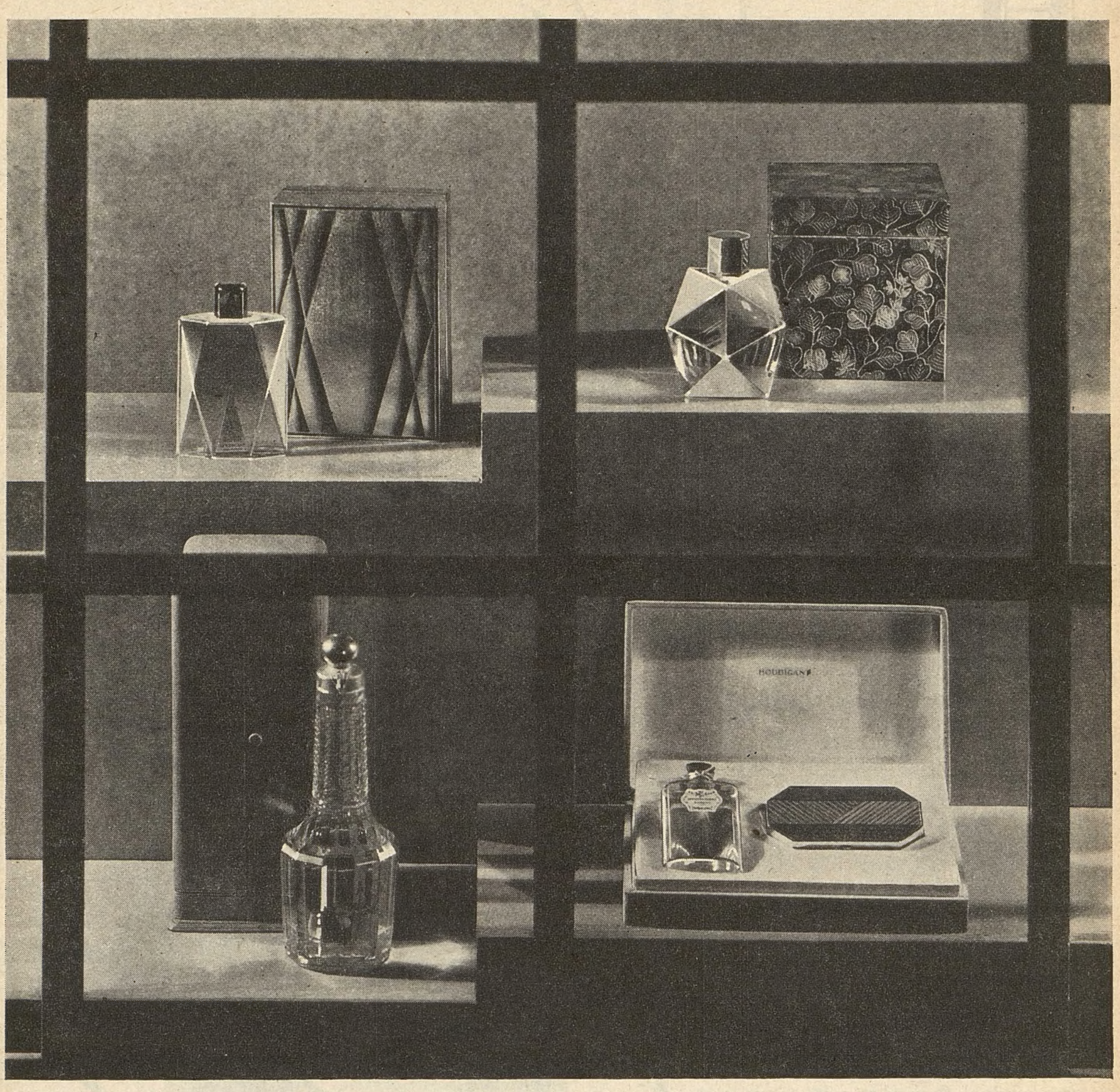

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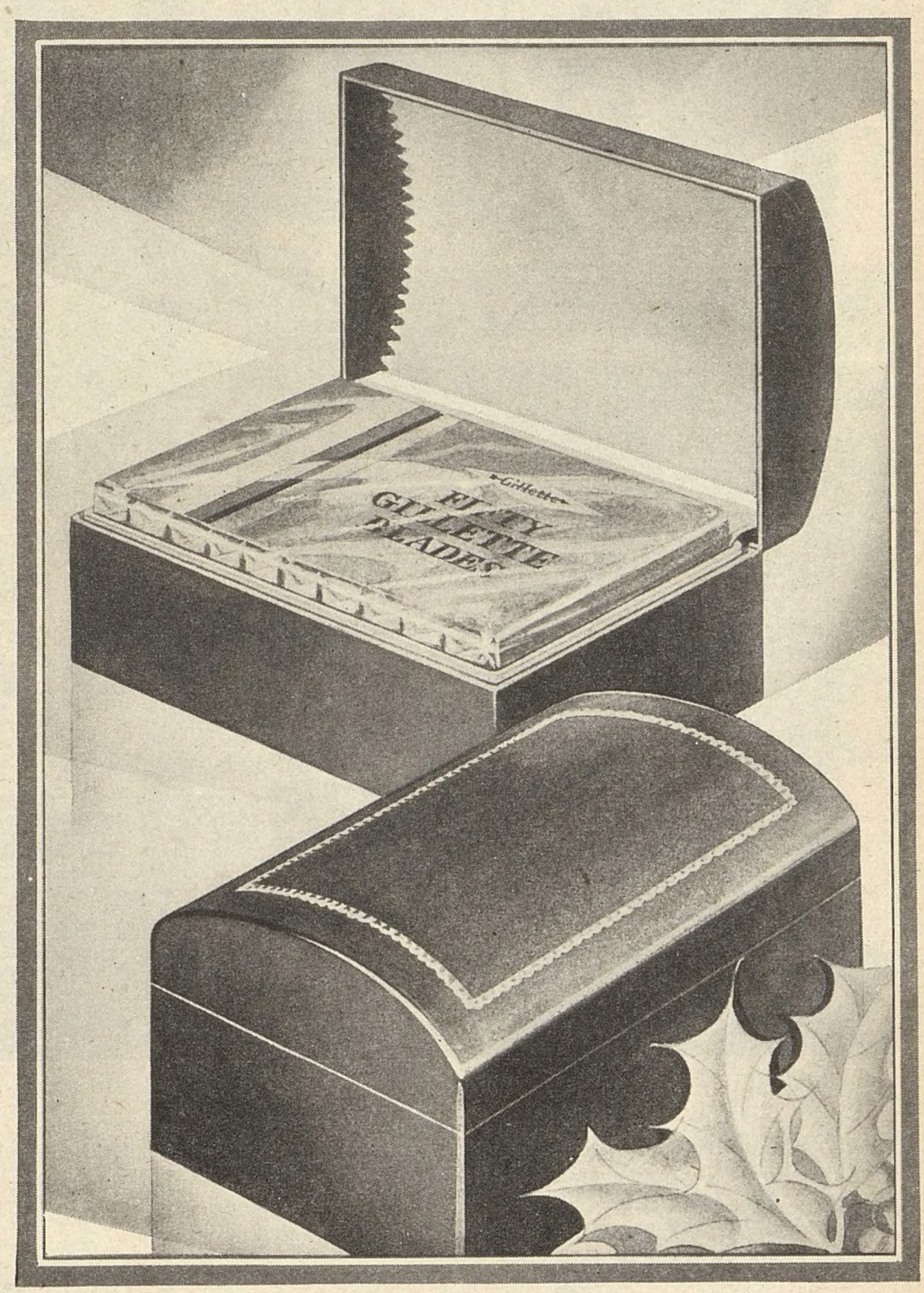

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The Jersey Lily

The Life Story of the Lovely Langtry

By
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

the last of a Russian noble family older than the Romanoffs. She is at home in writing about England, having been born and brought up there and, before her marriage, a British subject.

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Mrs. Langtry at the height of her beauty; with her autograph.

PART ONE
THE DEAN'S TOMBOY DAUGHTER

"IN life I have had all that I really wanted very much—a yacht, a racing stable, jewels, a theater of my own, lovely gardens." So wrote Lillie Langtry at seventy, four years before she died.

Definitely tangible, sensible desires. Devastatingly, hideously tangible. Yachts, horses, jewels, a theater. Things to grasp and grab with your two hands. But what of that play of sunlight and shadow which gives vividness to life as surely as it creates beauty of form? What of love and joy and tears and jokes? What of friendships and home-hearth peace? Of travel, with little discomforts forgotten in soul-renewing beauties? What of all the pattern of small things, ugly or fine as they come? Were these just thrown in, as it were—the paper wrappings and shavings that packed her prizes, her yachts and horses and houses?

There we have her, Emilie Charlotte Le Breton, Lillie Langtry, Lady de Bathe—to give her all her changing names in full—beauty of an era, filled to the brim with solid Victorian ideals, unromantic, divinely fair, her feet on the earth, a promise of heaven in her blue eyes. In her old age compelling respect and admiration, though her name was once a byword. Wealthy, not ruined. Handsome and wholesome, not a painted wreck as moralists might wish her. Dying in a pretty villa in Monte Carlo surrounded by lovely glass, fine furniture, beautiful flowers. Yet in death no kith or kin at her side—her daughter estranged, absent; her grandchildren far away in London; her second husband estranged too, yachting at Nice, near by but as distant as if he had been in the Antipodes.

By Lillie's deathbed only one remained, and that a stranger. Devoted, yes—but a paid companion.

For those yachts and horses and jewels of hers had failed to spin the gossamer steel-strong threads of love which bind our near ones to us.

"A born prize winner," Lillie once was called by a friend. A prize winner whose grasp Love, the greatest prize of life, eluded.

As I review and analyze this woman's life and character, as I seek in vain for traces of passion or any

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page nine]

strong emotion other than desire for success and comfort, I return again and again to the circumstances of her marriage, before she was twenty, to the widower, Edward Langtry. The first definite manifestation of her controlling impulses, it was destined to set her stride for life.

Still a schoolgirl, beautiful but as yet unawakened to the power of her beauty, Lillie burst one day into the schoolroom where her old tutor, Mr. Cooke, sat waiting.

"I'm not going to have any more lessons!" she caroled joyously. "I'm going to be married!"

News of Edward Langtry's parties and yacht excursions, and of Lillie's participation in them, already had reached Mr. Cooke. Lillie's mind, he saw, was no longer on the classics and mathematics.

"And how soon is the wedding?" asked Mr. Cooke.

"Oh, not yet," pouted Lillie. "Mother says I'm too young. But I can wear my engagement ring." Proudly she exhibited that prize. Her first diamond!

On a window of the schoolroom, in the rectory of St. Saviour's, on the island of Jersey, you can still see her name, "Lillie Le Breton," very crookedly engraved, just as she scratched it there with her betrothal diamond—a reminder of that day when she was a mere girl on the threshold of life, gay and excited at the prospect of a husband who would sail away with her, away from this tiny island, away to the thrilling, unknown world.

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

The Langtrys shortly after their marriage.

That she only imagined herself in love with her fiancé, she tells us herself later in life.

"Dazzled by his large and luxurious yacht, I thought myself desperately in love, and at the end of six weeks accepted Mr. Langtry's proposal of marriage."

In Jersey, among Lillie's surviving relatives, there is an unsubstantiated rumor of another romance nipped by her ambitious parents who saw Edward Langtry as the better match. The accuracy of this seems doubtful, and I am more inclined to believe that Lillie, though not as yet the hard-headed, ambitious girl she later became, was so impressed by this man who owned yachts and horses and an Elizabethan mansion that she genuinely imagined herself in love.

THROUGH this marriage, Lillie, who never had left her native isle, and who was sixteen before she saw a railway, thought she would behold the world and have a good time. She did not foresee that the world would acclaim her as a great beauty, and that she would encounter all the pitfalls and heartburnings which go with such glory. The fact that she was not in love with Langtry himself, when fame and its dangers came to her, set and molded a character already endowed with a high appreciation of worldly values.

It was on March 9, 1874, that Emilie Le Breton married Edward Langtry at St. Helier, capital of Jersey.

Nineteen and a half years old was the bride, and in the first blossom of her fairness.

Though there exists no portrait of her at that moment, one painted a couple of years later by Sir Edward Poynter now hangs in a museum in Jersey.

Naturally wavy, abundant auburn hair, coiled low on the neck, frames a perfect oval face. The chin is firm, the forehead ample. Her eyes, deep, deep blue, enormous and ringed with thick lashes, gazed straight into men's souls. Her straight nose and full lips were later to make Oscar Wilde call her the New Helen of Troy. And her dazzling white skin, faintly tinted on the cheeks with rose, completed the vision of which Richard Le Gallienne wrote: "Mrs. Langtry, the 'lily' that suddenly flowered in Jersey, meant beauty personified."

It was this white skin of hers which christened her Lillie. While still a child she embraced the flower name, discarding Emilie Charlotte, her detested baptismal name.

I like to think of that wedding in the twelfth-century Church of St. Saviour's, where Lillie was baptized, and where, one day, she was to be buried.

A great event in St. Helier, this marriage; for did not the whole island know Dean Le Breton, rector of St. Saviour's and Dean of Jersey, Jerseyman born and bred, with his six mischievous sons and his madcap daughter?

BY the church lies the old graveyard. Beyond is the comfortable, low rectory, banksia roses caressing the scarred stone walls, forget-me-nots banding their base.

Here, in a room at the rear, its two windows looking upon the garden, was born, in 1854, the Jersey Lily.

Born in October, when the winy perfume of ripe apples drifted in from the garden below, and the leaves made a golden trellis against the blue sky. Gold and blue—everywhere those colors flash upon you in Jersey. Those were Lillie's favorite hues, so that when her horses ran she chose turquoise and golden beige for her racing colors.

Something of the land where one is born, if it be distinctive enough, seems always to enter into our very souls. So too this strange little island of Jersey (it is nine miles by five) set its stamp and seal on Lillie. Here Norman French is still the native language. Here the climate is sweetly soft, while the rocky coast stands treacherous and impregnable.

There is a story told of Lillie when she was at the zenith of her success in London—a story of a soft, sweet voice and a stony heart.

In her cozy horse-drawn brougham, she was riding home from the theater one stormy, rain-swept night. With her rode an actress of her company. Lillie's companion was a cultured woman, and the conversation turned to the Louis XV period and to the great Mme. de Pompadour, favorite and ruler of the king.

"In fact," said Lillie's companion, hinting at Lillie's well known friendship with a prince of the blood, "you may be called the Pompadour of your period."

Lillie's answer came cool and deceptively amiable. "Oh, come, aren't you just a little severe?" she queried as she pulled the carriage string.

Struggling with the wind and rain, the groom wrenched the door open. He was astonished that my lady should stop her carriage in the middle of Westminster Bridge, utterly deserted at this hour. And on such a night!

Lillie addressed him in her sweetest voice. "Miss X gets out here," she cooed.

And Miss X, daunted by Lillie's hard blue stare, got out.

Miss X was a fool and Lillie a cat? Is that your comment? Go to Jersey. Talk with the people there. Note the combination of English and Norman in them. Then you will see that Lillie was not merely catty. She was just defending herself as Jersey folk do.

There in Jersey you will find English independence

© H. A. Strohmeyer

At the left, the rectory of St. Saviour's, Island of Jersey, in which, seventy-five years ago, Lillie Le Breton was born.

Photo Rischgitz Agency, London

Lillie Le Breton, later to become Mrs. Langtry, at the age of sixteen.

allied to Norman suave-hardness, for Jerseyites come of the original Norman stock which conquered England.

To this day the English Channel islands are governed by their own laws, which differ considerably from those of England. Jersey policemen, for instance, are honorary officers. Like judges, they are elected by the people. Strange tithes and rents survive. The official language is French, not English, and by some strange historic anomaly Jersey, though subject and loyal to King George, acknowledges only the sovereignty of the Duke of Normandy, now a nonexistent person.

The independent spirit of the islanders has been strengthened by their perpetual need for self-defense; for the islands, Jersey especially, were raided for centuries by Norsemen, by pirates of all nationalities, then by the English, and later by the French. During England's Civil War Jersey remained loyal to the Stuarts, so that on two occasions Charles II took refuge there.

Along with the hard independence of these Jersey folk runs a streak of gay insouciance born of the pleasant, unexacting climate. And so we find them peaceful tillers of a fertile soil by day, by night transformed into persistent and daring smugglers.

Photo courtesy the Rev. George A. Seston, Jersey

The Norman gateway in front of Noirmont Manor, St. Aubin, Jersey, where the Langtrys lived for two years after they were married.

CAREFUL with money as peasants are careful, it is a common saying that a Jersey man can split a farthing in four. Yet they will squander easily earned money as recklessly as any aristocratic spendthrift. So different are they, with their two native tongues, French and English, that they seem a people apart, stamped with the characteristics of two nations.

This duality Lillie had in no small degree. It explains much of her life. It governed her character. From it sprang not a little of her charm, and we are to find her later, as her character developed, a spendthrift who could hoard, lavish yet frugal, reticent if reckless, suavely firm at all times.

These characteristics, and her childhood spent as an only girl in a family of six boys, formed a character which carried her triumphant through a life complex enough to have sunk most women. It was to her brothers' training undoubtedly that she owed that trait of good-fellowship which, allied with her great beauty, made her so irresistible and unforgettable.

Of this training Lillie writes that "my brothers lost no opportunity during my earliest youth of impressing on me what a miserable handicap it was to be a girl."

As Lillie never went to school she had no girl companions, and any fun to be had came, therefore, from games and escapades with her brothers. So Lillie learned, she tells us, to "steady my nerves, control my tears, and look at things from a boy's point of view."

A favorite sport was to frighten belated islanders as they passed St. Saviour's churchyard. From a side window of the rectory the youngest brother, with Lillie in his wake, jumped down into the garden while their parents thought them in bed. Draped in white sheets and mounted on stilts, they lay in wait in the shadowy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page eleven]

churchyard. Pedestrians fled, terrified, when they beheld these ghosts of enormous stature rise slowly from behind the churchyard wall. But someone wrote to the Jersey papers, promising the ghosts a dose of cold lead, so this prank ended.

Then came another, devised no doubt by Lillie, and bearing that stamp of insolence which showed so often in the practical jokes she played later in life.

Guests were expected for some ceremonious function at the rectory—guests who would be attired in the long "Albert" frock coats of the period, and would wear the inevitable shining top hats.

"Let's make them look silly," Lillie says.

Nimble young brains devise the means. From the Deanery Lane a long drive leads to the rectory. Shrubs and high black bushes thick with foliage make an ideal ambush. Across the drive are trees. Presently, walking pompously, comes a guest—perhaps that very Mr. Wilkins who complained to the Dean when the brass knocker disappeared from his door for the *n*th time.

Suddenly his pomposity vanishes. An unseen power knocks his top hat from his head, bouncing it into the dust and gravel. There's no one in sight. Muttering balefully, he retrieves his topper and continues up the drive, brushing the dust off it as he goes. From the shrubbery come choked sounds of delight as guest after guest registers foolish astonishment and fury when their hats fly off.

"You should have seen their faces!" Even in her old age Lillie chuckled with joy when she told the story. "We tied a string across the drive just high enough to catch their hats."

Lillie's joy in taking the wind out of people's sails when they were too complacent persisted and was, no doubt, responsible for many of the stories circulated about her.

Years later, when she was a celebrated beauty, she and Mr. Langtry visited the Earl of Malmesbury at his country estate. Lord Malmesbury, despite his seventy years, was an ardent admirer and friend of Lillie. A great gourmet, inordinately proud of his chef and his dinners, he roused in Lillie an impish desire to mock him. At dinner one night he recommended a dish to her: "A *gratin* named after my relative, the Duchesse de Grammont," said he.

THE dish arrived, hot as a *gratin* should be. Lillie tasted it, scalded her mouth, but said nothing.

"Well," queried Malmesbury eagerly, "how do you like it?"

"Excellent," answered Lillie, "if it were not cold."

"Cold!" squealed his Lordship, shoveling a huge forkful of the burning stuff into his mouth.

And Lillie's callous comment on the old man's subsequent agony is this: "But he was *so* fond of good things to eat!"

Something of a small boy's thoughtless cruelty remained with her through life, just as her girlhood daring survived. Certainly in her girlhood it was possible to "dare" her into any prank. "You daren't run down Deanery Lane with nothing on," jeered her brother Reginald, the restless one. "You're a girl. Girls daren't do anything."

"All right," said Lillie; "just wait and see who's scared."

And that evening a horseless Lady Godiva scampered down the lane to the highroad and back. It was Lillie, her hair flying, desperately scared of meeting anyone, yet determined not to be a 'fraid cat. Perhaps she inherited her adventurous spirit from an ancestor of whom she was very proud. Somewhere around 1300 a certain Raoul Le Breton traveled up the Seine and tried, with 500 retainers, to capture Paris.

Another even more antique ancestor of Lillie's fought with William the Conquerer at the Battle of Hastings, but his ardor did not profit him very materially.

In fact, old and respectable as the Le Breton family might be, they were not endowed with worldly goods. Looks seem to have been their chief possession, even before Lillie's advent. Her great-uncle, Sir Thomas Le Breton, first set the family standard, and in no small way. There is a story told of his visit to Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great portrait painter, who had retired by that time and was no longer accepting commissions. The old painter took a long look at Le Breton, clapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed, "Damme, you're such a handsome fellow I'll paint your portrait nevertheless!"

JUDGES, landowners, bishops, and warriors—these were Lillie's forefathers. All Jersey born and bred; many buried in Jersey, even though they roamed far afield.

Dean Le Breton, Lillie's father, had more than his share of Le Breton good looks. Tall, ruddy, blue-eyed, a good scholar and something of an actor, Jersey gossip dubs him "flighty," which would seem probable in view of the fact that he was eventually suspended.

From her mother Lillie inherited the perfect complexion, glorious smile, and curling auburn hair which made Charles Kingsley, who knew Mrs. Le Breton as a girl, describe her as "the most bewitchingly beautiful creature I ever saw."

But greatest of all the talismans handed down to Lillie was her perfect health. "She never knew a pang of indigestion all her life," growled old Edward Michael (for years her manager), when I asked him if Lillie had any "nerves."

Perfect health—and perfect beauty! No wonder Lillie's loveliness remained far on into life. No wonder she looked only thirty when she was fifty.

Small wonder, too, that she attracted the attention of Mr. Langtry, the wealthy widower, whose first wife, Miss Laura Price, a Jersey woman, had died of tuberculosis within a year of their marriage.

An Irishman from Belfast, son of a wealthy shipowner, Edward Langtry, through his first wife, was well known in Jersey. Among his friends he counted William Le Breton, Lillie's elder brother. William, an officer stationed in India, returned to Jersey to be married, and it was at a ball given in his honor by Edward Langtry that Lillie met her future husband.

Festivities were rare events in the social life of the island. This ball, lavishly staged at the Jersey Yacht Club, seemed a most brilliant affair to Lillie, and its donor a real man of the world.

Edward Langtry, Lillie's senior by some seven years, was a great sportsman, twenty-five at the time, handsome though shy. The other young men who had wooed Lillie seemed very young and callow in comparison.

When Edward Langtry singled her out for special attention she felt flattered and grown up. His worldly possessions completed his conquest of her. A stud of hunters; a coach-and-four; Cliffe Lodge, his Elizabethan mansion near Southampton; the Red Gauntlet, a 200-ton yacht; cutters and racers—they certainly made an imposing show.

Photo courtesy the Rev. George A. Seston, Jersey

Noirmont Manor, on Ghost Hill, St. Aubin. From this home the Jersey Lily removed to London and fame.

All these possessions, Lillie confesses, filled her "with pleasurable anticipation."

But Papa Le Breton and the family lawyer were shrewder than Lillie. Investigation proved that Edward Langtry's fortune was not great enough to permit such luxuries and also to provide what they considered a proper settlement for the new Mrs. Langtry. So Edward, meek in his infatuation for Lillie, allowed himself to be shorn of many of these luxuries.

Nevertheless enough remained to guarantee good times. Beyond these, what Lillie anticipated is hard to gauge, for her beauty was as yet an almost unrealized quality.

In Jersey she did not attract any great attention, for, as she says herself, there are "more beautiful girls than nature usually apportions to the square mile."

Some inkling of her unusual attractiveness she must, however, have had after a compliment reaped during her early teens. Lord Suffield, wintering in Jersey with his family, saw Lillie for the first time at a picnic.

"Do you know, Miss Le Breton," he said, "that you are very, very beautiful? You ought to have a season in London."

LORD SUFFIELD sowed a seed which found soil in Lillie's memory. Her mother also treasured it. Visions of Lillie as a débutante, conquering London, making a brilliant match, tantalized Mrs. Le Breton.

Of Edward Langtry as a suitor she did not think so much. There surely were better fish in the London sea. But the Le Bretons were poor. Money for a London season didn't grow on bushes. Also Lillie was determined to marry Edward. Perhaps it was a case of "a bird in the hand." At all events, the wedding was duly solemnized.

"Fifty-six years ago come March," chuckled old George Marritt, who was at the wedding and who told me all about it. He was skipper on the Langtry yacht Red Gauntlet, and served Lillie again later when she became Lady de Bathe. Hale and hearty still at eighty-six, George loves to tell of the Langtry wedding and to overhaul his memories of Lillie.

"Grand doings there was," he says. "The wedding was early and by special license so as they could catch the tide, for the young couple was going off in the Red Gauntlet.

"They went with postilions riding in front of the carriage. Real grand it was. After the church part was over they came back to the Royal Yacht Hotel for the wedding breakfast.

"Miss Lillie, she had postilions and a red carpet all the way from the hotel to the yacht for her to walk on. Lovely she was—lovely!" He whispers to himself.

"An' full o' fun," he resumes, his eyes twinkling. "I used to 'ave to carry her off the yacht through the water. Carried 'er on my back. An' she'd fidget and pretend she was falling off. For two pins I'd have dropped her in the water, but I didn't want to spoil her pretty clothes."

Old George slaps his knee. "Aye, she was a one!"

And so, after the wedding breakfast, down that strip of red carpet to her husband's yacht sped Lillie, bearing now the name which was so soon to be world-famous.

The Red Gauntlet lay flashing its white and brass in the early March sun, ready to carry the loveliest flower of Jersey away to England, away from the people who loved her gay spirit, to a world which would worship at the shrine of her fleshly perfection.

Photo from Harold Seton

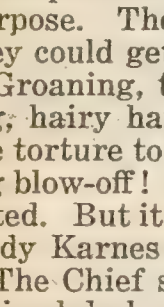
The Jersey Lily in 1888—as she appeared in the part of Pauline Deschapelles in The Lady of Lyons.

In next week's installment Princess Kropotkin will tell the real-life fairy tale of the Jersey Lily's conquest of London, and its sensational consequences.

"Unsolved"

A Story of Too Many Crooks

THE Chief peered at her from under his sandy, bushy brows. "How do you know your boy friend didn't do it?" he shot at her.



By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

who knocked at the door of fame two years ago this month with a story called Snitch, which Liberty printed. He was a reporter in St. Louis then; now he writes for the movies and is one of the most prolific producers of fiction in America.

Pictures by J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE buzzer on the Chief's desk sounded at 7:17 P. M. Downstairs in the assembly room of the Detective Bureau a bell was tapping out a call-box location. A "flyer" car used by the Homicide Squad slid up to a headquarters alley door. There was the muffled sound of shuffling feet. Then a siren screamed.

Chief of Detectives Peter Bracey heard these routine noises without particular interest. When Sergeant Mulroy, the Chief's private switchboard operator, stuck his head in the door the Chief was staring at a hole in the toe of his right sock. But both feet came off the desk when the sergeant reported:

"They just knocked off Rudy Karnes!"

The Chief blinked, reached for his shoes on the floor, and grunted.

"Where?" he said.

"Metropolitan Hotel, ninth floor, room nine sixteen. The flyer's just left. Lieutenant Frisch reporting from Fifth and Broadway. Want to talk to um?"

"Naw," said the Chief. "Tell Joe to start calling the stools. I want the Hophead and the little Greek, special."

"Yes, sir. The lieutenant says he sent a squad to make Rudy's joint on the Avenue."

"Okay."

"And the newspaper boys want to talk to you."

"Nope. Not yet."

Chief Bracey scowled at the clock on the grimy wall of his office. Seven twenty-one. They'd got Rudy Karnes early. Probably spoiled the blankety-blank's dinner. They had a lot of gall putting Rudy on the spot at the Metropolitan. Yep. Plenty of gall. They'd done it on purpose. They wanted to show him, Pete Bracey, that they could get away with anything.

Groaning, the Chief bent over to lace his shoes. His big, hairy hands pulled so hard that he grimaced from the torture to his fallen arches. Yep. Here it was. The big blow-off! It had happened sooner than he had anticipated. But it had happened, inevitably, just as he warned Rudy Karnes it would happen.

The Chief stood up, limping in a circle about his spit-stained desk, and cursing softly. He'd carried two hundred pounds around a beat for fourteen years; his right foot hurt worse than the left because he broke the right one booting a buck nigger in the head during the race riots in 1915.

Yep. Here it was. There'd be hell apopping in a few minutes, now. Rudy Karnes had been knocked off. Rudy Karnes, the big gambler. The newspaper boys had come running along the corridor from the press room as soon as they got the first flash. The Chief heard them arguing with Sergeant Mulroy in his anteroom. What a reek this would make in the papers! The newspaper boys had wasted plenty of printer's ink on Rudy Karnes while he was alive. Dead, he was an even better story.

The Chief sighed. Not for Rudy Karnes. He sighed because the show-down had come at last, and he'd probably be out of a job before midnight. Ten days ago, when he learned that Rudy Karnes was in bad with the Avenue Mob and couldn't get well, the Chief had sent them a warning. "Tell those murderin' ——s," the Chief had said, "there ain't gonna be no more killing in this town, an' that covers Rudy Karnes!" Then he had called Rudy in and told him to take a vacation. Rudy, the swell-headed blankety-blank, had just laughed. He was playing the government against the Avenue Mob and planning to get away with it.

That was Rudy's lookout, and it was just too bad the boys had spoiled his dinner.

But the Chief had meant that warning. There'd been

too many killings in town. The papers were razzing the Department and the Detective Bureau especially. One blatherskite sheet, the Bugle, had accused the Department of being crooked, and had insinuated that the crookedness started with Chief of Detectives Peter Bracey. It had got under the Chief's hide. As to the Department, the Bugle had been right; it was crooked—in spots. But the Chief himself was a square dick.

Yep. He'd called for the show-down, and here it was. This time there wouldn't be any funny business. The guys who croaked Rudy Karnes were going over the road.

The Chief straightened his dusty black felt hat—which he never removed except when he went to Mass or entered his own flat—and reached for his shoulder holster. He'd better be getting on the job. This was one murder that wasn't going into the "unsolved" file. It wouldn't be a one-man job, either—not quite. He'd have good old Bobby Frisch to help. Bobby Frisch and the stool pigeons. The Chief had the best string of stools of any policeman in the Middle West.

He started for the fire-escape door.

A telephone on his desk rang.

"Yeah? What is it?"

"Central District calling, Chief. Captain Dignan wants to speak to you personally. Says it's important."

Dignan? What'd that lousy cush-taker want?

"Put him on. . . . . Yep, this is Bracey. . . . That so? You did? . . ."

The Chief listened to the oily drone of Captain Dignan's voice: "Yes, Chief, I've got the man who killed Karnes. It's a dead rap. Picked him up running from the hotel. Gun in his pocket, which he tried to throw away, but we grabbed him before he had a chance."

"Who is he?"

"Boy by the name of Kincaid. Works at Karnes's joint. We've got four witnesses who heard him threaten to kill Karnes."

The Chief grunted.

"Bring him over. I'll talk to um."

"Well . . ." the voice hesitated, "I think it would be smarter to hold him incommunicado tonight, anyway."

"Why?"

"WELL, he's still holding out. And, besides, if we stick him in the lockup at headquarters the newspaper boys'll pester you to talk to him—"

"Bring him over!"

"Well, all right, but I think I ought to have an order from the colonel—"

"You've got your order from me, Dignan. If he ain't here in ten minutes I'll come after him."

He banged down the receiver. Incommunicado! Huh! Dignan was full of big words. Give those dicks in Dignan's district five hours with a prisoner and they'd turn him over to you so mussed up he couldn't be mugged for a month. The Chief had taken his turn at beating confessions out of suspects in the old days. But the years had mellowed him, and brought him to the realization that the rubber hose and the hair twist didn't pay. As soon as the victim of such "questioning" got a lawyer, the lawyer took pictures of every bruise and every drop of sweat. When you got the guy into court his lawyer squawked about the third degree; and juries always believed the worst. Coppers were in bad enough with the public without newspaper exposes of brutality. The Chief thought over Dignan's news again.

Boy named Kincaid. So he was the guy who croaked Rudy Karnes? Then the Avenue Mob didn't pull it? In spite of himself, the Chief felt a flush of quick relief. If this Kincaid was right for the croaking, it wasn't going to be so tough. But was he? Dignan and his men had made the pinch. It looked too good to be true. Police Captain Dignan seldom made important pinches. He was the biggest crook on the force.

Picking up the telephone, the Chief spoke to Sergeant Mulroy:

"Get me Lieutenant Frisch on the wire!"

"Yes, sir. And, Chief? I was just plugging you in. There's a girl out here who wants to see you. It's about the Karnes killing, she says."

"Tell her to wait. I'm too busy to talk now."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["UNSOLVED" Continued from page fifteen]

For the next half hour he was very busy indeed.

Almost immediately, the city editor of the Morning Standard telephoned. He was an old friend of the Chief.

"Listen, Pete. The Central District's just made a pinch in the Karnes case. Dignan won't talk. How about it?"

"I'll talk to the press-room boys just as soon as we get something, Al."

"Have a heart, Pete. We got an edition going in at eight-five and nothing on this killing."

"Just as soon as I get something, Al."

"Do we get it exclusively?"

"You know I can't do that, Al."

"Hello! . . . Hold on a minute! We've just received a statement from the colonel. He says the Department will probe this case to the bottom! I can't read all of it. You know the colonel's line. Got anything to add, Pete?"

"I ain't a newspaper dick, Al. The colonel does all the talking for the Department. You know that."

THE Chief hung up on the city editor's laughter. Everybody laughed at Colonel Josiah T. Toomis, Chief of Police. He was a brother-in-law of "Barrel-House Tim" Donahue, Democratic political boss. The colonel had come up from the traffic squad, and made a tolerable figurehead because he was always willing to talk to the Boy Scouts or luncheon clubs, provide police escorts for lodge funerals, and make statements about law and order to the press.

Pacing the floor, the Chief waited for Lieutenant Frisch to report. Two phones rang at once. The desk sergeant downstairs was on one wire with word that Captain Dignan had come in from Central District with a prisoner. "Tell him to wait in the box," the Chief said. Alderman Ganss was on the other wire.

"Pete?"

"Yep."

"This is Ollie Ganss. When can I see you?"

"I'm awful busy with this Karnes croaking."

"That's what I want to see you about. The commissioner said for me to see you right away."

"He did, eh? Well—all right. Come over."

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes, Pete. Don't tell the papers nothing till I see you."

Hell was apopping. Yep. Ollie Ganss never talked hot air. He spoke, usually, for Police Commissioner Yost and sometimes for His Honor the Mayor. The Chief had begun to sweat in the palms of his hands. The newspapers were waiting for a statement. Captain Dignan was downstairs with young Kincaid. Rudy Karnes was dead over at the Metropolitan Hotel and already his taking-off had reverberated to high circles.

The Chief's phone rang again.

"Chief Bracey, this is Colonel Toomis speaking."

"Okay, colonel. What can I do for you?"

"Captain Dignan of the Central District called me a while ago. He complained that you ain't co-operating with him on this here Karnes case."

"How so?"

"He says he's got the murderer under arrest and would have a confession out of him if you hadn't ordered him brought to headquarters."

"Looky here, colonel. Since when do the uniforms take the lead in a homicide case?"

"I don't want you boys to get to fighting amongst yourself, that's all. We've gotta show results on this case. You know that, Chief. You have a talk with the captain and cool him down. I'm coming right over and I'll straighten everything out. We gotta work in harmony, Chief. That's all."

LOSING his temper, the Chief slammed down the receiver with such force that a piece of the rim chipped off. He stamped to the door of his office and swung it open; bawled at Sergeant Mulroy:

"Where the hell is Bobby Frisch? Why hasn't he reported?"

"He left the Metropolitan five minutes ago, Chief. The sergeant there said he was coming to headquarters."

As the Chief started to close the door again, a girl who had been seated on a bench beyond the sergeant's switchboard hurried toward him.

"Chief Bracey, I've got to see you. It's about Paul. They've arrested Paul for shooting Mr. Karnes. I've got to see you."

"Paul? Paul who?"

"Paul Kincaid. They've arrested him . . . and he didn't shoot Mr. Karnes. I know he didn't! He—"

Sergeant Mulroy grabbed her arm.

"The Chief's busy, miss . . . you got to wait."

"Come in!" said the Chief.

In a tearful bubble of words that broke on the Chief's back as she followed him to his desk, she told him her name was Mary Brent; that she worked at Woolworth's five-and-ten downtown; that she'd heard Chief Bracey was a square fella and wouldn't frame a guy.

The Chief peered at her from under his sandy, bushy brows. She was a cute little kid, about the age of the Chief's oldest girl, Josephine.

"How do you know your boy friend didn't do it?" he shot at her.

"Because we were going to get married next Monday. You know yourself that a fella who is going to marry a girl next Monday wouldn't go out and shoot a guy."

"He threatened to, didn't he?"

"That was just talk. Paul and Mr. Karnes had a row because Paul wanted to quit working for Mr. Karnes. And Mr. Karnes said Paul was turning snitch because I made him; and he called me a little tart, so Paul said if he did it again he'd kill him. But Paul didn't mean it. Paul wouldn't kill a flea."

"I understand they caught him running from the hotel with a gun on him right after the killing."

"I don't care. He didn't do it! Captain Dignan down at Central District is a big crook and everybody knows it. Paul isn't guilty and if you're any kind of a fella, Chief Bracey, you'll go ahead and find the ones who really did kill Mr. Karnes. Paul told me all about the gangsters that used to gamble at Mr. Karnes' place and—"

Sergeant Mulroy stuck his head in the door.

"Lieutenant Frisch is here, sir."

The Chief jumped up.

Dignan approached the table. "We're questioning this prisoner, Chief," he said, while the plain-clothes men stood silent.

"You run along home, sister," he said. "If your boy friend ain't right for this rap it won't stick on him. Run along home, now. How old are you?"

"I'm eighteen."

"Don't kid me, sister. You ain't a day over sixteen. You didn't have no business coming here this time of night."

Mary Brent snuffled.

"Well . . . I'm the only friend Paul's got. And if you're any kind of a square guy you won't blame him for killing Mr. Karnes. He ain't guilty of it."

Awkward and embarrassed by the child's tears, Chief of Detectives Bracey steered her to the door. Outside, he said to Sergeant Mulroy:

"This kid's gonna get married Monday. Tell the matron to send her home in a cab. She'll need to get rested up. Hey, sister?"

MARY BRENT giggled through her tears.

"Well, if you're any kind of a square guy you'll turn my boy friend loose tonight," she said.

"Nope. The date for tonight is off, kid. But maybe tomorrow night!"

Then, as Sergeant Mulroy piloted her through a side door to avoid the crowd of reporters and photographers loitering in the corridor outside the Chief's suite, Bracey turned to Detective Lieutenant Frisch.

"Where the hell have *you* been?"

Frisch grinned nervously.

"Trying to find out who croaked Rudy."

"Any idea?"

"Pretty good idea, Chief."

The Chief grunted. When they were within his inner sanctum with the doors locked, he said:

"What about Dignan's pinch, Bob?"

"He's framing the kid."

"Pretty good frame, isn't it?"

"Dignan's good at that."

"Well . . . who *did* do it?"

In answer, the lieutenant brought out a hotel register card. Also a bill fold. He tossed them on the desk before his chief. Breathing noisily, the Chief examined the bill fold.

"Dignan's brother, eh?"

"Yep. Little brother Sammy." They looked at each other. Ridges stood along the lieutenant's lean jaw. The Chief's chin had a square solid set to it.

"Where did you get this, Bob?"

"It was clenched in Rudy's hand."

Bracey grunted.

"Sam was mighty careless."

"Naw. Just yellow. He lammed out of there fast. Rudy had a couple of rod men in the corridor."

The Chief gave a tug at the brim of his hat.

"Let's see if I've got the lay right, Bobby. Sam Dignan found out Rudy had been meeting government men in that room. He gets a room across the hall"—pointing to the register card—"and—"

"Down the hall. Nine twenty-six."

"Okay. Then he pays Rudy a visit tonight before the government men come. There's some sort of stall he uses to get past Rudy's guards—"

"They knew him—thought he was Rudy's pal."

'Okay. And to keep Rudy from squawking for help he makes another stall with the bill fold—"

"Sam owed Rudy fourteen grand."

"That much? I wouldn't of trusted Sam Dignan for a plugged dime. Well, anyway, Sam croaks Rudy just after Rudy grabbed the bill fold and—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["UNSOLVED" Continued from page seventeen]

" He beat it out a window. There's a step-back at the eighth floor. He ran along the roof to his own room and ducked in. We got his track measurements in the dirt on the roof."

" Good work, Bobby. And in the meantime, where was Sam's darlin' brother, the captain? "

" He was looking after the frame on this Kincaid kid. They probably bum-steered him to the hotel on a phone call, and planted a gun like the one Sam used on him when the poor guy run out."

The Chief bit viciously at a plug of black tobacco.

" Where's the gun Rudy got it from? "

Lieutenant Frisch reached in a coat pocket and drew out a small shape wrapped in a handkerchief.

" Sam was supposed to throw it off'n the step-back to the alley, but he was too weak. Stevie Ryan picked it up in the outside gutter."

" Why the hell did the Avenue boys trust a punk like Sammy Dignan to pull this? "

" They didn't. I get it deep-down that the boys was figuring to take Rudy to Chi and do it there. But Sammy and the captain couldn't wait. The government's been on their tails for a month."

Chief of Detectives Bracey stood up.

" Where is Sammy now? " he asked quietly.

" He ran along the roof to his own room and ducked in. We got his track measurements in the dirt on the roof."

The other grinned.

" Still in room nine twenty-six at the Metropolitan."

There was a pause. Then: " Why didn't you make the pinch, Bob? " The lieutenant shuffled his feet uneasily.

" Well," he said, " there's a lot more besides Sammy and the captain in on this, Chief."

The Chief grunted again, started to say something; clenched his teeth on it. Months ago he had told Bobby Frisch to watch Rudy Karnes and the Dignans. He knew that Karnes had become the paymaster for a huge whisky ring, and that Sammy Dignan was the go-between. Sammy's brother, the police captain, had handled the protection end. But just where the combine began and where it ended the Chief hadn't known. He didn't want to know, at first. Crookedness could be endured if your information wasn't too specific.

It was different now. The Chief had secretly hoped that Rudy Karnes would turn government witness and blow the lid off. This hope was in the back of his head when he issued his ultimatum to the Avenue Mob. But his order had been defied and the Chief had a murder case on his hands. Yep. It sure was different now.

He heard Frisch's voice saying:

" I've gone pretty deep into this mess, Chief. I thought I'd better have a talk with you before pinching Sammy."

The Chief spat a mouthful of tobacco juice.

" How high up does it go, Bobby? " he said.

" Pretty high. The colonel's brother-in-law for one. And Ollie Ganss for another. And—"

" How about the commissioner? "

" Maybe."

" And the mayor? "

" I don't think so."

CHIEF of Detectives Bracey took a turn about the room. Then he walked up to Detective Lieutenant Frisch. He put his hands on Frisch's shoulders.

" Bobby," he said, " you and me are policemen, ain't we? "

" Yes, we're policemen, Chief."

The Chief drew a deep breath, and in a flash he saw his wife Norah and the seven other Braceys at home. They were saving to send the kids to college. The Chief drew forty-eight hundred a year. He knew what was going to happen to him when Sammy Dignan was pinched. They wouldn't be content to break him and send him to the sticks on a lieutenant's pay of two sixty a month. They'd can him. He'd have to go to work in a department store or insurance agency as a private detective.

" Bobby," said the Chief, " bring Sammy in."

" Okay," said Lieutenant Frisch.

A hearty slap on the shoulder was the Chief's way of telling Bobby that he knew this arrest was going to cost Bobby something, too.

As soon as Lieutenant Frisch departed, Sergeant Mulroy was at the door to inform the Chief that his anteroom was full of callers.

" Alderman Ganss says he has an appointment, and Mr. Donahue is here, and the colonel has been buzzing you from his office for the last ten minutes, and the commissioner wants you to call him."

The Chief looked at the clock. Ten thirty-two.

" Tell 'em they'll have to wait," he said. " I'm going down to the box to question a prisoner."

Ignoring the sergeant's gulped protests, the Chief let himself into the corridor by a private door. He tramped heavily to an elevator.

A reporter on watch in the hall espied him. He

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 21]

Slightly more in Canada and other countries

Contents

Give Him the Williams Holiday Package

FOR a Man's Christmas! For any man . . . anywhere . . . The Williams Holiday Package.

No useless fol-de-rol is this Christmas Package. Sensible in price . . . *One Dollar.* Beautiful in its holiday red, green and gold. Useful in the highly necessary articles it contains—Shaving Cream; Aqua Velva for *after-shaving;* Men's Talc; Toilet Soap; and an attractive metal box for old razor blades, always a bother to dispose of. Your gift problem solved . . . for *him!*

This Holiday Package fulfills every requirement of usefulness, good sense and beauty. An ideal gift for executives to give their associates, or their business friends.

Williams Shaving Cream is remarkable for its uncolored purity, its coolness, mildness; its fine effect upon the skin. The Williams lather has been standard for close to a century.

Aqua Velva, made just for *after-shaving,* completes the shave. It healthfully stimulates the skin. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts. Protects from dust, germs, roughness, chapping. Keeps the skin all day long as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit!

Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva make it easy and pleasant to keep one's face smooth-shaven and Fit. They have long been prized by exacting, well-groomed men. They are contained in this holiday package.

Your dealer has this Holiday Package. Ask for it by name—*The Williams Holiday Package.* Price, One Dollar in the United States.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA

Just Notice the Fine Skins of Men who use WILLIAMS

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

"God rest you, merry gentlemen!"

LIKE Christmas long ago . . . when stout burghers scattered cheer with open hand! The old carol carries you back across the centuries. For a moment you fancy yourself in Merry England . . .

"Christmas gift!"

"Got a present for us?"

Childish faces upturned in a glow of light . . . with a start you recognize little Mary Jane from around the corner. And surely that's Junior, who lives two doors down.

Expectant . . . claiming the immemorial tribute of childhood at Christmas time! Quick . . . what's to be done?

And what largess *could* be more suitable than wholesome candy? Bringing new warmth to flushed little cheeks, new energy to trudging legs.

With shy smiles and embarrassed whoops of thanks, they're off down the street. And as you close your door, you hear their voices again . . .

"God rest you, merry gentlemen!
"Let nothing you dismay . . ."

The *fun* of holiday time is in these little surprises!

If you've never tried it, pass out a Baby Ruth or two this Christmas . . .

To the newsboy on the corner. Or the wise little chap who delivers your telegrams. Or the janitor's children or a dozen others. Or include a few bars of this wholesome candy in that basket . . . to brighten some family's Christmas morning. *They'll eat it up!*

Rich chocolate. A center of smoothly blended caramel and fudge, with lots of peanuts. It's a combination to make 'em grin . . . youngsters and grown-ups, too.

And it's good for them, because it's made so carefully. Only the purest sugars and flavors, only the meatiest nuts can be used for Baby Ruth.

Put it in Christmas stockings . . . surprise some of the people who know only the work-a-day side of you . . . and see how quickly Baby Ruth wins its way to the child's heart in all of us!

Three Pounds of Christmas Cheer

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO SCHNERING, *PRESIDENT*

You Can't Chew Out Its Flavor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

hurried toward the Chief followed by half a dozen others.

"Chief, the colonel's just announced the arrest of a guy named Paul Kincaid for the Karnes killing."

"That so? Well . . . the colonel does the talking for the Department, boys."

They tried to halt him with a rip-fire of questions:

"What's the real dope? . . . Got anything on Kincaid? . . . What's the evidence? . . . We can't find any witnesses. . . . Where are the witnesses? . . . It's just a stall, isn't it? . . . What are all the City Hall boys doing in your office, Chief? . . . Aw, have a heart, give us the low-down. . . ."

Inwardly raging but outwardly bland, he shrugged off the reporters and went down in the elevator alone. So that was the set-up, eh? Trying to railroad an innocent kid to the hot seat. They thought they were going to get away with it. Like hell. Like hell! They didn't know what he had on Sammy Dignan. They didn't know Bobby Frisch was on his way to bring Dignan in. This poor kid, Kincaid—the Chief remembered what Kincaid's sweetheart had said: "If you're any kind of a square guy you'll turn Paul loose." Cute little girl. Right spunky. What was her name? Mary something. Just about Jo's age. Well, he'd—

"Second floor, Chief?" said the elevator man.

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

He stamped across a hallway to an inside room—a room with thick walls and purposely bad ventilation. It was called "the box." He rapped on the door with a heavy fist. His beefy face was grim.

"Who is it?"

"Bracey!"

A tall, swarthy man in the uniform of a police captain opened the door. The Chief brushed past him, shouldering him aside without ceremony.

"What's going on here?"

Two Central District dicks jumped to their feet. In the center of the room under a hot, blinding arc lamp there was a table. Around the table there were five chairs. A slight, blond boy sat slumped in one of the chairs. He looked up apprehensively when he saw the Chief. His frightened eyes measured the Chief—the bulk of him, his strength, his probable brutality. They focused on the Chief's hands. But the boy made no sound; his lips were compressed so tight two white lines showed.

"What's going on here?" the Chief repeated.

Police Captain Dignan approached the table.

"We're questioning this prisoner, Chief," he said, while the plain-clothes men stood silent and sweated.

"What about?" was the growled demand.

"He killed Rudy Karnes."

"Think so, Dignan?"

"I know so. And we'll have a statement from him before morning."

THE Chief shot a glance at young Kincaid. H'mph! A boy with the usual amount of guts, but just a boy. He'd last until three in the morning. If they roughed him he'd crack sooner than that. By five o'clock he'd be willing to sign anything.

Turning his back on Captain Dignan, Bracey walked over to the prisoner. Kincaid watched his approach warily. Evidently he'd heard about the "box" at headquarters.

"I've been talking to your girl friend, kid," said the Chief.

The boy started, went taut with anxiety, then decided this was just another trick to trap him. He said nothing.

"She told me her and you was going to get married next Monday."

Kincaid gulped and tears started in his eyes. Still he wouldn't talk.

The Chief placed a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"I guess you've heard that us coppers put on a lot of rough stuff, eh? Well . . . we do. Some of us. Some of us deserve just what the public thinks." To the boy it was still some sort of trick. He looked at his finger nails.

"You're all right, kid," said the Chief. "You can beat it now."

In spite of himself, the boy found a happy smile on his face. He jumped up and reached for his cap.

"Just a minute, Chief!" rasped Captain Dignan. "You can't release this prisoner!"

Bracey whirled.

"Who says I can't?" Then, to the boy: "Clear outa here, kid."

But the prisoner slumped down into his chair again. This was just a cruel game. They were trying to make a fool of him.

Captain Dignan spoke:

"I've got the colonel's orders to charge this prisoner with first-degree murder. You want to go above that, Bracey?" The Chief gave him a look that made Dignan flinch.

"We'll go to the colonel's office and have this out, Dignan," he said.

"That suits me," said Dignan.

Bracey turned to the two detectives.

"Lay off this kid, see?"

They nodded.

UPSTAIRS in the fat old colonel's office the Chief got ready to unload. Dignan did the first talking. He wound up his remarks with the confident question: "Do we release this murderer or don't we?"

Colonel Josiah T. Toomis twisted uneasily in his chair. He avoided looking at the Chief.

"You're sure you have a case, are you, captain?"

"I've got enough on Kincaid to send him to the chair," said Dignan.

"Well, then, Pete," said the colonel, "you ain't got a leg to stand on. We can't turn a murderer loose on your say-so. You know that, Pete."

Here it was. Yep. Here it was. The big blow-off.

"Colonel," said the Chief levelly, "I've got another man under arrest for the Karnes killing. I've got the *right* man."

The colonel batted his thick eyelids. The captain grinned in a sick fashion, a grin meant to be derisive.

"W-who is he, Pete?" said the colonel.

"Sammy Dignan. This lousy ——'s brother!"

Then he told them. The whole works. He blasted them with heavy, profane sentences. Dignan tried to break in on it, but he silenced Dignan with cocked fists. He shouted the truth at them and knew he was telling them facts they already were aware of; he cursed them and taunted them and shook his evidence verbally in their faces.

"It don't go, damn you, it don't go!" he finished. "Sammy Dignan croaked Karnes and it's the hot seat for him. He's gonna burn if every political guy in this town burns with him. Get me?"

"Pete. . . . Listen. . . . Hold on! . . ." squawked the colonel.

But he was out the door and making for his own office. More voices squawked at him; hands grabbed at his coat sleeves. He shook it all off and lunged into his grimy sanctum. Hoarse and sweating, he sank down in his chair. . . . He didn't think of anything but the penalty he would shortly have to pay. That came home to him and hit him hard. His job. The labors of twenty-seven years. Gone! He was through. He didn't have a job any more. He wouldn't be Chief of Detectives in the morning. . . . Vaguely he heard the reverberations of his defiance outside the door. Excited voices. Running feet. Ringing phones and buzzers. He didn't care. Not a damn. But still a strange anger burned him. It pounded at his temples. Why did he have to lose his job? He was only being square. He was only trying to do his duty. Why did he and other coppers have to lose their jobs for doing their duty?

He didn't even have much time to try and think it out. His phone rang insistently.

Bobby Frisch was calling.

"Yep?"

"We got him, Chief."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

["UNSOLVED" Continued from page twenty-one]

"Good. Where are you?"

"Seventh District holdover. He's squawking to see a lawyer, so I thought I'd better not bring him to headquarters till you get things set."

There was a pounding on the door.

"Okay, Bobby," said the Chief. "Keep him under wraps; don't let him near a phone. I'll call you in half an hour." The pounding on the door was renewed. A phrase Bobby Frisch had uttered stuck in the Chief's head: "Till you get things set." Suddenly he realized that he didn't have anything set. He'd told the colonel and that louse Dignan what he thought of them. He'd arrested Sammy Dignan. But young Kincaid was still under arrest charged with the murder. And Sammy Dignan was a long, long way from being convicted.

More pounding. He got up and walked to the door. His tread was logy. Why, he had thought the blow-off in the colonel's office settled everything. But it didn't. He opened the door.

"Barrel-House Tim" Donahue and Alderman Ollie Ganss stood there. They were arguing between themselves.

". . . You let me handle Pete," Ganss was saying.

They saw the Chief framed in the doorway.

"I'll let Ollie do the talking, Pete," said Tim, surrendering. "And everything he says goes for me and the whole push. You listen at Ollie, Pete."

Bewildered by fast-crowding thoughts about the situation, he allowed Alderman Ganss to steer him back to his desk. He had always liked Ollie. The alderman talked his language. Ollie never beat about the bush or bewildered him with big words.

Now Ollie said: "Good golly, Pete, what kind of a rampage is this? The colonel damn near had a stroke or something, and Vernie Dignan is bawling around about a walk before the grand jury."

Sullenly: "It ain't a rampage. Sammy Dignan croaked Karnes. I got him on a dead rap and I'm gonna send him to the chair. That's all."

OLLIE laughed. "Aw, now, Pete. Think a minute. Ain't that silly talk? Now, just ain't it?"

"I got the evidence, I tell you."

"Maybe you have. What's that got to do with it? You ain't kidding yourself that you can burn Sammy singlehanded, are you?"

"If I give 'em the goods, they'll have to pin it on him."

"The hell they will. In the first place, Pete, both Sammy and Vernie are squealers. If you put Sammy into any kind of a jam they'd both make a break for the grand jury."

"Let 'em. They got nothing on me."

Alderman Ganss sighed.

"If we was all in your spot, Pete, it'd be different. But we ain't. Those government ——s are onto our tails for doing a little hooch business. You know that. They were trying to squeeze Rudy Karnes into squealing by holding a dope case over his head. That's why he couldn't get well."

Doggedly: "Let 'em squeal. I'm gonna do my duty."

Coughing apologetically, Alderman Ganss came out with the straight talk.

"You won't be here, Pete," he said. "I hate to be so cold turkey, but that's the truth. You won't be here to do no duty. The colonel's already wrote out the order firing you. I talked him outa telling the papers, because I knowed you'd come to your senses."

The Chief was stubborn. "Fired or not, I can still come across with the dope that'll burn Sammy."

Ganss shook his head. "There's only one man in the Department who'll stay with you on it, Pete. That's Bobby Frisch. The others have got sense. They want to keep their jobs. I tell you, Pete, it won't do. There's too many of us sitting on the lid." The Chief jumped up. He had to fight his growing sense of impotence with physical action. He banged a fist on the desk.

"To hell with you—all uh you!" he bellowed. "I don't care if every man jack in the City Hall goes to Leavenworth. I don't care if—"

The aldermanic voice rolled on, equably, inexorably:

"You're a square guy, Pete, and I'm sorry we're caught with our pants down and have to do what we're doing. Sammy Dignan can't get the rap for this killing. That's final. And if you don't cool off and use your head an innocent guy might burn in Sammy's place!"

"What d' yuh mean?"

Alderman Ganss heaved to his feet. "I mean this kid, Kincaid."

THE Chief blinked—stared. He'd forgot about that kid. He'd forgot all about Paul Kincaid.

"Men will do lousy things to keep from going to Leavenworth, Pete," said Ollie Ganss, "and others will do the same to save their jobs. There's gonna be an awful reek in the papers if the Karnes case ain't solved. And we got an election coming on in the fall. Dignan and the colonel and the commish—well, several others are in favor of hanging the rap on Kincaid and—"

"That's murder, Ollie."

Alderman Ganss held up his hand piously. "I'm against it, Pete. I argued with 'em. I put my foot down hard on *that*. I finally got 'em to agree to turn Kincaid loose if you'll agree to turn Sammy loose."

"To hell with—"

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute! The boys are going more'n halfway for you. They're agreeing to write this case off as 'unsolved' and take it on the chin from the papers. There'll be plenty razzing, too. We might have to shake up the Department. Hell, we might even have to put in a new commissioner. But the boys are willing to do that if you'll pipe down and act regular. Think it over, Pete."

Well—after all, he'd be saving his job and he'd be saving that kid from a lot of trouble. He might even be saving that kid's life. And, on the other hand, what would it get him to turn up Sammy Dignan? He couldn't convict Sammy in a million years. He realized that now. He couldn't fight the whole damned City Hall.

Three minutes later he reached for a telephone; called Bobby Frisch at the Seventh District.

"Bobby? . . . This is Pete. Sa-ay, Bobby, you better turn him loose. . . . Naw, don't even book him. We ain't got a chance of making a case. I'll explain it when I see you tomorrow. . . . Yep. Thanks, Bobby."

The Chief looked at the clock as he rang off. It was 11:43.

Shortly after midnight, Chief of Detectives Peter Bracey was driving home alone. He made a boulevard stop at an important intersection in midtown. Another machine, coming behind him, went by without a halt. The Chief stepped on the gas and overhauled the ordinance violator within half a block. He ordered the driver into the curb and leaped out. The driver was alcoholically indignant.

"Shay-y," he said, "you can't arresh me. Know who I am? I'm a personal friend of the Mayor'sh. That'sh who I am. You can't arresh me!"

With a savage snort the Chief grabbed the fellow and dragged him from the driver's seat.

"The hell I can't!" he roared. "The hell I can't! You're coming to the station right now!"

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Two remarkable short stories

Youth and Beauty

The chronicle of an amazing marriage

by

Rita Weiman

The Double Saddle

A romance of the desert

by

P. C. Wren

(who wrote Beau Geste)

What's wrong with me?

TIRED...listless...nerves frazzled and senses dulled . . . while folks all around are doing things, enjoying life!

What's the answer? Most likely it is man's oldest enemy—*constipation*. Everyone knows how constipation saps the vitality, keeps one below par, undermines the health.

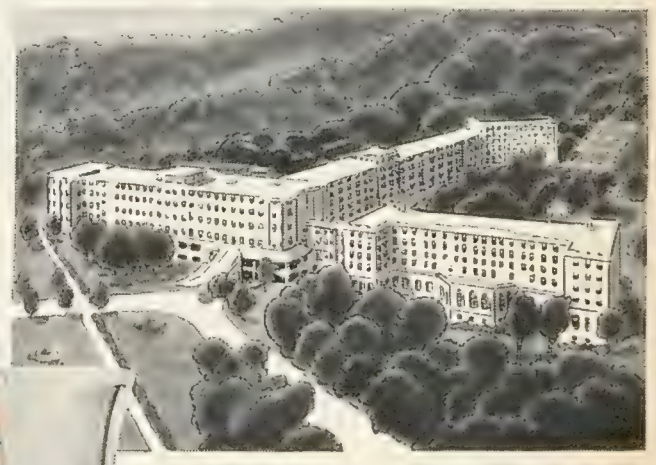
And yet, with all its evil effects, constipation yields so readily to proper treatment! Simple water-washing. Ordinary drinking water would do, if it reached the intestines; but unfortunately the kidneys absorb it first. Pluto Mineral Water, on the other hand—with its high mineral content—travels directly to the intestines, flushing all the waste matter before it.

Even in the most stubborn cases of constipation, Pluto acts promptly and thoroughly. Thirty minutes to two hours is the average time. It cannot gripe, cannot irritate delicate tissues. It has a distinctly *soothing* effect. Physicians prescribe it, because they know it is non-habit-forming.

Pluto Mineral Water is always indicated in severe cases of constipation, but it is equally valuable in the elimination of listlessness, headaches, run-down condition due to self-poisoning. A small quantity taken in plain hot water each morning upon arising will keep you regular, ward off colds and influenza.

Pluto Mineral Water is bottled at French Lick Springs, America's famous spa. Here thousands come annually to drink the health-giving waters and take the rejuvenating baths. You, in your own home, may have the same benefits. Pluto Mineral Water is sold at drug stores everywhere, and at fountains.

When Nature won't, Pluto will



America's Spa

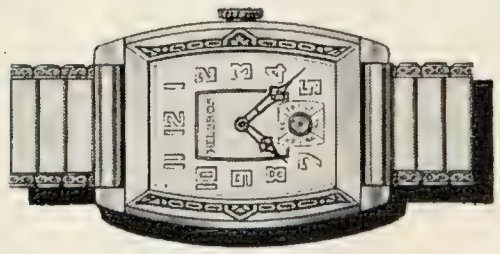
Above is shown the mammoth French Lick Springs Hotel, visited yearly by thousands who find new health at the home of Pluto Water.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

Give Lasting Joy—

to that one person you most want to please



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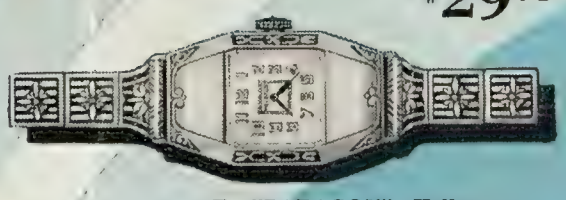
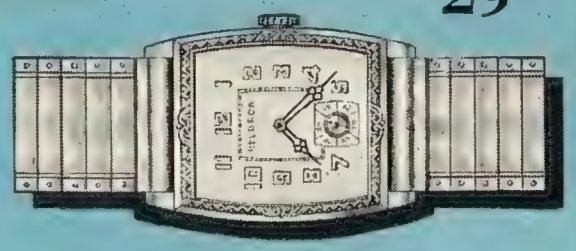
worn by famous aviators both men and women—No. 49161A, 15 jewel with jointed wrist band
$37.50

$29.75



No. 74121E. "PARAGON" *Helbros*
15 jewel, with flexible link bracelet

$29.75



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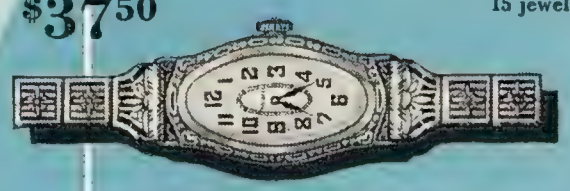

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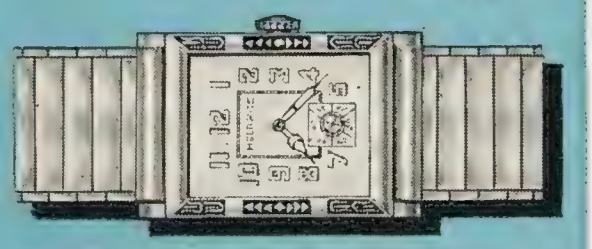

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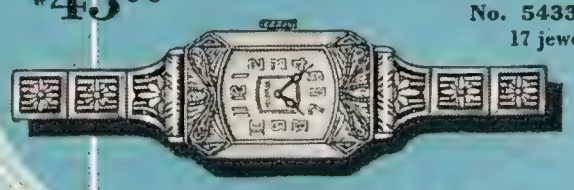
17 jewel, with jointed wrist band

$45.00



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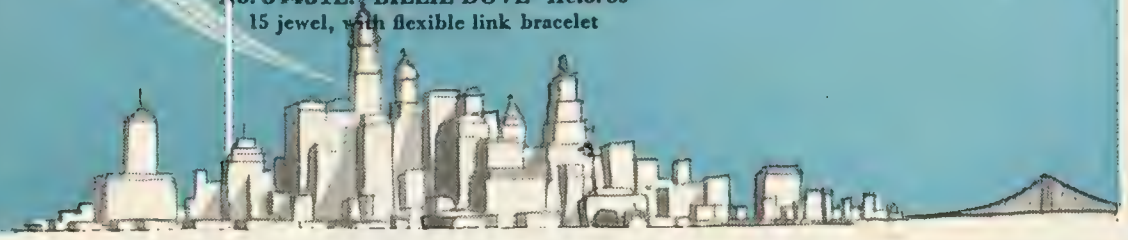

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Flying Officer H. R. D. Waghorn, the Schneider Cup winner.

P. & A. photos

Squadron Leader Orlebar being carried ashore from the Supermarine S6 after breaking all speed records for human travel.

Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar, who flew at 357 miles an hour.

Britain Flies Ahead

A Close-Up of the Schneider Cup Team, Speed Champions of the Air

By

RICHARD CARROLL

who, having told in Liberty of the importance of Britain's recent Schneider Cup triumph, and of how our failure to enter the race reflects on us, went to England to study the winners and the service and national policy behind them, and wrote this article.

WHEN I presented myself some weeks ago at the Air Ministry's offices, Adastral House, London, and asked the officials there to tell me something about England's great racing heroes, I was met with stares of blank astonishment. The Air Ministry had never heard of any.

When I asked if I could see and interview the Royal Air Force pilots who had made up the Schneider Trophy team, the men who had hurled slim ships through the air faster than any human had ever traveled before, I was met with cool suspicion.

There were no heroes and no interviews.

And when I carefully explained that I had come all the way to England from America solely to meet these men who had become heroes in my land, the officials all but laughed. Amazement kept them serious.

It was no use my assuring them that Waghorn, who had won the great aviation classic, was a hero in my home town. No good informing them that Orlebar's 357 miles an hour hop had made him famous throughout the world. The officials frankly pitied such a world. Waghorn and Orlebar, Stainforth, Atcherley, and Greig were all good pilots. Heroes? Nothing like it. So far as England was concerned, they were members of the Royal Air Force who had been detailed to fly a racing ship in a race. That was their good fortune. They might have been sent—as some have since been sent—to heavy bombing squadrons, doing their eighty miles an hour.

In direct contrast to America, England neither has nor wants any aviation heroes, star performers. Over there the Royal Air Force won the Schneider race. Every member of it gets the credit, from the Marshal of the Air, King George, to the newest numbered rookie in the ranks.

When Sir Hugh Trenchard in 1918 fought for and obtained aviation's divorce from the older services he did not fail to take away with him some of their best traditions.

England's Army and Navy were built on tradition. An officer in either service obtained with his commission the entrée to the best society, an honored place in the scheme of things. Military service was a profession in which the King himself felt honored by membership. Sons of the noblest houses carried on their fathers' commissions. Regiments had accomplished great deeds in many wars and lands and their ideals had to be lived up to.

Trenchard brought that atmosphere into the Royal Air Force. The end of the war left him with upward of 30,000 men on his rolls. It can be taken for granted that those 30,000 aviators comprised the most daring of Great

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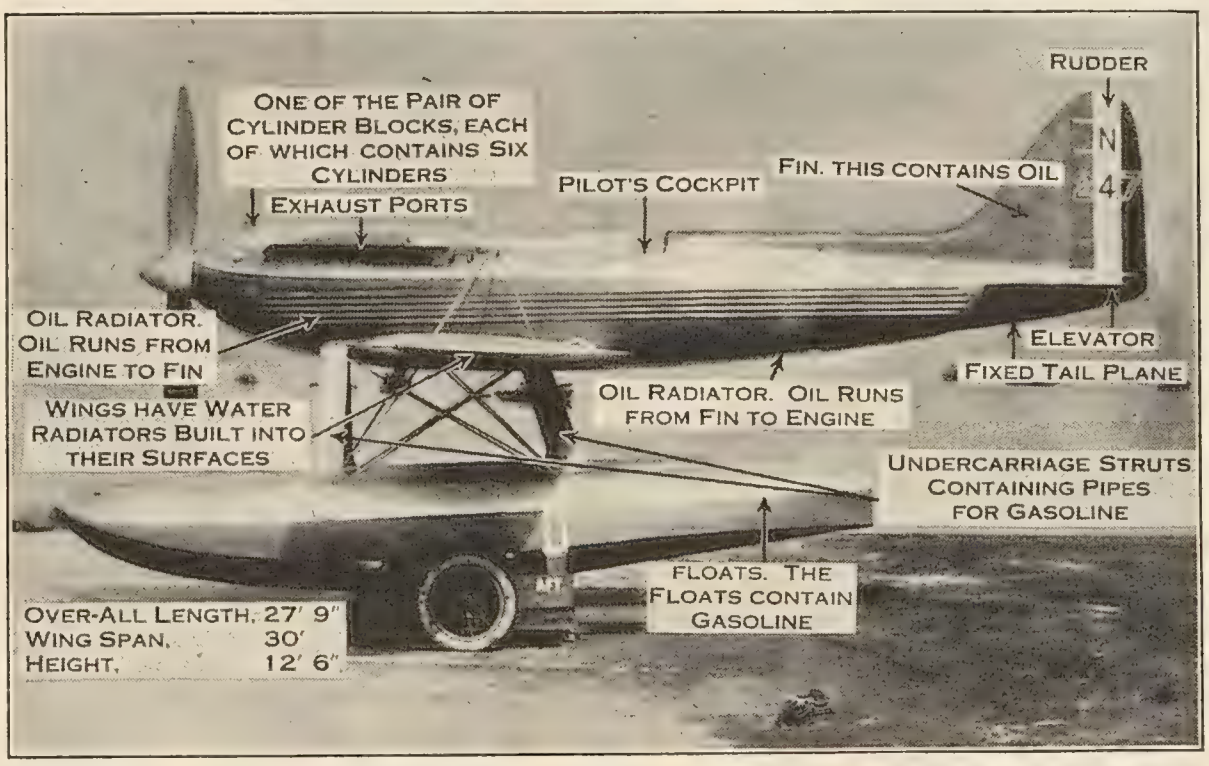
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Britain's soldiers. The air, in wartime, was no place for the weak. Trenchard, by a series of examinations and tests, and on their records, selected about 5,000 for his peacetime force. To the volunteers among the remainder he gave short service commissions. His object was to have a small permanent force and a huge reserve.

To obtain a permanent commission, a flyer had to have a good air record and be under twenty-eight years of age. Any war pilot could get a short-term commission, lasting four years, on active duty and then a switch to reserve for three years.

The result was to keep the best of the youngsters in the new Air Force and to keep a controlling hand on the oldsters against a time of need.

Trenchard's next step was to duplicate the Army College at Sandhurst and the Naval at Woolwich — corresponding to our West Point and Annapolis. He formed the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell.



The structure and arrangement of the Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6, with which Britain's Schneider Cup team won the race and set new speed marks.

At Cranwell began the weeding-out process. Many rankers had entered the Air Force during the press of war. That some of England's best pilots had risen from among them did not help any in peacetime. English officers had to carry themselves as well in society as in barracks. It took money to support a commission. The best families were wanted. Cranwell was to get them. Entrance to the college, therefore, was made possible only after a rigid examination.

An important part of that examination was concerned with the applicant's family. Sons of officers were naturally given preference. The equivalent of a public school education was necessary. In England a public school actually means a private school. We have ours: St. Paul's, Andover, Groton, etc.

Getting into Cranwell was exactly the same as getting into Oxford, Cambridge, Sandhurst, or Woolwich—possible for the ranker, but difficult.

THE Schneider pilots are good examples of the finished product—Atcherley, for instance; or to give him his full name, Flying Officer R. L. R. Atcherley, Royal Air Force.

Born in 1904 near the ancient city of York, he was sent by his military father, Major General Sir Llewelyn William Atcherley, C. M. G., C. V. O., M. V. O., to the exclusive Oundle school. From there he was graduated at the age of eighteen, and instead of the usual entrance to Oxford he chose Cranwell. Atcherley made a good pilot. After two years' training he was sent to a fighting squadron, then back for an advanced course at Cranwell, then to instructing until he was ordered to the High Speed Flight at Felixstowe.

Tall, rangy, and with the Englishman's love of outdoor sports, a keen hunter, an excellent horseman, and better than average at field sports, he had all the qualifications that make a good aviator. Stunting became his specialty. His exploits in the air, his inverted flying, made his name known in the service. On his record for tricky flying his superior officers found it necessary at Calshot to warn him against stunting with the racing ships—not, however, before he had looped and rolled the famous Supermarine S6, later to shatter all world records.

I had expected, on hearing of this particular exploit, to meet some irresponsible youngster whose one thought in life was for a thrill. I met a quiet, modest young pilot who was most anxious to hear about the flying careers and personalities of Al Williams and Jimmie Doolittle, whose air work he had followed. But he was utterly averse to talking about himself.

It was the same story with the other pilots. Stainforth wanted to know all about aviation in America and was even willing to talk all he safely could about aviation in England, but he could find nothing to say about Stainforth. He too comes from a family of military men. Flying Officer George Staunton Stainforth was born in Beckenham in March, 1899.

HIS father, who almost alone of his family had not chosen the army as a profession, nevertheless wanted his son to carry on the tradition and sent him by progressive stages through Woolwich, Weymouth, and finally to Sandhurst. Young George got his commission in the Buffs in August, 1918. After two months in France he went, when the war was over, to India, Irak, and Aden with his battalion before retiring in 1922 to take a short-service commission in the Royal Air Force. Late 1927 found him with Atcherley, an instructor at the Central Flying School, and it was with Atcherley that he first came into prominence, when the two pilots won the King's Cup race around England, beating the second ship over the 1,000-mile course by one second. At this time—July, 1929—he was with Atcherley as a member of the High Speed Flight.

Stainforth, like his flying companion, is tall, fair—and reserved.

He gives no impression of being the kind of pilot who flies 350-miles-an-hour airplanes. One would hardly take him for a pilot at all. But drive with him through London's congested traffic, as I did, and you would notice the cool skill, the sure hands, that make him what he is. Fifty-five miles an hour in a car one man could almost lift from the ground is not a job for the halt, the blind, or the lame.

Of all the Schneider pilots, Stainforth makes closest approach to the Englishman of the stage. He is seemingly slow to grasp the point of a joke, then startles his listeners half an hour later with an elaboration of it. He smiles once in a while, never laughs, and in his most frivolous moods is utterly serious. The tall Mrs. Stainforth is charming. Vivacious as her husband is reserved, she makes a perfect contrast.

Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar, the captain of the team and its best pilot, comes of a famous family. His grandfather, the Rev. Augustus Orlebar, for fifty years vicar of Willington, was the original Tom Brown of Tom Brown's Schooldays. Tom Hughes, afterward Judge Hughes, the author of the book, was captain of the Rugby eleven and put Orlebar on the team. Slogger Williams, Tom Brown's opponent in the great fight described by Hughes, a fight that actually took place, is now the Rev. Chancellor Bulkeley Owen Jones, and a close friend of the young Orlebar.

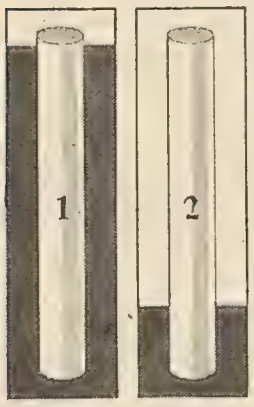
Squadron Leader Orlebar started his career at the age of eighteen as a lieutenant in the Fifth Bedfordshire Regi-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

RUMIDOR . . . the gift that smokers want

Tobacco is a good smoke only when it is rumid. Choice tobacco is conditioned with rum before it is packaged. But this rumid freshness fades in the package. Now you can use rum to freshen and recondition your own smokes.

Taste a RUMID cigarette from the Rumidor . . . never again will you be content with a hot, irritating smoke of dry tobacco. The very moment you place your cigarettes in the Rumidor—then the genuine 12-year-old solidified rum begins to vaporize, smoothing out the wrinkles in your favorite smoke and reviving the mellow flavor of tobacco at its best.



1—A cigarette from the Rumidor is fresh, mellow and full of flavor . . . it is rumid . . . 100% moist and in perfect condition for smoking.

2—This represents the average of twelve cigarettes purchased at random. They are NOT in condition for smoking. Only 15% moist . . . not rumid at all.

In handsome metals and leathers at all the better shops.

From $3.50 up

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Genuine 12-year-old solidified rum in the Rumidor makes tobacco rumid

THE RUMIDOR CORP., 501 Fifth Avenue, New York L-4

Please mail me

- ☐ Copper cigarette Rumidor. Check enclosed $3.50
- ☐ Package four Rum-Refills. Check enclosed $1.00
- ☐ Handsomely illustrated booklet of entire line (no charge)

(Please write name and address in the margin below)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

ment. Born at Higham Ferrers in 1896, he was educated at Rugby. Early in 1915 he went with his battalion to Gallipoli, where he was wounded and sent home. The following year he joined the Royal Flying Corps and graduated as a pilot at the Central Flying School. Sent to France with No. 19 Squadron, he was later attached to No. 73; was wounded again and, when he returned, was attached to No. 43 Squadron. When the war ended he had earned his commission as a captain in the new Royal Air Force and was given a permanent commission as flying lieutenant, the Air Force equivalent to captain in the Army. Next he became a test pilot at the Air Force proving field at Martlesham Heath and won the Air Force Cross for his work there. After a course at the Royal Air Force Staff College, he was attached to the staff of Sir Edward Ellington and served at Irak. When he was ordered to the High Speed Flight at Felixstowe he was in the Directorate of Organization and Staff Duties at the Air Ministry.

Orlebar is regarded as one of England's best test pilots. He has gone through all the narrow squeaks of his profession. He has survived several crashes. Once he brought a flaming ship safely to earth. Again he has taken tricky ships that others did not want to take, and found out what made them tricky. He was the first to fly the racing ships entered for the Schneider race. Orlebar found out first if they could fly, then turned them over to his companions. Orlebar's father was killed in France.

Flight Lieutenant David D'Arcy A. Greig is the Scotsman on the team. Born at New Spynil, Elgin, Scotland, in 1900, he too came from a long line of distinguished ancestors. The Greigs of Scotland have included generals, professors, and church dignitaries on their family scrolls. D'Arcy Greig's father was an army man. He himself earned a world-wide reputation before any of his comrades of the Schneider. On his eighteenth birthday, after receiving a private education, he received a commission in the R. A. F., and in September of that year, 1918, he was shot down thirteen miles behind the enemy lines. With his observer he managed during the night to make his way through the line of German trenches and get back to his squadron. He was awarded the D. F. C. for distinguished services in the field.

Underwood & Underwood photos

Flying Officer R. L. R. Atcherley and, above, two of his Schneider Cup teammates, Flight Lieutenants D'Arcy Greig, third in the race (at the left), and G. S. Stainforth.

GREIG also became an instructor at Central Flying School. When Flight Lieutenant S. M. Kinkead was killed at Felixstowe March 12, 1928, while trying for a new world's record, Greig took his place. Soon after taking up the post Greig beat de Bernardi's record of 318 miles an hour by one mile. As it is necessary to do five miles better than an old record to establish a new, Greig's was not accepted as official.

He had won a reputation for managing unmanageable ships. He had joined the Caterpillar Club when forced to leave a ship that went out of control at 5,000 feet. Some months ago he became engaged to a school-days sweetheart, Miss Lorna Dean, a girl beautiful enough to win a prize in an all-England beauty competition. They will be married in January, when Greig goes to Irak for foreign duty. It will leave Atcherley the only bachelor on the team.

Waghorn, the baby of the team and the winner of the race, is also the best looker, if that helps him any—above average height, fair of complexion, and sporting a snappy military mustache. He is also the best dresser. Two months before the race he married the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watson of Surrey.

Henry Richard Danvers Waghorn also sticks to the army tradition. His uncle, Brigadier General Sir William Danvers Waghorn, C. B., C. M. G., is a veteran of many campaigns. Waghorn's father is an engineer. The son is the only Londoner on the team, having been born in Kensington in 1904. Educated at Wellington, he entered Cranwell in 1922 and was grouped with Atcherley. On graduation in 1924 he was posted to a No. 17 Fighter Squadron, later taking a course as instructor at Central Flying School and becoming an instructor there himself. It will be noticed that four of the five pilots on the team were instructors at Central Flying School.

WAGHORN'S skill is not confined to flying. He has won a reputation as a skier. He indulges in all outdoor sports and shines at them. His first bid for prominence was the Schneider, and his performance in the race, his careful flying, the skill with which he brought his Supermarine through has placed him fairly in view on the road to renown. That he isn't a hero as the winner of the race is due to the British conception of what constitutes a hero. Waghorn did a good job, but that, the Air Ministry says, is what he was expected to do. King George, however, gave him the coveted Flying Cross.

Flying Officer T. H. Moon is the technical officer of the team and the only one on it who has risen from the ranks. His career is a good example of what the small percentage of rankers in the Air Force who win commissions have to do to get them.

Moon came into the Air Force from the Royal Naval Air Service in which he was a chief petty officer when the war started. In 1917 he was made a warrant officer because of his ability as an engineer. When the Air Force was formed Moon became a second lieutenant, the lowest commissioned rank in the R. A. F. Later, for meritorious service, he was promoted to flying officer and served throughout the rest of the war in that rank. After the war his technical services were required in Egypt, Irak, and the Middle East.

In 1927 he was placed in charge of the technical organization of the British Schneider team. More than any other one man he was responsible for that team's victory. Moon's job was to see that every ship ran perfectly, that every mechanical detail of the preparations was exact. That he did a splendid job is evidenced by the fact he was called upon to do the same one in 1929, when he did it with the same success. But the percentage of Moons in the Royal Air Force is small. Only a limited number of men from the ranks can obtain commissions. England has provided for that, too.

Halton, the ground school of the R. A. F., was established soon after the war to take care of British youth who had the desire to fly but no means to accomplish it.

The British boy of fifteen or sixteen who wants to get into the R. A. F. as a career applies for permission to enter Halton. His qualifications are examined. His education to date must have been fair, his antecedents good, his record straight. At the age of sixteen, if he qualifies, he is entered as a student for a period of four years. He gets all the regular schooling and, in addition,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

Extending the limits of Man's Opportunity

Only a few generations ago the life of man was circumscribed by his own physical limitations . . . the dexterity of his fingers, the strength of his back, the speed of his limbs, and the labor of domestic animals. . . . The interchange of commodities was slow, difficult. There were no good roads, as we know them today, nor any way to travel swiftly, surely, over these roads. The deeply rutted wagon trail was a long, hard trail. . . . Though boundless acres were all about, it was only the adventurous few who traveled far. Many a man lived and died without ever having been more than fifty miles from home. . . . Then was born an idea that was destined to reshape the frontiers and the future of the entire country—the idea of making a small, strong, simple automobile so low in price that it might be placed within the means of all the people.

The coming of this new means of transportation not only changed the industrial life of the nation, but helped to change the private lives of every one for all the generations to come.

It leveled hills, extended horizons, created new opportunities, furnished the means to earn more money and to enjoy the leisure which that increased income should bring.

In creating and building a small, strong, simple automobile at a low price, and in using it, man became accustomed to thinking of machinery as a servant. He made power work for him.

More and more as time went on, in industrial plants and on the farm, heavy labor was taken off the back of man and placed upon the broader shoulders of the machine.

The Ford moved everywhere, blazing the way over miry roads and rocky mountain trails, through gumbo and sand, creating a rising demand for swifter, smoother travel that resulted in the construction of hundreds of thousands of miles of cement and macadam highways reaching to all parts of the country.

The benefits resulting from the introduction of the low-priced automobile have done more than perhaps any other single thing to increase the standards of living and to make this a truly united country.

All the people are blended together by the flexibility and swiftness of automobile transportation. The prairie farmer, the industrial worker, and the city business man are governed by similar impulses, similar tastes, similar demands upon highly specialized machinery to serve them.

This civilization can show no greater example of disciplined machinery than in the operation of the Ford Industries.

The great miracle is not the car, but the machines that make the machine—the methods that make it possible to build such a fine car, in large numbers, at a low price.

Craftsmanship has been put into mass production. Millions and millions of parts are made—each one so accurate and so exactly like the other that they fit perfectly to the thousandth of an inch when brought together for assembly into complete units.

Men by the thousands and the hundred thousand are employed at the Rouge plant alone and there are hundreds of acres of plant equipment. Yet the purpose today is wholly the same as when the equipment of the Ford organization was housed in a single small building.

Everything that has been done has been done to give further scope and expression to the Ford Idea.

That idea is not merely to make automobiles—not merely to create so much additional machinery and so many millions of additional horsepower—but to make this a better world in which to live through providing economical transportation for all the people.

For that purpose the first Model T was made twenty-one years ago. For that purpose the new Ford is made today. In 1929, as in 1908, it is again helping to reshape the frontiers and the future of the country and to further extend the limits of man's opportunity.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

is taught some trade in connection with aviation. He is required to follow sports, to keep himself mentally and physically fit. Of more than 2,000 applicants each year, only about 400 are entered, so the type is high.

Halton sends its finished products to Cranwell, where they are made into aviators—those who survive the rigorous tests. But they have not yet won their commissions. Temporary commissions are granted them at Cranwell and these are made permanent only after a probationary period of twelve months. Thus when finally commissioned, the flying officer of the Royal Air Force is about as fine a product as British manhood can supply.

Trenchard planned even better than that for his ultimate flying force. The usual wartime practice was to have every pilot a commissioned officer. Toward the end sergeants were flying as pilots. For his peacetime service Trenchard has vastly increased the number of non-commissioned pilots. Privates in the ranks are encouraged to perfect themselves by the promise of a ship of their own, even though barred by the educational and other standards from getting a commission. Some of the best ultimately work their way into the ranks of the flying officers, but this percentage is small.

England keeps in touch with all or most of her war pilots by the reserve system. Today these men who fought over the lines in France and Salonika and Gallipoli are carrying civilian aviation across. They are the outstanding pilots of England. Sir Alan Cobham is one. Captain W. Lawrence Hope, twice winner of the King's Cup race, is another. Captain George Birkett, chief pilot for Air Taxis, Ltd., and Captain Arthur S. Wilcockson, chief pilot of Imperial Airways, are both reserve officers. It was Birkett who taught Stainforth how to fly.

Any pilot over there will tell you there are more than 2,000 pilots in England who, with a little training in fast ships, could have flown the Schneider Trophy racers. It is the national attitude that these Supermarines require good pilots to fly them but not supermen.

NOT all the credit for the victory should go to the Royal Air Force, however. The Gloster-Napier and Rolls-Royce firms deserve plenty. The Air Ministry, backed by a really sporting and patriotic people, ordered the ships. How they were made is another story. The American firms aiding the building of the Mercury racer acquitted themselves casually. In England the Rolls-Royce people did more than carry out a government contract. The engine was specially designed by F. H. Royce himself. He spent all his time on it. And when it was ready he left nothing to chance, as our firms did. The engine was tested under conditions as close to actual flying as was possible.

The result was that when the engine was finally installed in the fuselage of the Supermarine, everything that could be known of her performance was known. The oil system had been checked, the cooling system was all right, gas pressure and oil pressure were O. K. There was nothing left to do but take off.

Al Williams never got that kind of a break. Nor did he get the government coöperation that the English builders got. Over there every man was enthusiastically working to win. Over here was a mess of politics and glory-grabbing. England, supposed to be impoverished, spent $2,000,000 willingly to build her ships for the race. (Nor did Segrave find it hard to raise the money needed to build his 231-mile-an-hour automobile, the Sunbeam. It was for the nation's honor and there were men to back it.) England realized the value of the Schneider races to aviation. She knew it was the testing ground for speed, which is aviation's birthright, and she backed that knowledge with her money.

Captain George Birkett, an outstanding pilot in civilian aviation who is a Royal Air Force reserve officer and was Flight Lieutenant Stainforth's instructor.

Nor is the physical value of the Schneider race lost to England. A High Speed Flight is maintained at Felixstowe. Here selected pilots are trained in racing ships. The racers built in past years—slow ships doing less than 300 miles (such are comparisons!) are given to the men to fly after they have trained many hours in the fastest military planes. By degrees the pilots are stepped up until the Schneider racers of the year before are flown. From these it is a few miles an hour to the latest Supermarines and Gloster-Napiers.

THUS the men gradually become accustomed to the fastest of ships. There is nothing haphazard about it. Nothing is left to chance. And when the need arises there is a constantly increasing group of pilots available both for instructors in high speed flight and for actual air work.

Not much is said in England about all this. She has quietly and effectively worked out her own air program. While our own military pilots are under few restrictions, in England it is as much as an officer's commission is worth to talk out of turn.

Orlebar, giving an interview to the press immediately before the race, broke a rule that had stood since the service had been formed. But he did so by and under orders from the Air Ministry, which dictated what should be said and guided its utterance.

The Air Ministry is completely responsible for the Royal Air Force program. There is no connection, save in coöperation, with the older services. New ranks have been established and new titles are used. The pay is slightly higher than in the other services.

The following table gives the new ranks and pay. Taking the pilot officer as the equivalent of the Army second lieutenant, the others follow the Army grades in their order of ascent. Thus a squadron leader equals an Army major, and the air marshal equals a general.

Rank	*Pay per annum*	*Rank*	*Pay per annum*
Pilot Officer	$2,000	Group Captain	$6,740
Flying Officer	2,700	Air Commodore	7,060
Flight Lieutenant	3,200	Air Vice Marshal	10,400
Squadron Leader	3,770	Air Marshal	12,600
Wing Commander	5,150	Air Chief Marshal	14,660

These salaries are all approximate and do not take into consideration allowances for married officers, or for field pay and other extras varying with the duties of the officer. Compared with American officers' pay, and considering the difference in the cost of living, the British are fairly well paid.

But over and above all is the fact that as a unit in the Empire's military forces the Royal Air Force is independent, planning its own progress with a keen understanding of its own problems. England, that lives on traditions, in her defense policy acts for the future.

That policy made her great.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Truth Stronger than Fiction

My small daughter went with me fishing and on our return told a neighbor who inquired about the trip: "Dad caught a great big fish, but it was too little to eat."—C. M. Dillard, 906 N. Twelfth St., Waco, Tex.

* * *

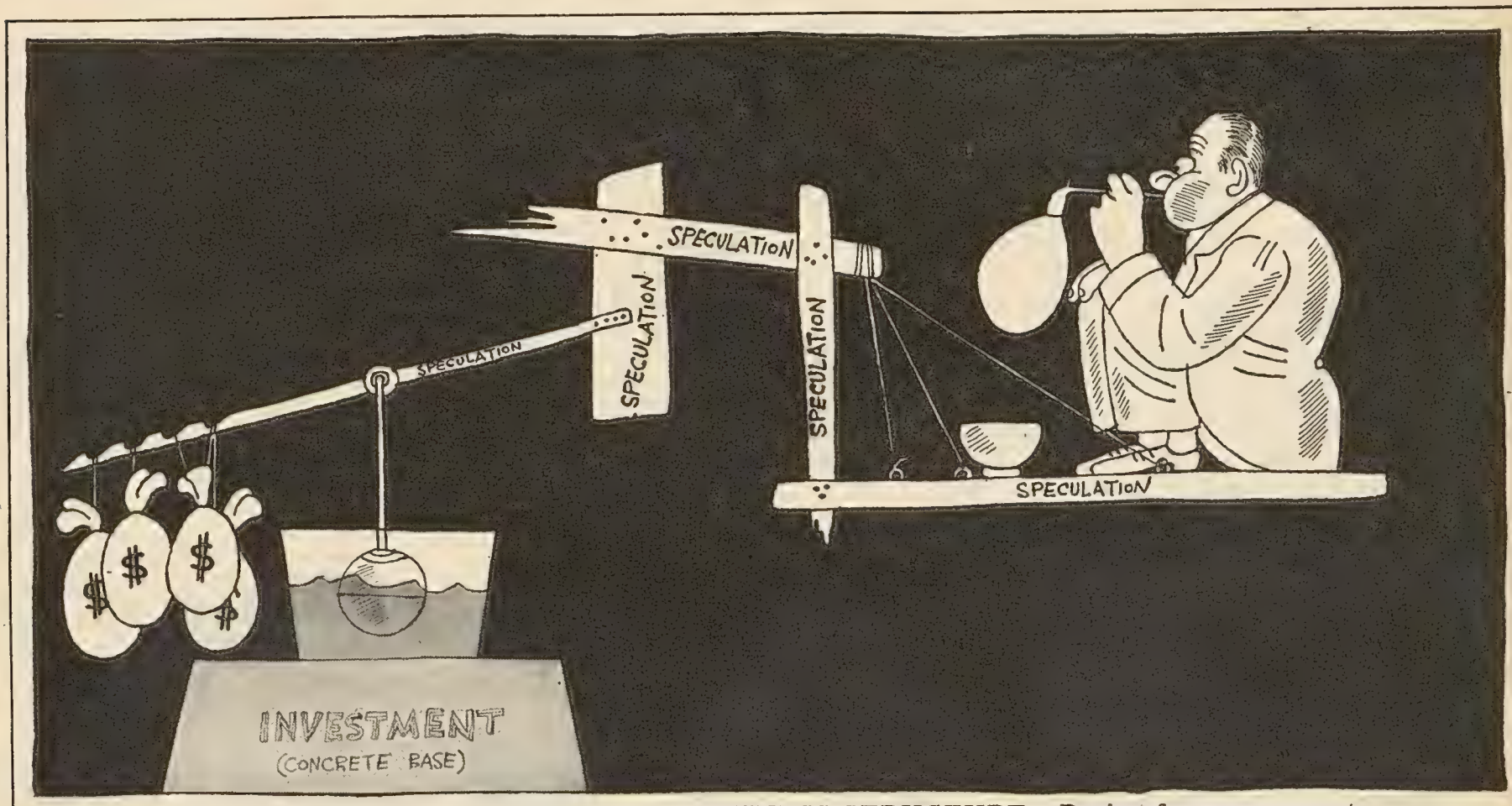
Feminine Logic

Evelyn and Lorna were hammering away in the cellar trying to make airplanes, when I overheard Evelyn say: "Gee, I wish I was a boy. Then these nails would go in straight."—H. A. Underwood, 61 Belmont Ave., Ottawa, Can.

GRAPHIC SECTION

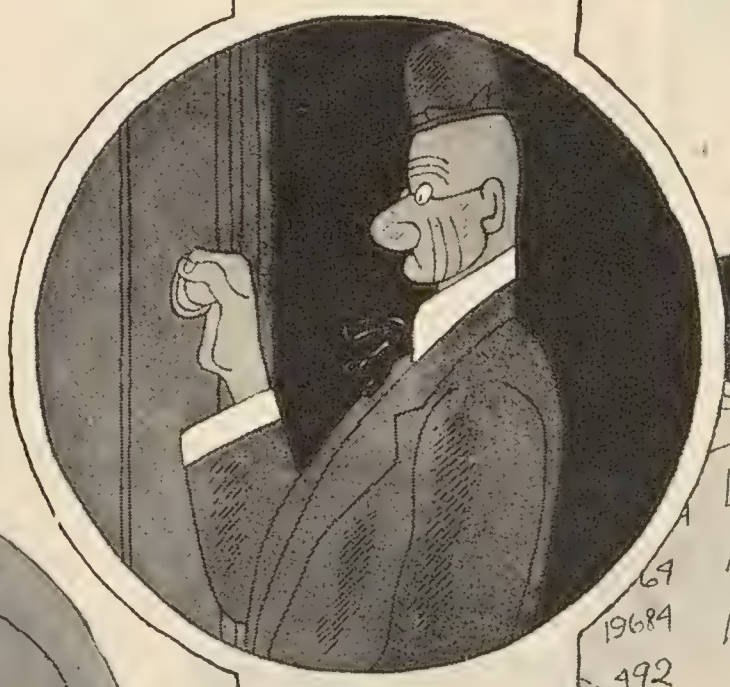
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

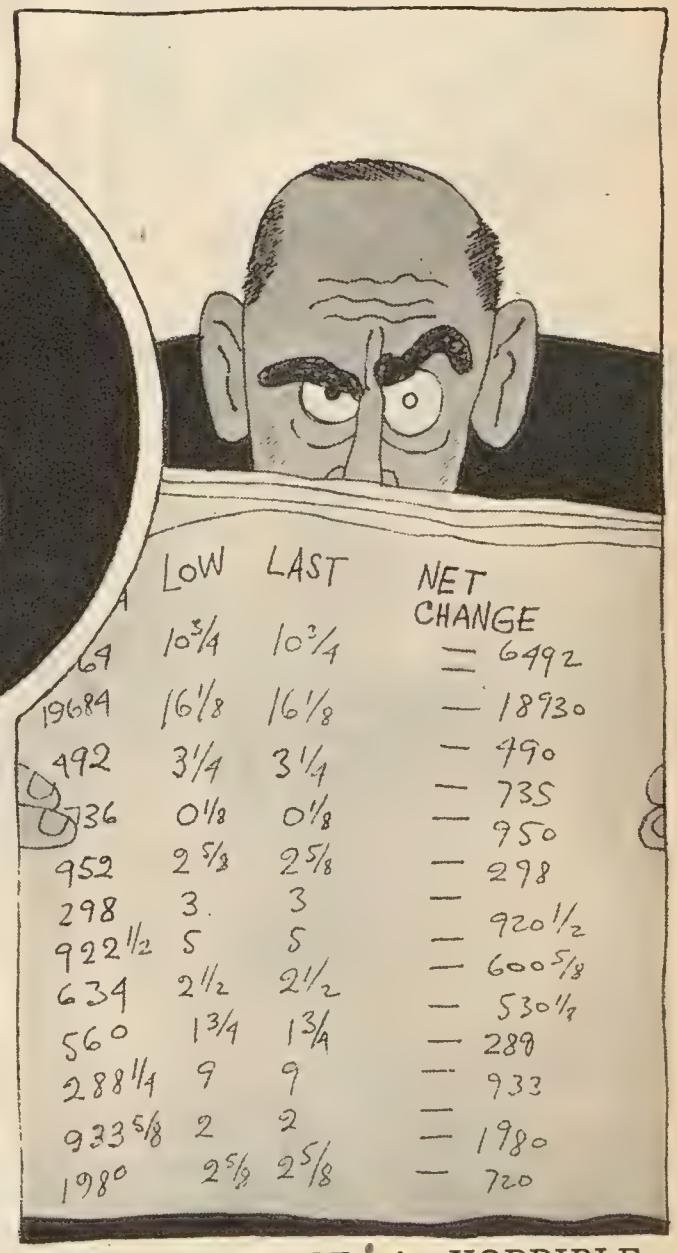


THE BASIC SOUNDNESS OF THE BUSINESS STRUCTURE. Design for a monument to be erected at the head of Wall Street.

FASHION NOTE. The kangaroo has become popular as a pet among the smart set living near the Canadian border.



WASHINGTON JUDGE SENTENCES REPORTERS to 45 days in jail for refusing to tell how they got into 49 speakeasies. If you really want to know, judge, just knock on any dark door and say you are a friend of Tom's and Jerry's.



THE DAWN OF A HORRIBLE DOUBT. If everybody in the country has lost money, who won it?

Melodramatics

Mr. Colman and Miss Stanwyck Brave the Perils of Roguishness and Titters

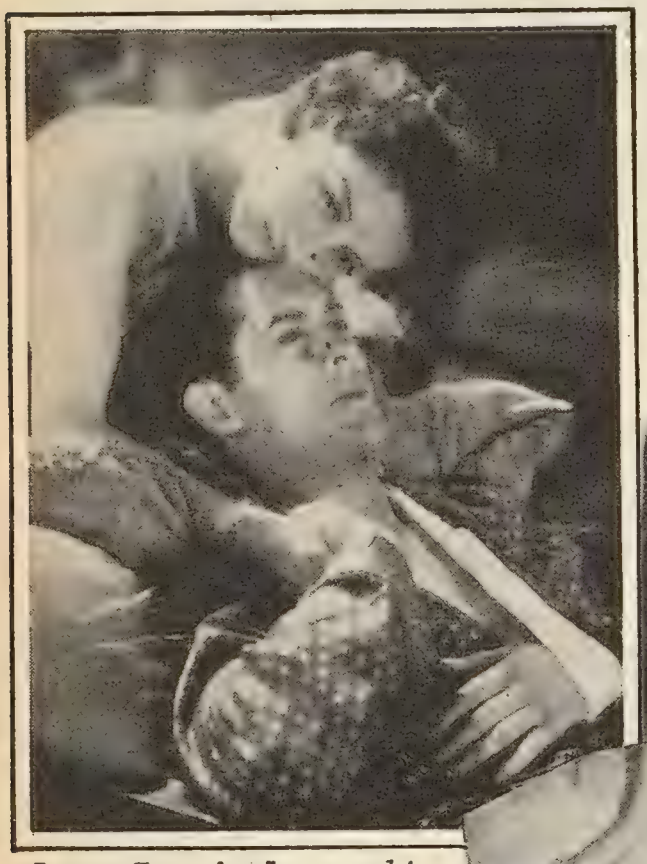
Two Pages of Movie Reviews *by* FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ CONDEMNED

IT is obvious that Ronald Colman's success in the romantic melodrama, Bulldog Drummond, sent his producer, Samuel Goldwyn, chasing up a blind alley.

Mr. Goldwyn made the typical Hollywood mistake of twisting Mr. Colman's follow-up film, Condemned, from grim tragedy into another attempted light romantic thriller.



Joan Crawford, caught by the movie camera as she asks Robert Montgomery's pardon, in Untamed.

Condemned, however, has Mrs. Blair Niles' penal colony study, Condemned to Devil's Island, for its background. Sidney Howard, the playwright, fashioned this into a roguish melodrama. And, as the smooth and genteel Paris thief sentenced to the tropical prison hell, Mr. Colman still is playing the resourceful Bulldog Drummond.

The result is not happy.

Mr. Colman's suave pickpocket, Michel, is flippant and whimsical before a panorama that is stark and grim. The melodramatic events, as the motorboat escape, frequently are a little beyond what any audience will swallow.

The story? The gross and stupid prison warden takes the crafty Michel into his home as a servant. The warden has a young and lonesome wife. The rest is easy to foresee. While the tale is lavishly produced, there is no real feeling of the tropics.

Ann Pennington of the nimble feet in Is Everybody Happy?

Colman is a pleasant figure as Michel. Still, when he appears in white ducks and natty barret, the result is not believable. The best work of the film is done by Ann Harding, borrowed from Pathé stardom to support Mr. Colman in this United Artists film. She is both lovely and competent. Dudley Digges goes to great pains to make the warden repellent and ludicrous—and he overdoes the effort.

Wesley Ruggles, a comedy director, made Condemned. He is a brother of that excellent hiccoughing comedian, Charles Ruggles.

The roguish melodrama, Condemned, presents Ann Harding and Ronald Colman.

The Devil's Island prisoners harmonize splendidly, it should be noted.

★ ★ THE LOCKED DOOR

Barbara Stanwyck, who was so compelling in the stage production of Burlesque (later known to films as The Dance of Life), makes her celluloid début in United Artists' The Locked Door.

This is one of those carefully built emotional melodramas, cunningly leading up to a big scene.

Here is Channing Pollock's dramatic moment: An irate husband kills a young waster in his ornate bachelor apartment. He coolly arranges the body to simulate a suicide and slips out, locking the door behind him. Inside, unknown to him, he has left his own wife, a hysterical prisoner.

Rod La Rocque is the rotter, William Boyd (not the blond William Boyd better known to the screen) is the husband-killer, and Betty Bronson is his kittenish and

Barbara Stanwyck in her film début in The Locked Door. The gentleman basking in her smile is Rod La Rocque.

indiscreet kid sister. They are pretty wooden. Miss Stanwyck, who once was a cabaret chorine on Broadway, is considerably better than the rest as the distraught but upright wife.

The dialogue in this George Fitzmaurice production is none too good. It is clear, now, that conversation in the talkies must have more human qualities than it usually possesses behind the footlights. The audible films magnify the sentimentalities and the banalities to Gargantuan proportions and audiences sit ready to titter at the slightest rumble of absurdity.

★ UNTAMED

The personable Joan Crawford's first starring talkie, Untamed, made by Metro-Goldwyn, is crammed with titter material, I regret to report.

Untamed is the yarn of a girl raised in the tropical jungle, far from civilization, and of her subsequent clashes with conventions when she turns from calicoes to chiffons, as the subtitle writer neatly puts it.

Finally little Bingo gets her man by shooting him. That makes the convention-bound young fellow realize his love.

This is not a fresh idea, by any means, and the present version of an unbridled cutie snapping her fingers at society is long and tiresome.

Miss Crawford (who ought to stick to smart flapper rôles) and Robert Montgomery sing frequently. This is no worse and no better than the average run of Hollywood vocalism.

★ LOVE, LIVE, AND LAUGH

The talkies have moved rapidly through the many stars of musical shows, night clubs, and vaudeville. The possibility of finding another Al Jolson was the mirage hovering over the desert of jazz.

The Fox Studios now present George Jessel in Love, Live, and Laugh, in which the central figure is a young Italian who returns to his homeland just in time to get caught in the maelstrom of the World War. When he gets back to America, he is blind. An operation cures him—and whom should he see upon recovering his sight but his old sweetheart, now the surgeon's wife.

Jessel is a better accordeon player than actor and Lila Lee can do little with her colorless rôle.

★ IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?

Ted Lewis, the singing orchestra leader, is offered by the Warner Brothers in the final 1929 version of The Singing Fool.

Here Lewis plays the son of a fine old Hungarian concert master. The boy comes to America and, to make a living, has to trade his violin for a saxophone. The lad's cabaret success breaks the old man's heart.

Mr. Lewis is an even worse actor than Mr. Jessel.

The film's only claim to real appeal comes when Mr. Lewis gets in front of his jazz band and twirls his battered topper.

Love, Live, and Laugh offers us George Jessel as its central figure, and Lila Lee.

Things You May Not Know

There were two notable instances of much publicized films being completed but never released. Both of them rest on Paramount shelves. One is Peg o' My Heart, starring Wanda Hawley. Prolonged litigation prevented its release and later the play was filmed for Metro-Goldwyn by King Vidor, with the original Peg, Laurette Taylor, starred. The other never-released film was made by Enrico Caruso. The flop of his first film, My Cousin, prevented this second picture from seeing the light of public projection.

If Gloria Swanson's Queen Kelly remains shelved, it will be another notable non-flicking flicker.

Do you know that—

Chester Morris gets the leading male rôle in The Case of Sergeant Grischa? . . . Thirty-five hundred theaters had been wired by Western Electric for talkies on November 5? . . . Hollywood studio pay rolls now run to $2,000,000 a week?

GLORIFYING

The Story of a Bright Idea

By

FRED MACISAAC

a writer whose stories for the all-fiction magazines are legion. He was a newspaperman and press agent for the Boston opera before he turned to fiction. After working on movies in Hollywood he traveled a while. Now he lives and works in New York City.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Directly in his path was a cot and on it lay a girl.

AS bizarre, in a brand-new Venetian beach robe, as an Oriental potentate, though considerably more self-conscious, Jack Wrexham crossed the gardens of the Hotel Excelsior at Lido and debouched upon the private beach, which was drenched in bleaching sunlight.

The heat was grilling; the humidity was liquefying; and life at the Lido was at its zenith. Beyond a stretch of gold sand was the Adriatic, green as emerald. The scene was domed by a sapphire sky and the costumes of the bathers and sand strutters and beach lollers dimmed the rainbow.

The newcomer stared in bewilderment for a moment and then inspected the long row of private cabins, each with its vivid awning and its more vivid occupants. He had to find cabin fifty-two and meet his aunt, the Principessa Reglia.

The possession of an aunt who was the widow of an Italian prince did not set young Wrexham up unduly. In his philosophy, relatives were persons to be respected but avoided. He had never seen his Aunt Priscilla, the Princess, and had no intention of looking her up when he landed for the first time in the delectable city of Paris. After several years of slim living as a short-story writer in New York, he had come into possession of $5,000 from a film company for a published yarn he didn't think was so hot, and he had booked on the first boat for France.

Alas, his mother had cabled her sister, Principessa Reglia, and at the Paris office of the American Express he found a command letter to join her at the Lido.

Of course he knew that the Lido was pretty nice. He had read that the customers ran around with little or nothing on—and that was interesting—but it was a place which would have kept till next time. However, here he was.

Cabin fifty-two. He walked along the line of little beach houses and goggled at the nakedness of the tenants who sprawled on cots or slumped in deck chairs outside their front doors or lifted languid hands containing glasses which smartly uniformed attendants filled with fizz. Forty-seven, forty-nine, fifty-one— Ah!

Directly in his path was a cot and on it lay a girl. She had hair the color of ripe bananas and her skin was tanned like old gold. She lay on her stomach, her head on a purple pillow, her face turned toward him, and her eyes closed. She had pulled down the straps of her bathing costume, a trifle in burnt orange, which was so ingeniously constructed that the back was cut two inches lower than the white belt. As a back it was a masterpiece and the face was even more perfect. Canova, the Venetian sculptor, might have carved the features, but he lived in the old fat days and never could have imagined such a back.

The young man's view of this enchanting spectacle was suddenly cut off and he was confronted by an enormously fat woman in a white lace dress that fell to her toes, whose round red face was sun blistered, and whose small blue eyes were appraising him. He observed that she wore her hair, which was iron gray, pulled back tightly and rolled on top in a washerwoman's bun, and she was shading her eyes with a contraption like a cardboard flag.

MISS BROWNE

Canova, the Venetian sculptor, might have carved the features.

He glared at her resentfully at first and then fearsomely. He had discovered a family resemblance.

"I'd know you anywhere," declared the Princess in a high-pitched voice. Thirty years of residence in the home of good music and beautiful voices and she still talked like a down-easter. "John Wrexham, you darling child! Kiss your Aunt Priscilla."

He shuddered as he fell into her embrace and over her shoulder he saw the Venus of Canova open a pair of eyes as blue as the sky and as big as dinner plates. There was a slight tremor of lips more beautiful than those of Mona Lisa, and then the eyes closed and the girl became again an exquisite statue of alabaster.

Aunt Priscilla led him past the couch of the goddess and seated him beneath the awning of the next cabin. While she showered him with questions about the relatives whom she loved so much that she hadn't been home to see them for thirty years, he was staring at the girl on the cot and exulting that chance had placed her in the cabin next his aunt's. It oughtn't to be difficult for the nephew of a princess to make her acquaintance.

While he was thinking this pleasant thought, the statue came to life. She thrust her arms through her shoulder straps, rolled off the cot, and ran like a gazelle into the water. Rudely he broke in upon the chatter of his aunt.

"Who is that young lady, please?"

She blinked at him. "What young lady?"

"Why, the girl who was lying there on the cot."

"Oh, that one!" she said contemptuously. "Nobody at all. The weirdest sort of creatures come to Lido—like that one."

"What's wrong with her?" he asked hotly.

THE Principessa looked volumes. "She is absolutely unknown."

Jack laughed outright. "She won't be unknown long. I'll know her."

"Jack Wrexham!" she cried shrilly. "I forbid you to speak to her. Why, she came here without letters. She has no chaperon. Her name is Browne."

"You don't say," he gasped, his eyes twinkling. "Imagine anybody named Browne at the Lido!"

"Exactly," nodded the Principessa. "It happens, John, that I am by way of being the social mentor of the hotel. I have spent every summer here for a dozen years. My nephew has a position to maintain, and you must be exceedingly careful— Excuse me a moment." With agility surprising in one of her bulk she rose and walked down the beach to encounter a young woman in a green bathing suit; a tall, gangling girl with a neck full of knobs, and toothpick legs, and the sort of face that might be expected of such a figure.

"I suppose it will be all right for me to meet that one," he reflected bitterly. He was afraid his mother's titled sister was an old cat.

Aunt Priscilla conducted the beanstalk to her cabin.

"And this is my nephew, John Wrexham. An author, my dear. He is twenty-eight years old and I am meeting him for the first time. John, this is Clarice Steuben."

"Any relation to Steuben's Step-ins?" he asked as he acknowledged the introduction. This was rude and he knew it.

But Clarice was not offended.

"Isn't it awful to be famous?" she asked with a titter.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

"My father owns Steuben's Step-ins. Aren't you lucky to have a princess for an aunt?"

"I don't deserve such good fortune," he assured her.

"I'm so glad to have such a handsome nephew," said the Principessa benignly. "We're going to lunch with Clarice and her mother as soon as I fix my hair."

"In bathing suits?" he demanded.

"That's the thrill of it," Clarice informed him. "It's so delightfully free and easy here. I'll go up and get a table for four. See you in a few minutes."

She giggled, for no reason, and departed, and he looked after her balefully. A moment later, his aunt, having patted her hair and powdered, quite uselessly, her nose, emerged and took his arm.

"Dear Clarice will inherit forty million dollars," she said in awe-struck tones. "And, my dear John, I think she would rather like a literary husband."

"That lets me out," he laughed. "I write trash."

The restaurant was under the hotel and was thronged by half-naked men and women who lunched with the insouciance of a noonday crowd at the Ritz, New York. Jack was young enough to get a thrill out of the spectacle, but he was compelled to listen to the chatter of Clarice and his aunt and Mrs. Steuben, who was a plump woman with a flat, dull, bespectacled face.

It seemed to him that his aunt betrayed an indecent interest in the commercial oligarchy of the United States, for she persisted in pointing out to him the female representatives of a score of nationally advertised products. He kept his eye open for the arrival of Miss Browne, but she didn't come. Poor kid! Probably afraid of being snubbed.

Eventually they finished their coffee and Mrs. Steuben signed the check. The Principessa said she had letters to write and suggested that Jack entertain Clarice, but the girl's mother reminded her that, in the interest of increased weight, she was supposed to take a two hours' nap after luncheon. Jack saw them off with great relief and made a bee line for his aunt's cabin.

On the table under the awning next door he saw the remains of a lunch, and he heard the girl moving about inside her little house. Presently she came out and, without appearing to see him, laid herself down on her cot. She had changed her wet costume for one of light blue which was equally efficacious for sun bathing.

Jack wished to make a remark which would be at once intriguing and answer-compelling. The acquaintance must be made with speed, as the Principessa might not be writing very long letters. He was fully aware that he was an ordinary-looking male, not particularly prepossessing in a bathing suit. Lacking physical charms, he had to win by his wits which were usually adequate.

TEN feet away she lay, basking like a golden serpent in the burning sun. Vainly he groped for the happy phrase. Minutes passed. Desperation.

"Ahem! Aren't you afraid of sunstroke?" Inane. Disgustingly inane.

She reared the lovely head, gazed at him as though he were a mild mental case, and said: "No."

He was struck dumb. She laid her head down upon the purple pillow. Silence.

"Er— Hot, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said curtly without looking at him. All was lost if he couldn't think of something not to be answered in a monosyllable. He labored and produced this:

"It's my first visit to Lido."

There was no answer. Naturally not. It needed none.

He sighed pathetically. "I—I hope I haven't offended you by speaking."

She sat up, set her tiny bare feet on the hot sand, placed her elbows on her naked knees, and cupped her chin in the palms of her hands while the great blue eyes gazed at him commiseratingly.

"I don't suppose you mean to be offensive," she said. Her voice was a deep and mellow contralto.

"I thought it was absurd to be your neighbor and not say something."

She frowned. "You are the nephew of the Principessa."

"Well, I can't help it."

"Hasn't she warned you against me?" she asked sharply.

"Eh? Of course not."

She laughed shortly. "She will. She refers to me as 'That Person.'"

HE grew red. "I only met my aunt today. Never saw her before. I shouldn't say it, but I'm not crazy about her."

The girl smiled. It was a slow smile that sort of worked up to a climax. He was enchanted.

"Your aunt, being a princess, is the ruler of American society here. She has turned thumbs down on me. I had no idea who she was the day I arrived, and she asked me impertinent questions and got short answers. So I'm ostracized."

"It's terrible. It's contemptible."

She shrugged her gorgeous shoulders. "Oh, I don't mind—much."

"Well," he declared, "my aunt can't control my friendships. Let's be a couple of pariahs together."

Miss Browne laughed. "I'm sorry. The assumption is that I came here to meet men. I can't give them the slightest excuse for gossip. Somewhere, sometime, perhaps we may play together, but not at Lido."

"It's the most damnable situation—" he began.

"Forget it. I love the bathing, but I'll pull out in a couple of days."

"There must be some way. Look here! Wouldn't you like to put it over on them, to have all the old tabbies around eating out of your hand?"

"I'm human, of course, but—"

"I've got it!" he interrupted excitedly. "Your name's Browne. There are lots of Brownes, but only one that counts. Old Hank Browne, the billionaire steel magnate. You've heard of him. A sanctimonious old curmudgeon. Well, he's in London with his family. He would no more come to Lido than he would enter a New York speakeasy."

"May I ask what you're talking about?" she demanded.

"What's your first name?"

"Edith."

"Well, you're his daughter Edith. You sneaked down here without the old man's permission. That's why you haven't got a chaperon and didn't bring letters of introduction. Naturally, you didn't have to change your name. The world's full of Brownes."

"My dear man—"

"Hush! I went to Pittsburgh once and interviewed Hank and I met you at his house. I positively identify you. I whisper the facts to my aunt. She broadcasts. Can you imagine the commotion when they find they've been Ritzing a billionairess for a week?"

The girl was laughing. "You are positively marvelous. Do you really know Mr. Browne?"

"Course not! Nobody can get near him."

"It's a funny idea, but I couldn't be a party to it."

"But you're not," he urged. "If they ask you, you deny it. Then they are sure of it."

"I forbid you—"

"You can have a lot of fun Ritzing them, and when you leave it comes out that you are plain Miss Browne from New York Town."

"As a matter of fact, I am from Pittsburgh, too."

"A sublime coincidence. Don't you see—"

"I see your aunt approaching," she laughed.

She rose and ran down the beach while Aunt Priscilla came up from behind, her small blue eyes glittering angrily.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

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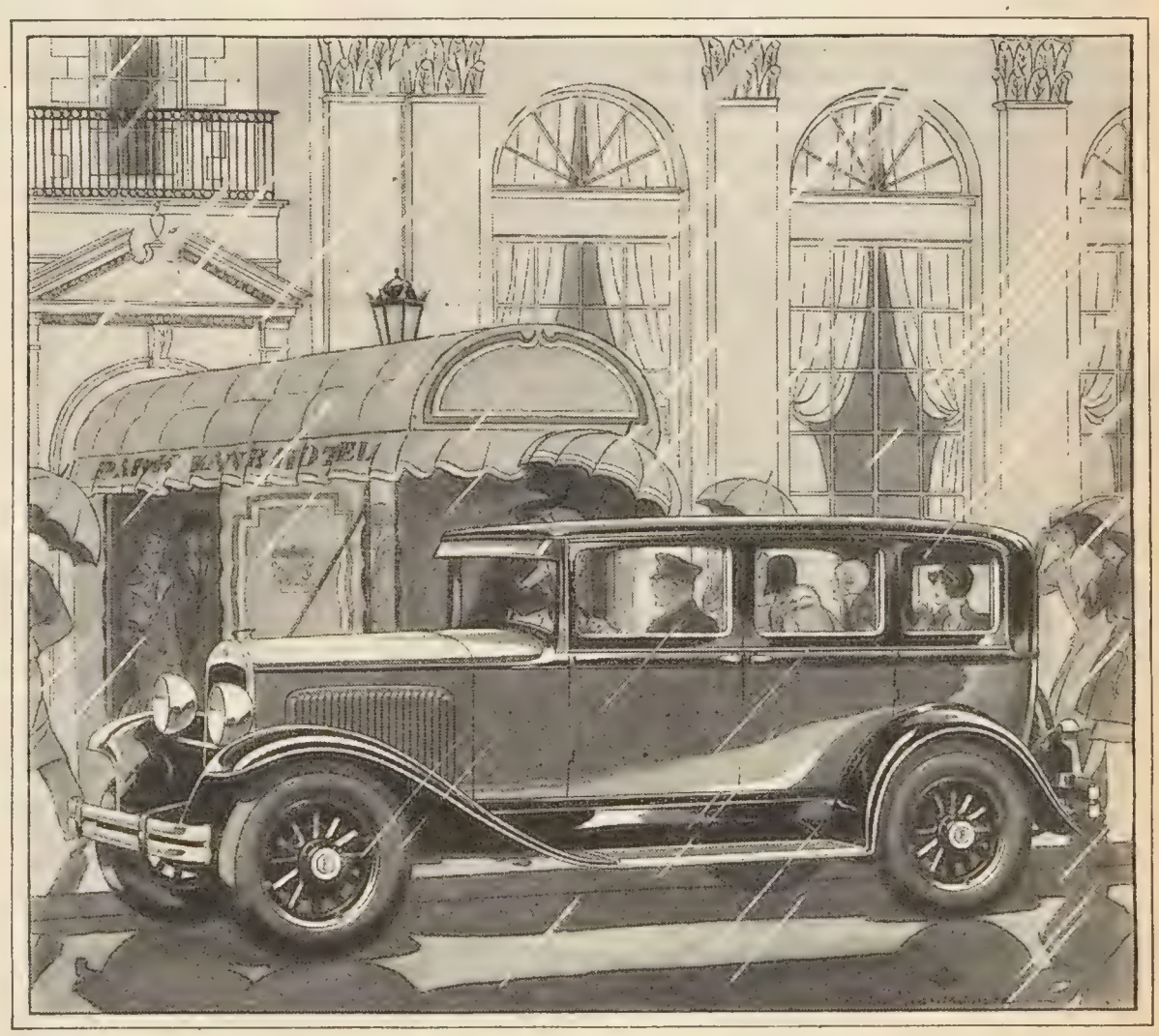

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[GLORIFYING MISS BROWNE Continued from page thirty-six]

"Did I see you talking to that person?" she demanded.

Wrexham's eyes lit up with a droll light.

"Listen, Aunt Priscilla," he began.

. . . . . .

It was two o'clock in the morning at Chez Vous, which is an open-air dance place connected with the Excelsior Hotel. A ten-piece orchestra from New York was playing Lover, Come Back to Me.

At a table for four, Jack Wrexham was sitting with the Princess Reglia, who wore a black evening gown of a remote period and had her hair in a waterfall. With them were Mrs. and Miss Steuben.

Across the dance floor was a table for two at which sat Miss Edith Browne and a diabolically handsome Italian prince whose authenticity was vouched for by Aunt Priscilla.

In the right society Jack could have been very happy at Chez Vous with its illuminated fountains, its zippy music, its brilliancy and abandon. If he were sitting where Prince Galmardi were sitting. Darn that girl!

She ran like a gazelle into the water.

He had whispered to his aunt. In a couple of hours women were chatting with Miss Browne. His aunt was fawning on her to the great damage of his family pride.

Edith had handled the situation faultlessly. Most likely she was an actress. She was reserved, courteous, not in the least appreciative of her belated acceptance. She acted exactly as if she had been the heiress of old Hank Browne, who had run away on a holiday.

WITHIN twenty-four hours after his arrival at Lido, Jack got a line on Aunt Priscilla which explained a lot. The fortune she had brought to her princely husband had been pretty thoroughly dissipated before his death, and she lived inexpensively in Florence during the winter and occupied a small room at special rates at Lido during the season.

The Principessa supplied a need at the hotel for authentic and affable royalty as the simon-pure Italian nobility was painfully exclusive. She was suspected of being a marriage broker, a sort of liaison officer between penniless Europeans with titles and opulent American women who came to the Lido. These things he learned by listening in on a conversation between two women in the writing room of the Excelsior. It enabled him to comprehend her avid interest in the financial status of visiting Americans and her consternation at learning that she had snubbed the biggest prize in several seasons.

JACK became more charitably disposed toward his poor old aunt. He knew why she had not returned to America after the death of her husband: she couldn't afford the expense of the journey.

The romancer had not been unselfish in glorifying Miss Browne, but he had been hoist with his own petard, as one might say. He was forced to be one of a group about the fascinating young lady and she gave indications of a grudge against him for placing her in an unsought position. She did have a cocktail with him on the terrace that night and upbraided him for his mendacity—though it was obvious that her popularity amused her—but she refused his dinner invitation in favor of dinner with an American playwright and his wife who introduced to her Prince Rafael Galmardi. The prince was a tall, broad-shouldered blond, strikingly handsome, whose estates were a group of little islands in the Adriatic. He spoke perfect English; he was brilliant; and he just elbowed Jack Wrexham away from the vicinity of Miss Browne. For three days, now, Jack hardly had had a word with her.

Edith saw her exploiter glowering at her from across the dance floor and spared him a cheerful smile, after which she seemed completely absorbed in her prince.

What a nerve she had, thought Jack Wrexham. Didn't she realize that he could prick the bubble of her belledom? Even if she were devoid of gratitude she should be afraid of him. Oh, she probably was confident of his chivalry, confound her.

Of course this prince was out to marry her and use her money to put dikes around his islands so they wouldn't be submerged at high water. The joke was on him, only—

What a ripping ravishing beauty she was in her yellow satin evening gown! Having every reason to know that she was fickle and ungrateful, he continued to be crazy about her. Maybe, when she had had her fun, she might give him a break. What had the brute said to make her laugh like that?

"It's time I went to bed," declared the Principessa. "Do you children want to stay up? They don't really need a chaperon, Mrs. Steuben."

"I'm pretty tired myself," Jack said ungallantly. Of course Clarice had to declare immediately that she wanted to go to bed, too.

Having escorted the ladies to the elevators, Jack sought the bar—open as long as there were patrons—and found a cozy corner in which to sulk over a highball.

There was a noisy group with feet on the rail of the bar proper, a bunch of American captains of industry who all talked at once and never mentioned any sum smaller than a million. Jack gazed at them in disgust. In his opinion multimillionaires were fellows who got into the basket of a balloon just as it was about to rise, and deluded themselves into thinking that they supplied the elevation. The babble of these moguls confirmed his judgment.

TWO Englishmen entered and seated themselves near him. Like Englishmen in foreign lands, they glanced at him, realized that he was not an acquaintance, and assumed he wasn't there at all. After ordering drinks they began to discuss things that shouldn't be discussed in a bar.

"That bounder Galmardi seems to be going strong with the Browne heiress," said one.

"He had better. I received a wire from my Paris office today that Henry Browne will reach the Lido tomorrow. I doubt if the Yankee skinflint would care to have his billions fall into the maw of a cad like Galmardi?"

"I say, does he know the father is coming?"

The islander chuckled. "Told him myself this evening. I thought it would knock the brute off his pins, but he said he was aware of it."

"He has unlimited effrontery. Did you hear of his trouble at the Sporting Club at Monte? I happened to be present that night."

"I heard a rumor. What actually happened?"

Wrexham didn't wait to find out. The details of the rascality of Prince Galmardi didn't interest him. The advent of Henry Browne had appalled him.

What did the old devil mean by coming to Lido? Was it possible that he had heard a girl was masquerading here as his daughter? It was possible. There were newspaper correspondents

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Men who "*ride the morning*" on a coffee cup!

DON'T expect a cup of coffee to clear up a sluggish, half-sick system. It doesn't. And it won't!

But when you wake up feeling dull and logy, go to the bathroom, turn on the faucet, reach for the bottle of Sal Hepatica—and into a cool glass of water pour a spoonful. (Use the cap, it's very convenient.) Drink the sparkling mixture down!

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[GLORIFYING MISS BROWNE
Continued from page thirty-nine]

about the hotel. Poor Edith! She would have to pack up and get out on the first train in the morning.

It was entirely his fault. With all the multimillionaires safe in America, why had he been ass enough to select one whom he knew to be in London? He should have had better sense than to presume upon the notorious bigotry and fanatical dryness of old Hank Browne. Professional prohibitionists were all alike, hypocrites, every one of them.

The poor little kid! Suppose she had passed up himself for a prince? This Galmardi was an Adonis and his attentions had turned her head. She had protested against the idiotic scheme and Jack had ignored her protests and tossed her into a horrible situation. Why, Hank Browne was capable of having her put in jail! She had better get out tonight. She could go by motor to Venice at any hour and there was a train for Milan at seven in the morning.

Wrexham was perspiring profusely and writhing in anxiety. He would assume responsibility for the hoax, of course, but the girl would be punished just the same.

He turned into the terrace and paced up and down under a superb moon which he was too excited to appreciate.

Edith was in Chez Vous with Galmardi, happily ignorant of the storm which was about to break. Somehow, he must get her away from the prince and warn her. How would she take it?

He went back into the great salon and crossed to the long corridor which led to Chez Vous. He could see the illuminated fountain in its background and hear music and laughter.

It occurred to him to have her summoned to the telephone, a long-distance call. That would bring her out. He beckoned to a sleepy hall waiter.

"Do you know the Signorina Browne?"

The man nodded eagerly. "Si, si, signor."

"Go into Chez Vous and whisper to her that there is a long-distance phone call for her. Here's a hundred lire."

The waiter pocketed the money and grinned.

"The signorina has left Chez Vous," he informed Jack. "A few minutes ago she passed through the hall with el principe."

"Damn!" he exclaimed under his breath. She must have left while he was in the bar or out on the terrace. Now what? He didn't know her room number and he didn't think he could persuade the night phone operator to call a room at this hour. Perhaps they would deliver a note.

He entered the writing room and rapidly scribbled the horrible news.

"Rely on me to help you in any way," he finished. "It's all my fault and I'm yours to command."

HAVING sealed and addressed the letter he carried it to the office.

"Please deliver this at once to Signorina Browne," he requested, and tried the efficacy of another hundred-lire note. The clerk reluctantly pushed it back.

"La signorina sent word that she was very tired and must not be disturbed."

"It's urgent, tremendously important."

"Sorry, signor. It's impossible."

"Well, I'll have this delivered in the morning. What's her room number?"

"It's in the pavilion, signor. Number one hundred forty-one. I'll have the note delivered early for you."

"On second thought I won't send it. I'll speak with her in the morning."

The pavilion was a one-story building connected to the hotel by a long passage. Jack thought he would take a chance and deliver the letter in person. She couldn't possibly be asleep yet. Curious, her leaving orders not to be disturbed, but she probably meant not to be waked up early and the hotel servants were literal-minded.

He got his own key, was taken to the third floor, walked a hundred yards down the corridor and descended a staircase he had observed previously to the ground floor. He met no servant and his progress through the passage to the pavilion was unimpeded. He approached the door numbered 141 and saw a streak of light beneath it which meant that Edith had not yet retired. He rapped softly.

There was no response. He knocked again and listened. His eyes stuck out. He heard voices inside and one of them was male. He was not mistaken. And the door was not opened. After a minute, very pale, he walked quietly away.

* * * * *

EDITH BROWNE had accepted her recognition by the élite of the Lido with surprising equanimity. When the Principessa, after snubbing her for a week, became overwhelmingly affable, she met her with a reserve which persuaded the old lady of the truth of the statement of her scamp of a nephew, and when other women suddenly evinced a fondness for her society she shrugged her shoulders and drifted with the tide. Nevertheless she saw no reason why Jack Wrexham shouldn't be punished for his impudence, and she deftly and amusedly defeated his efforts to monopolize her society.

The apparent infatuation of Prince Rafael Galmardi was diverting at first, because he was obviously eager for a billion dollars. But it was hard to resist a man who had an address, a finesse, a suavity, and a grace beyond any male she had ever met. She knew that Jack Wrexham had fallen in love with her at first sight, but he was an awkward amateur while the prince was a master in the art of courting a young woman.

Jack Wrexham was her sort; a frank, clean, clever, high-minded, and charming chap, but she thought that he would still be around after she had dissected the Italian and found out what made the wheels go round. As it happened, she grossly underestimated the fascination of the Prince of the Isles Galmardian.

Knowing that he was a fortune hunter, probably a roué, and certainly a professor of love-making, she fell, in a sense, under his spell. She let him absorb more and more of her mornings, afternoons, and evenings, and she found herself in danger of being enchanted by the most eloquent dark eyes which had ever looked into hers.

That night at Chez Vous the prince was adoring her as they danced, worshiping her as they sat at table, and smothering her in a pink cloud of passionate devotion which blurred everything about her. She saw Jack Wrexham enter in pitiful attendance upon his aunt and the Steubens. Her smile drew a scowl from him, but it didn't matter because Prince Rafael was paying her an exquisite compliment.

Very reluctantly she made up her mind to depart shortly after she saw Jack leave with his ladies, but she resisted an invitation to walk in the garden under the moon. She was afraid of herself under that moon. However, she did not forbid him to accompany her down the long passage to her apartment, and she had to listen to his fourth proposal of the evening.

She thought it was like being at a play with an adorable hero, and it was such a pity that the play had to end.

She thrust her key into the keyhole of her door.

"Thank you for a most delightful evening," she said softly, her great eyes shining with admiration for a superb actor. But she had seen only a tithe of his talent. Galmardi fell at her feet, lifted the hem of her yellow robe, and kissed it passionately. He looked up at her and tears were streaming down his face.

"How can you send me away?" he muttered reproachfully.

"But I must, prince. I've got to go in."

And then a big, powerful, beautiful man was weeping with love of her. He groveled and kissed her little gold slippers. Edith almost melted and then pushed open her door and entered her hallway. He followed on his knees.

"You must go, you must!" she exclaimed hysterically.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

The Ideal Xmas Gift

AND ONLY $7.50

FIVE OTHER SIZES

Brunswick Junior Playmate Tables Solve Your Problem

GIVE your children the greatest present of all this Christmas—a Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Table—a magnet with the power to center and hold their interest in the home—the power to keep them under your guiding influence during their formative years.

Play with them, too. Billiards is a family game—a healthful game—a mental stimulant—an eye sharpener—and an eye opener to parents who have forgotten that playing together is the best way of sticking together.

Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Tables are available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00. (*Prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada.*) Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The $7.50 Model (illustrated) must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment, and available at leading stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick Trademark in Gold, which is shown below.

BRUNSWICK
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MFG BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO. *General Office:* 625 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

Your Rexall Store h for Every

Shari two-piece combination set of toilet water and face powder.

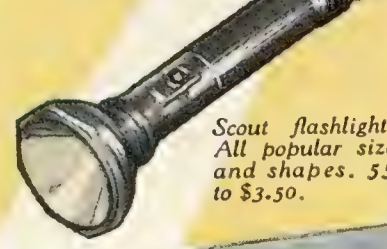
Jonteel four-piece combination set of perfume, toilet water, face powder, rouge.

Duska perfume in futuristic bottle and richly dressed case.

Cara Nome perfume, breathing the fragrance of early blossom time

Cara Nome four-piece combination set of perfume, compact, rouge, lipstick.

Rexalarm clock. Well made and reliable. In red, blue, green. $2.98.



Scout flashlights. All popular sizes and shapes. 55c to $3.50.

Fountain pen desk set. Self-filling pen with polished plate glass base. $7.50 to $15.

Klenzo pure silver-tipped badger brush in satin-lined box. $5. Other brushes at $1 to $5.

Firstaid baby and household scale. Detachable hammock. $5.

Electrex waffle iron with six-foot cord and connector plug. $4.98 to $10.

New Kantleek hot water bottles in pastel shades—orchid, jade, wisteria. $2.50.

Gentlemen's set of lavender mentholated shaving cream, after-shaving lotion, after-shaving powder.

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Artstyle Handcraft chocolates. Every piece a favorite. $1.50 lb.

Liggett's "Little Bits from the East." Delicious variety of confections. 1¼ lbs. $1.50.

Aldenham stationery. Two quires folded sheets, two quires correspondence cards, envelopes. $2.

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Klenzo military brushes and Maximum comb in satin-lined box.

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Christmas and New Year greeting cards. Complete line. Priced at 2 for 5c to 35c each.

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1. *"Patrician"* Model shown [left] in Italian Grand Antique Marble Finish with Old Ivory Trim. Handles of Onyx Green Bakelite. Also *"Jonquil"* Model in Old Ivory with Peacock Green Trim.
2. The "Magic Chef" Oven is equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.
3. Cooking-top-cover spring-balanced, easy to operate. Utensils quickly covered.
4. "Magic Chef" Oven, is heavily insulated. Keeps kitchen cooler when baking.
5. Pipes, gas valves, bolts are concealed. Valves convertible by the turn of a screw into "safety" valves.
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7. Top burners of new, vertical-injection type have non-corrosive heads. Each burner can be used as a simmering or a giant burner.

Magic Chef... The New Vogue in Gas Ranges

HAVE you long desired to make your kitchen smart, modern, attractive, colorful? What has deterred you—the drab, inartistic, mechanical appearance of the necessary equipment?

Then here is good news for you! News that will quickly give you inspiration to remake your kitchen into a room possessing unquestioned style, beauty, charm and convenience—a room that you'll be proud to show to everybody!

Magic Chef, an ultra-modern, unusually beautiful and totally different gas range, is ready for your inspection. Sparkling, aristocratic, surpassing in style and beauty any cooking appliance heretofore designed, *Magic Chef* also excels in the number and the exceptional merit of its exclusive service features.

Of course, *Magic Chef* has the famous time- and labor-saving Red Wheel heat-controlled oven. It has, too, extreme durability and lasting efficiency that will make it the most profitable and pleasurable investment you ever made for your home.

Dealers in all gas-served communities are now displaying *Magic Chef*. See it! Judge its style and beauty for yourself! Inspect its remarkable service features. Compare it with other cooking appliances. Then place your order—and *Magic Chef* will soon be making *your* kitchen the envy of all who enter.

Magic Chef
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

UNLESS *the Gas Range has a* RED WHEEL *it is NOT a* LORAIN

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$195.00

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Arrangements can be made to pay out of income
Send for free booklet

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If gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

"Oh, please! People will hear you! Please stop crying."

He grasped her knees and clung to them. "Let them hear me. I want everybody to know how much I love you."

Edith was getting frightened and cross "Well, I don't want anybody to know you are in my room at three o'clock in the morning. Stop this nonsense at once."

"You are cold; you are hard."

"I'm acting sensibly, which is more than can be said for you," she said sharply. "I demand that you go."

"Not until you consent to be my wife, Edith darling."

She wrenched herself loose and ran into her chamber. To her consternation he scrambled to his feet and followed her.

She was furious now. "This has gone far enough!" she cried. "Do you want to compromise me?"

"Yes," he declared grimly. "Why not? I'm going to marry you."

She stamped her foot. "I'm not going to marry you. It's impossible. And it's rotten of you to force yourself in here. Stop acting like a spoiled baby and go before the hotel people— Listen!"

Somebody was rapping on her door.

"Now, you see," she whispered. "You've alarmed the house. I don't want to be put out in the middle of the night."

He laughed softly.

"This is not one of your ridiculous American hotels. You have nothing to fear."

"Hush!"

She listened intently. There had been a second knock and then departing footsteps.

Galmardi chuckled.

"Some lover made a mistake in the room number."

"Well," declared Edith, "I've had enough of lovers for one night. You go. Go now while the coast is clear. I'll see you in the morning."

"Naturally," he said blandly. "Since I shall be here."

She stepped back. Her hands clenched. Her great eyes read him correctly at last.

"What do you think I am?" she asked in a low, hard tone.

"My fiancée," he said insolently. "I propose to spend the night with you and, in the morning, hand in hand, like true lovers, we shall tell all to your father."

"My father? My father! Why, you scoundrel! Now you get out of here. I'm going to ring for help."

THE man laughed at her. "No one will come. I have taken care of that. You love me and I love you, but it may require something like this to persuade your father that we are serious."

"Just a blackmailing cad," she murmured. "And I thought you— Oh, what a fool I've been!"

Galmardi brazenly divested himself of his evening coat and laid it across the back of a chair.

"You deliberately encouraged me, my dear Edith," he informed her. "Nobody plays with a member of my family. I am in love with you and I propose to marry you. I expect you will be ready to consent by morning."

"I'll never marry you. Never!" she cried wildly. "Oh, my God, isn't there some way of getting rid of you?"

"Can I be of service, Miss Browne?" asked a pleasant male American voice. She whirled toward the open French windows. Draped on the rail of the balcony was Jack Wrexham.

"I knocked at the door, but nobody answered," he stated in a matter-of-fact manner. "So I went out into the grounds and found a ladder. You were talking rather loud or I wouldn't have intruded. And I'll leave at once if you say so."

"No, please," she stammered, with an appealing arm stretched toward him. "Jack—Mr. Wrexham, I want you to put this man out."

"Whoops!" exclaimed Jack and landed lightly upon the floor of the balcony.

He was three inches shorter and thirty pounds lighter than the prince and never even considered it.

Edith saw her exploiter across the floor and spared him a cheerful smile.

Galmardi had not moved and was regarding the newcomer contemptuously.

"It seems," he said coolly, "that there was an assignation."

JACK entered the room, fists clenched, arms swinging.

"For which dirty crack I'll just about murder you, mister," he promised.

"Won't you please both go?" pleaded Edith, whose cheeks were tear-stained and whose hands were clasped imploringly. "There'll be a scandal."

Galmardi folded his arms.

"I'm here and I remain," he stated. "The other person may go."

"You see how it is," said Jack regretfully. "Don't worry, Miss Browne. You're leaving the hotel in the morning anyway."

He advanced belligerently.

The prince immediately fell into an attitude which convinced Jack he had to do with a boxer. He knew some Italians were going in for the manly art in a big way, and this fellow had it on him in height, reach, and weight, besides which Wrexham didn't know how to box. He happened to have gone in for wrestling.

He stopped in the middle of the room and the prince advanced confidently. Edith ran to the corner where the bell cord hung and pulled it frantically, though Galmardi had informed her that nobody would answer.

Jack crouched and Rafael shot out his left tentatively. Side-stepping neatly, the American grasped the left wrist in his right hand, lifted it, wriggled away from the right hook which whizzed by his head, got his right leg twined around the left leg of the prince, stooped low, pushed, threw the Italian off balance, and rose with the big man on his back.

He had both the fellow's hands pinioned and he was safe from the kicking legs, and he ran across the room, out on the balcony, and ruthlessly dumped his burden to the grass eight feet below.

The battle began and ended in a few seconds and before the girl could make an outcry. Jack leaned over, saw Galmardi land heavily, rise painfully, make a threatening gesture, and then limp painfully off.

"No bones broken," he reported to the girl, who had moved across the room and stood behind him on the balcony.

"He thought I was going to box him, but I was in a wrestling mood tonight."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sunshine for everybody

Florida's sunshine spreads its benediction of health and happiness over everybody—the camper-tourist by the roadside, the millionaire in the big resorts. And there's a place and a means for you to enjoy a winter in Florida at the price you can afford to pay. Sunshine for everybody! Come and get your share!

It's surprising how reasonably a family may enjoy a Florida winter. No coal bills, no big clothing bills. Oranges fresh from the grove! In this great state there are accommodations to suit every taste and purse. Plan this adventure—spend this winter in Florida.

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This invitation is authorized by the Legislature of Florida. To help you plan a better winter vacation an attractive souvenir booklet with road map will be sent free. Write for it—using the coupon below.

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Please send me free booklet with road map, showing points of interest in Florida, as advertised in Liberty.

Name _____

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City and State _____

[GLORIFYING MISS BROWNE Continued from page forty-five]

She stretched out her hand. "I—I don't know what brought you here, but I'm so grateful that I—I just can't speak. Please go now. I hear people moving about."

"I'll go in a minute," he said. "But first I've got to tell you something. You've got to get out of this place right away, or, at the latest, by the morning train."

"Why?" she asked, still trembling with excitement.

"I got you into a terrible mess. I don't blame you if you never speak to me again. How was I to know a thing like this would happen?" he exclaimed, rapidly and defensively.

"Please say what you've got to say and go," she pleaded.

"Well, then, it's this: Old Hank Browne is due here tomorrow."

Edith did not faint or have hysterics. She smiled.

"Well, what of it?"

"Eh? Why—why, you've been masquerading as his daughter, haven't you?"

"No."

"Oh, but everybody thinks so. Even if you haven't admitted it, they'll tell Browne and he'll raise hell."

"I haven't been masquerading, Mr. Wrexham," she said quietly. "I am his daughter."

JACK looked concerned. "Oh, come now. I suppose all this has knocked you for a goal. You pack up and leave. I'll go with you."

Edith was rapidly recovering her sang-froid. She was able to laugh.

"My dear boy, I knew that father was coming all the time. I got permission to run down a few days ahead of him. That's why I was amused when you had your marvelous idea. That's why I let it go on. Don't you see?"

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed the imaginative Mr. Wrexham.

"And the prince knew it. That's why he forced himself in here tonight. He hoped to place me in a position where I would have to accept him as my fiancé."

Wrexham was very pale. "Oh, my God!" he said slowly.

"What's the matter, J—Mr. Wrexham?" she asked anxiously.

He squared his shoulders. "Oh, nothing. I thought you were nobody, like myself. I thought it was all right to fall in love with you. Good night, Miss Browne. I—I— Oh, never mind."

He turned to go over the balcony rail and she caught his hand.

"What were you going to say?" she demanded.

"I guess I said more than I ought. Imagine me telling your father I was in love with you. Old Henry Browne, the billionaire."

EDITH laughed, but the laugh changed into a sob.

"You've got the queerest idea of my father," she declared. "Why, he would have been furious if I told him I was going to marry a European prince, but he wouldn't mind if it was a good honest Amer—" She checked herself, and blushed from her lovely neck to the tips of her ears.

Jack caught both her hands.

"For heaven's sake, Edith, don't fool me. Is there a Chinaman's chance?"

She nodded and dropped her eyes.

"But you've been with the prince almost all the time."

She looked up and met his eyes courageously. "That was just a sort of game, Jack. I always intended to marry an American and I never worried about whether he would be rich or poor."

"I'm not after your father's money."

"You wouldn't get it, dear," she said. "Do you think you could sup—support—"

Jack Wrexham drew her into his arms.

"Just give me a chance to try."

He kissed her once and then she broke away.

"Over the balcony, Romeo," she said with a happy laugh. "Father gets in at eleven and we'll see how good a salesman you are."

"Will you help me, darling?"

"If you need help," she agreed.

And then Jack Wrexham dropped from the balcony, but, unlike the prince, he landed on his feet.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for December?
2—What is a constellation?
3—"The boy stood on the burning deck" is the first line of what poem?
4—What is *prima facie* evidence?
5—What is a "closed" shop?
6—What war was terminated by the Treaty of Ghent?
7—Who was Vice President of the Confederated States of America?
8—What is arteriosclerosis?
9—What is the Caterpillar Club?
10—Who was Jakob Ludwig Karl Grimm?
11—What is a dark moon?
12—Where is the paper money of the United States made?
13—What is polyandry?
14—What is a mural painting?
15—What is pyromania?
16—What is the capital of Scotland?
17—Who is the United States Ambassador to France?
18—How many ounces in a pound of gold?
19—What was Elysium, in classical mythology?
20—On the bust of what goddess did the bird perch in Poe's poem The Raven?

(Answers will be found on page seventy-two)

HE DOES HIS DAILY DOZEN IN A SWIVEL-CHAIR . . . .

Yet he has Athlete's Foot

HE doesn't even play golf . . . yet were he the holder of a dozen records in ring or field or track he couldn't have a more annoying case of the infection now popularly called "Athlete's Foot!"

He doesn't know, to be sure, that *that* is what he has.

But from time to time he has noticed a bit of redness* between his toes, he complains to his wife, sometimes, of a slight itching* . . . a little rash-like eruption*. . .

It doesn't inconvenience him . . . yet . . . just *bothers* him . . . keeps cropping up in his consciousness . . . a sort of unpleasant uneasiness.

Now all are agreed as to the principal cause

Athlete's Foot may manifest itself in several quite different ways* but the most modern medical thought is now in agreement that a vegetable fungus called *tinea trichophyton* is the cause. And careful laboratory research has revealed that Absorbine Jr., the familiar antiseptic, *kills* the Athlete's Foot germ, and helps prevent its spread.

Which is fortunate, for Athlete's Foot is such a *stealthy* infection . . . so easily overlooked at first . . . that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!* The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* . . . Suffer from it without knowing what it is.

* WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

Though Athlete's Foot is caused by the germ—tinea trichophyton—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of Athlete's Foot is that it is most apt to be contracted in the *very* places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors . . . on the edges of swimming pools and showers . . . in gymnasiums . . . even on hotel bath-mats.

And from such places it is carried into millions of homes, in all parts of the country, to infect whole families!

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills Tinea Trichophyton

A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, through bacteria counts and micro-photographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the Athlete's Foot infection.

This will be good news indeed to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing what it was that was troubling them nor how to rid themselves of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for the distress signals that announce the beginning of Athlete's Foot.

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure.

And probably your medicine cabinet *already* holds a bottle or two of Absorbine Jr.—almost everybody uses it for sore muscles, aches and sprains, bruises, burns, cuts and abrasions.

ABSORBINE JR.

At all druggists', $1.25—Send for Free Sample
W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

A Longer-Lasting Shave

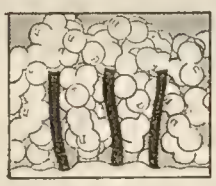
. . . Small-Bubble Lather lets the razor work closer, smoother, say millions of men

A LONGER-LASTING shave is the difference between small-bubble lather and big-bubble lather. Note the diagrams. See how Colgate small-bubble lather moistens the beard more efficiently than ordinary big-bubble lather. Then let a trial confirm these facts.

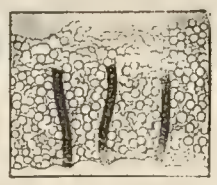
The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

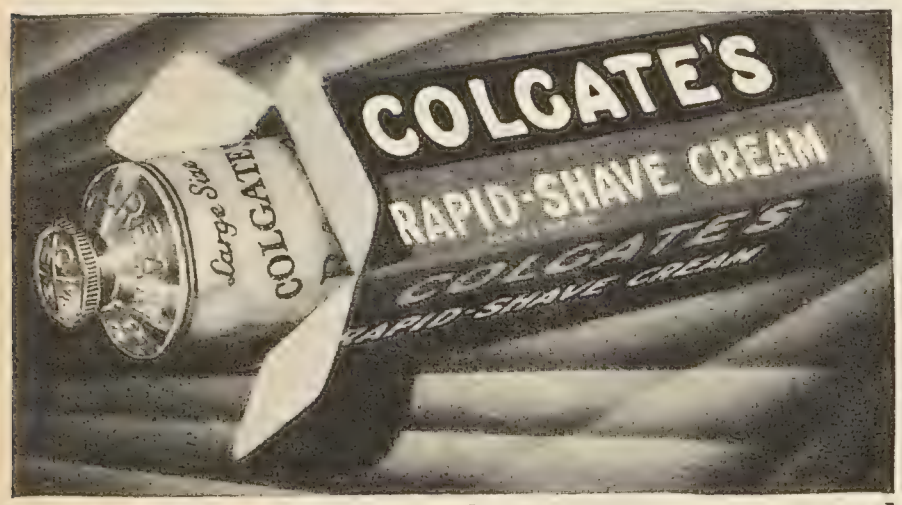
A comparative test is easy —just mail the coupon, *now*. We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.



FREE A trial tube of Colgate's will be sent upon request, also a bottle of After-Shave. Address Colgate, Dept. B 1751, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Name .....

Address .....

"W-w-whats Zat?"

A New For the Love o' Lil

"YOU were very quiet at dinner," Lil ventured, taking a shallow breath before she sipped her coffee in the sitting room. "If I hadn't heard you drink the purée of lentil, I really wouldn't have believed you'd returned from your business trip."

"Purée of lentil?" Sandy asked between his two demitasse gulps. "Which course was that?"

"The soup. The soup." Lil mouthed this word distinctly with a combination pout and whistle, wondering if her husband knew that broth with rice was soup, too.

"Oh!" And he stared at her stupidly.

He always sank into a passive domestic daze after a business trip, but this was worse than usual. Lil felt as useless as a hook without its eye or a heel minus its shoe, and she quite sympathized with the lone oyster floating in the stew.

This week's cover picture.

"I've received a letter," she began quietly, wondering how she could ever keep her voice so steady. "An anonymous letter. It's in my safe-deposit box where no moths can eat it." She thought her reference to this ravenous insect was quoted correctly from the Bible!

"Letter? Safe deposit? Moths?" Sandy's eyebrows were performing funny antics just above the horizon of the Evening Breeze. His words sounded as mechanical as the announcements of groceries, beads, and garden tools in the elevators at Flynn's. "That's a scream. Ha-ha-ha!"

He was laughing at Little Orphan Annie ordering a salad for breakfast in a one-arm. Lil thought he was laughing at her. She set her lips like an uncut buttonhole and her anger tempted her to say dreadful things to her husband who was enjoying such selfish isolation the other side of the great paper wall.

"Sandy, you listen to me!" she suddenly heard herself saying. "You've been away from home a week and a lot has happened. An anonymous letter came by special messenger. It was all about you."

"*Me?*" The Evening Breeze collapsed, and Sandy's face appeared, scary-eyed and flushed.

"Yes, you, and your vamp of a brunette secretary. I was warned that Miss Demetropolos has designs on your heart, money, and morals. You ought to have more sense than to fall for a pair of wicked eyes. As for your duty to home, wife, and child—"

"Gimme a chance, dear," he interrupted. "It was just an office flirtation. I only spent about twenty-five bucks on her. She's left for New York so you needn't worry about my morals. She's gone on the stage."

"Well, I hope she stays there," Lil sighed. "The footlights are a real protection." Sandy settled back with his paper. Lil heard the maid putting away the dinner silver, and the cook setting out empty milk bottles.

"Dear," she said very softly. No answer.

"Dear," she said quite loudly. "There's one other important thing I want to tell you. It's a—a secret and I hope it'll make you happy. Sandy, look at me!" Her voice was very wistful. "We're going to—we're going to have another baby."

"W-w-whats zat?" her husband spluttered like a frightened parrot. "W-w-whats zat?"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Dancer)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater

You shoulda seen the hock shops! The big hearted one-for-eight guys got sore feet trampin in diamonds.

Love Letters *of an* Interior DECORATOR

'Twixt Marg 'n' Margin: Wotta Life!

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Santa Monica Beach, California

DEAR MIKE:

Well, I received that fresh letter of yours and here goes for the answer.

You just think because we're married you can go out on parties, get all lushed up and pet every jane in the place. How do you get that way? Mop yourself Kid, youre all damp! Believe me Big Boy, that might go swell with some of your bootlegger friends, but with ME its OUT, and I dont mean probably!! Not while the Choo Choo polishes the rails to Reno and little Marg can park herself in a Pullman. Theres plenty of shiney weddin rings baskin in the Truckee River in Nevada given away by goofs like you. I should be annoyed with a Bottle Filler the likes of you trying to tell me where *I* get off. Why, you wouldnt split an asperin with your mother if she had a hangover for six weeks.

Who the heck do you think you are anyway? Just because some dizzy female gives you the sly eye and tells you what a sheak you are, you blow up like an inner tube and go for the hole works, hook, line, sinker and half of the fish market. I wouldnt cared so much if youd a drew a Ritzy *looker* with *class*. But *that* PANIC!!! Why that dame had more wrinkles than a road map. She was forty five when the Hudson Fulton celebration gave the blow out. Shes had her face hoisted so many times that the front of her neck looks like an elephants seat. An *you* think *you* know wimin! I laugh.

That dame had about as much under her scull as a fried scollop. If a snake has brains, she didn't have enough to croak a worm. I suppose you think Im jealous? Dearier, be your sorority gin! When an old pelican like her throws me, youll know it and HOW!! She filled you so full of Rasberry gravy and gave you so much of this and that, that youve been goofy ever since. Yeah, a cute little thing. *Dynamite,* if you ask me. She wouldn't cross you! Oh, no! Not much!! She'd throw you an anchor if you were drownin. I'll bet they had to burn the Night Boat to get rid of her.

YEA, and another thing. Whats the big idea about razzin me for showing my legs off to the big director? Deya think thats nice? If *I* was exposin my gams, *that wreck you had with you* was standin on billard cues.

If I were you I wouldn't critisize what *I* did at the party. How about the bright remark *you* pulled? The time when you were sittin beside that pretty girl and givin her a lot a boloney about all the big producers *you* new in pitchers. You says to her you says—My gosh, you sure are a swell looker! Lady, with them eyes you could knock em for a row of bath houses. An then you says—Didja ever think of goin in pitchers? An she says, No, never! An then you said, My gosh girl, youre throwin your life away! An then, big hearted *you* says, Didja ever have a *test* made? And she just shook her head No.—Then you said, Oh, Heavens above, I'll see Mr. Lasky and get a test made of you tomorrow. Sure, just like that! You would!

And right away Ben Lyon took pity on you and squarked, Mr. Shea, this is Bebe Daniels youre talkin to! Ho, Ho, Ho.

Now listen Silly, I may be wedded to you, but I aint goin to put up with your nonsence any longer. If you want to chisel around with a bunch of man mad frails, count me OUT!

From now on little Marg is goin to park herself down at this beach house and have one hell of a good time. And whats more, I got a job in the songgin pitchers with Harold Lloyd and while *youre* out on a binge this kid is goin to stack the sugar in the bank.

From now on, you and me are washed up. When youre ready to do the right thing for a swell girl like me I'll

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

No Mother to guide them

PUPPIES' lives are not made up altogether of joyful yelps and the ecstatic chewing up of hats and overshoes. Puppies have their troubles. Indeed, every year thousands of them die for no better reason than that their owners didn't know how to care for them. One of the most general ailments to which puppies are subject is Worms. All puppies should be wormed soon after weaning. For this purpose use Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules, and for worms in older dogs, use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules.

It is an easy matter to find out how to care for dogs and how to treat their ailments.

Famous Dog Book *Free*

We urge you to write for your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. In clear, every-day language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are interesting articles on how to feed, train and raise puppies and dogs. This book is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date. It has been the guide for millions of dog owners and it has saved the lives of unnumbered thousands of valuable animals. It is free.

Expert Advice *Free*

If your dog should develop a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once*. State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment.

In addition to the famous Sergeant's Dog Medicines, your dealer now has Sergeant's Dog Food. This balanced ration contains a large proportion of freshly cooked beef. A splendid Food for all dogs and puppies. *We guarantee your dog will eat it.* If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us direct.

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Polk Miller Products Corporation
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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents, FRED J. WHITLOW & Co., *Toronto*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

come back. But *not until!!* Wash that off your lipstick!!

Yours trooly,
MARG.

P.S. Im going to have a famous fortune teller over to supper tonight. I'll get the low down on *you* and bullieve me *I'll tell you what he says* awright.

Mrs. Mike Shea
Santa Monica Beach
California
Dear Marg

Listen Kid, Ive just been knocked coo-coo by that Wall Street Explosion! If a guy ever trys to tip me off again to buy some nice fresh stocks, his familys goin to be singin hyms to him in the mornin.

Brother, what a swell break I drew! I aint got enough dough left to buy a short order of bird gravel, no kiddin. I sure was a dumb cluck to shoot the hole wad on a bunch of margin instead of stickin it in my business. Sure, MARGINS the thing. NUTS, if you ask me. Its Heaven when it climbs UP. But HELL when it comes DOWN! And *did it come down?!* Just like throwin a safe off the Eyeful Tower. A pal of mine—it would be — tipped me off to buyin 500 shares of United Chillblane at 97½. I did! Today you couldnt even paper a room with it, it aint worth that much. Yeh, and another smart Alick gave me one of those red hot tip offs to grab Consolidated Noodle Preferred. Sure, Sapo went for eight hundred shares! Today I couldnt even wrap the garbage in it without insultin the garbage.

Yes and your girl friend with the crockery eye got hooked too, and HOW. She wrote me she had 75 shares of American Tell & Tusk, and 50 shares of Pan American Stews. Swell, its gone from 82¼ to the sub basement without stoppin at the mezzanine floor. The poor thing, I feel sorry for her. She was all set to take her boy friend with the hair lip on an excursion to Havana this winter with the big profits.

On the square Marg, Im wiped out. Im overboard! All the jack I could beg, borrow and steal has gone for the rackit. An that *aint all,* I'll be socking it back for months to come. Honest to goodness, I think I'll go down to Dunn & Bradd Streets and try and get a ratein for the Navy. The next time I catch myself glomming the financial sheet I hope somebody sings me to sleep with a sawed off shot gun.

But I aint alone. I got lots of company. All the saps what were holdin down jobs and stickin half the pay envelope in the brokers office are all crouched behind the 2 ball. Theyll have to go to work now you bet your life. The chins down a foot and the nice shiney car will be parked in the wand ad colums tomorrow. Sure, and the big chumps too. Theyll be firing the chauffeur and exchanging the Rolls Ruff for a model T. Ford and drive it themselves.

Two days after the crash, the second hand dealers were givin away straight eights with lolly pops. The boss sold his Minerva to the butler and the boss is now driving the butler. What a heel I ask you.

And you shoulda seen the hock shops!! Sister, what a box office attraction. They were all there slapping their stuff in moth balls. The big hearted one-for-eight guys got sore feet trampin in diamonds.

The gate looked just like a line up for the World series.

The margin diggers were squarkin poverty after WALL STREET stripped em. The little guy what played the street is parked on the curb sellin polly swings to the blind men.

The sugar daddies will be polishing door bells in the flat houses while the sweeties take in washing. What a break I beseech you.

The next time a wise guy gives you the tip off to a red hot stock—RUN, do not walk to the nearest savings bank.

Drive a nail thru the bank roll and forget it!!! That's MY tip, I know —NOW.

Yours in camphor,
MIKE SHEA.

These newlyweds are having their troubles, but perhaps the next word from them will be more cheerful. It will appear in an early issue.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—*not merely stamps.*

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Knave of Hearts

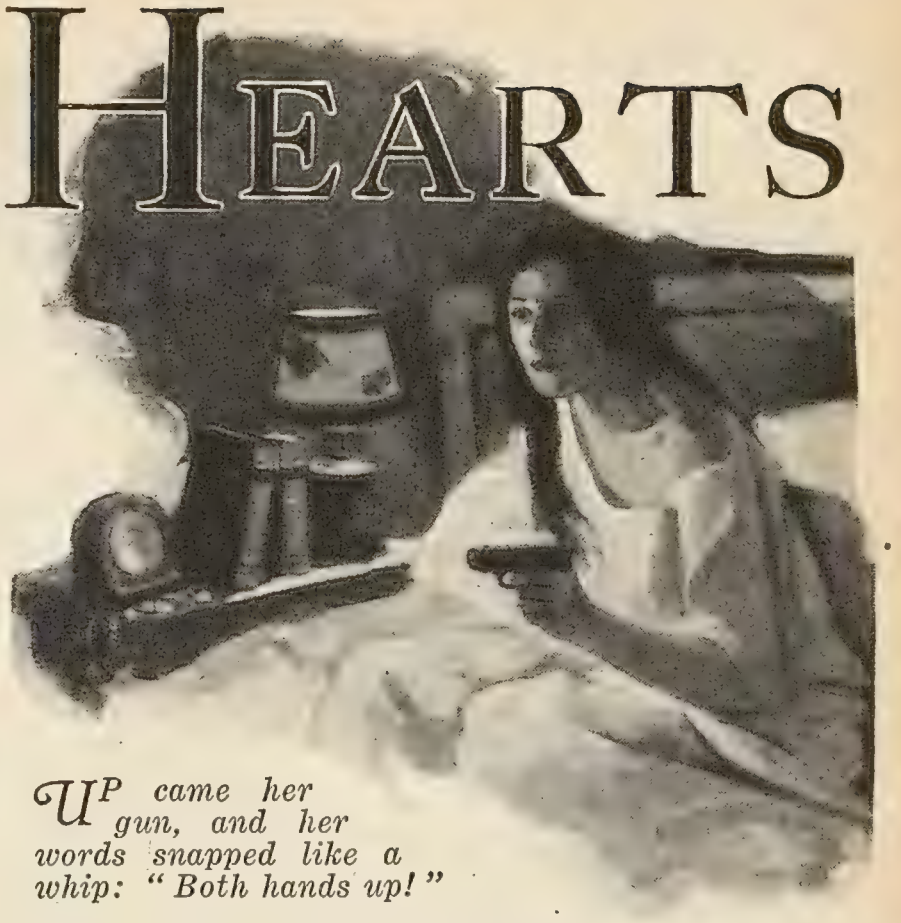
A Short Short Story

By

VIVIENNE CHARLTON CHADWICK

who was born in Canada, lives in California in a house she helped her husband build, used to be on the stage, and writes mostly stories for children.

Picture by LOWE BIEDENMEISTER



UP came her gun, and her words snapped like a whip: "Both hands up!"

PAMELA sat up in bed with a start, and her heart gave the sudden sickening lurch that means fear to those who are not often afraid. A sound . . . and surely that was a shadow, an unaccustomed shadow, outside the window! Winging aloft from her quick brain went an unconscious prayer of thankfulness that she had changed rooms with little Betty today. She fought against the nausea of horror that threatened her with the thought of a burglar, a gunman, in Betty's room. . . . Betty—aged seven.

Silently Pamela reached under her pillow and her fingers gripped her small automatic. The shadow moved against the moonlight, and there came the small sound of effort with the handle of the French doors. Panic leapt in Pam's breast. This must be someone who had studied the lay of the land—it would be much easier to effect an entrance through her old room, the one Betty was in now, but he counted on this room being occupied only by a child wrapped in the usual deep slumber of youth.

The door opened without sound. Pamela had the courage to wait ten terrible seconds until the intruder was well inside. Then, up came her gun, on went the lamp, and her words snapped like a whip: "Both hands up!"

The fellow whirled. He had been facing the spot where Betty's little bed had stood! He raised his hands slowly, and Pam pulled on the second bulb.

She looked her prisoner over. He was tall, immaculately groomed. Recklessness sat across his features.

"Ah, good evening," he remarked. "This is a pleasure I did not expect!"

Pamela's gray eyes flashed, and narrowed.

"So I gather," she matched him. "You were looking for something?"

The man smiled into her eyes. "If I were," he replied, "I perceive that I shall not find it—this evening!"

A queer excitement stirred in Pam's blood.

"What a wasted night," she drawled. "And all the silver, and such jewels as I have, in the bank as usual!"

The man looked at her steadily, and Pamela blushed.

He bowed. "No mere burglar who finds himself in such company as I do at the moment could possibly consider his evening wasted," he assured her smoothly.

Pam regarded him coldly. "Remarks of that nature at the wrong time are singularly dangerous," she warned him.

"Quite right," he agreed. "I, myself, have, unfortunately, frequently found them so."

"Oh? Why—unfortunately?"

"I'm afraid you would not be interested."

"No, probably not!"

The fellow regarded her speculatively. "I lost the thing I most valued in life solely on that account!"

"Then I wonder you have not learned!"

The man had let his arms drop slowly. Now he drew a cigarette case thoughtfully from a coat pocket and opened it. The woman in the bed did not seem to notice.

"Oh, I have," he answered her casually. "Really, quite a lot!" He started to light his cigarette, but stopped suddenly. "I beg your pardon . . . permit me!"

He crossed to the bed and offered a cigarette from the thin platinum case. She had permitted the revolver to drop to the bed. Now she accepted the cigarette, coolly, and allowed him to light it for her.

"I realize," the man went on, "that I am not behaving like a proper second-story man at all. But on the other hand, you must admit that you have neither shot me, shrieked, nor called the police like a proper victim!"

Pam blew a thread of smoke above her head. "I shall, no doubt, in just a moment. Unless you can give me legitimate reasons why I should not do so."

"The number of the station is seven."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am quite sure my reasons would not enlist your sympathy."

He had crossed again to the window. Pamela made foolish marks on the spread with her finger nail.

"You—might try," she suggested.

"Why should I—a complete stranger—outside the circle of your life?"

HE half turned again to the window, and Pamela lifted her little gun quickly. The man smiled. He sat down in a little rocker.

"If you insist," he said. There was a hint in his manner that she was taking a liberty. Pamela flushed again angrily.

"If you give me to the police," he remarked conversationally, "I'm sure the publicity would reflect most unfavorably upon—upon others!"

Pam's lip curled. "Your wife and child, I suppose."

"I have none," he answered quietly, his eyes carefully upon his cigarette. "I lost them . . . a thousand years ago . . . by reason of being a fool!"

"Oh!" said Pamela. "You—you said—"

His thoughts seemed to follow hers. "I said I had learned—a lot! A little late, however, for me to benefit thereby."

"Almost everybody learns—in time—by experience, and loneliness," murmured Pam thoughtfully.

There was a pause.

"Meaning—what?" asked the man steadily.

Gray eyes from the bed searched gray eyes by the window. Suddenly Pamela slipped from the covers and stood up, straight, lovely, compelling. The man came to his feet and his eyes burned into hers. A sobbing breath escaped him. Pamela smiled and held out both hands.

"You came to steal a look at Betty, didn't you, Guy?" she whispered, and her eyes promised many things. "Would you mind if—if I came, too?"

THE END

Vox

Apropos of a Recent Article, "Boston Bans Strange Interlude"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I had the misfortune to live in the city of Boston for six months in the year 1925. There was only one thing I liked about it: it was the train that brought me back to New York City.

The people of Boston are the most bigot people I ever came in contact with. The Protestants may be good Protestants, and the Catholics good Catholics so far as their respective religion goes, but I do not consider either of them good Christians. They are ready to cut each other's throats.

Protestant officials prefer Protestant subordinates but frequently they have both Protestants and Catholics, while the Catholics always have Catholic subordinates. They will not tolerate those of the other faith. I have never heard of a Catholic in Boston giving a Protestant a job.

If you try to hire a house or an apartment in Boston, the first question the landlord or renting agent will ask you is whether you are a Protestant or a Catholic, and if you happen to be of a different religion than his, you are out of luck.

The same applies to furnished rooms. Many of the newspaper advertisements indicate the religion of the advertiser or what the religion of the occupant must be.

Protestant policemen, firemen, schoolteachers, and other city employees are as scarce as snowballs in hell. When the Protestants were in the majority the situation was the reverse. Shame on both sides.

Mothers instruct their children not to play with children of the opposite faith.

The fact that Boston has a Protestant mayor is due to an accident. The Irish Catholics had too many candidates in the field.

I have lived in New York City and vicinity for over thirty-five years, and during that time I have worked and associated with Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, and I have no personal knowledge of anyone I came in contact with being discriminated against on account of his religion. In Boston I saw and heard enough to disgust me with all religions.

In New York City we have more people of all faiths than Boston will ever have but they are not of the same narrow type as the Bostonians.—*A New Yorker.*

LONDON, ONT., CAN.—After reading your article re censorship on reading matter in Boston I would like to know if they allow Liberty to be sold there. If so, then why stop any other kind of reading matter?—*J. Thomas.*

They'll Be Pleased to See You in Canada Next Summer, Mr. Andrews

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—So W. Baldwin of Toronto, Canada, is almost in tears over the far-fetched supposition that Uncle Sam has come-hither eyes and sticky fingers.

Why all the worry? Who wants Canada, anyway? And what would we have if we got it?

If Uncle Sam wanted to acquire more territory, and cared to do it by conquest, as Mr. Baldwin seems to fear, isn't it conceivable that he might turn his hungry, wolfish eyes southward where there is something worth the trouble?

As to that chestnut about who "won the war," maybe it was France. At any rate Canada didn't do the job alone.—*G. V. Andrews.*

"Politics, 1932"

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—The editorial of November 9, "Politics, 1932," was perhaps written a little early but is full of thought.

Among the reasons — the first one given, in fact—that Smith did not carry the "solid South" was that he was a Roman Catholic. The editor might have stopped with that, for, as a matter of fact, that *was* the reason. The rest were merely excuses.—*D. P. Higgs.*

LOUISVILLE, KY. — Your editorial, "Politics, 1932," was good and entirely logical, but I offer one criticism. You disposed of the most serious menace to the American nation today with one short sentence: "When religion gets into politics, look out."

Verily politics and salvation are strange bedfellows. Is it conceivable that any suffering soul could be led to a political machine for spiritual comfort and guidance?

I hope you will feel that this subject deserves an editorial instead of the one sentence quoted.—*Wm. B. Penick.*

A Musician Speaks

TOLEDO, OHIO—Your editorial concerning canned music was most timely. I cannot but feel that much of the hardship now facing the Federated Musicians is due to their concerted attempts to inflict extremely unreasonable and exorbitant demands on the employing public.

And as will always (I hope) be the case in this America of ours, sooner or later such silly demands will act as a boomerang and hit them in the neck.

Certain individuals learned this to their sorrow a few years ago in connection with the railroad shopmen's strike, and there are others who have it coming to them—and will get it—unless they change their leadership and plans.

I am an ex-Federated Musician, and I know whereof I speak. An outstanding example of the musicians' high-handed tactics can be cited right here in this city.

There is a large dancing academy here, employing union musicians. The owners of this hall, in making a contract with the union, were compelled to agree that any time they rented said hall to outside parties, such renters would be obliged to hire a second union orchestra, regardless of whether or not the hall was to be used for a function that even required music.

This is what I would call "poking it down their throats," but, sure enough, they cannot make them like it!—*E. A. B.*

So That's Settled

IOWA CITY, IOWA—No wonder Liberty sells for a nickel. You couldn't have paid over that much for the story, "The End of the Circle," by O. Roy Cohen. I'll write you one twice that good for half the price.—*J. George Krumpe.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—I just finished reading "The End of the Circle" by Octavus Roy Cohen. I was always under the impression that Mr. Cohen limited his work to Negro stories. Well, listen, Roy, I wouldn't exchange the above-mentioned one for your whole volume of colored stories.

Not that I have never enjoyed the latter, but this "End of the Circle" made me feel as though I was sitting in an up-to-date theater, listening to a talkie—one which I enjoyed immensely.

Brother, I'll tell the cockeyed world you have succeeded in doing what thousands of authors and so-called short-story writers have been trying to do for years and are still at.—*M. E. Weiner.*

Why the Younger Generation Is Wild

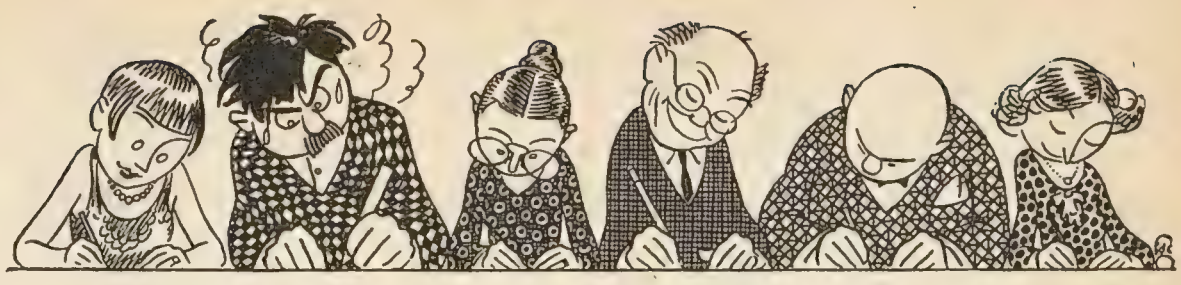
SHEBOYGAN, WIS.—A few weeks ago there was an article in Liberty about child raising and the author said she had letters from girls who complained about being spanked.

While she was defending them she might have said a word for we fellows too. I'm 15 years old and am still being licked at the rate of 3 or 4 a month with a heavy trench strap.

This morning, I overslept and when I didn't hear my Dad call me he came up with the strap, turned down the sheets and the lower part of my pajamas and gave me a whiz bang strapping. It still smarts and all day long it's been hard to sit still in school.

That licking won't make me wake up any earlier mornings so what's the sense of it? When I do something I really need a tanning for it isn't so bad and would expect to be licked, but I didn't deserve the one today and when you get that kind you feel like kicking over the

Pop



traces when you get older and no one could blame you.

I'm not the only one, though. Every fellow I know gets just about as many lickings as I do for reasons just as dumb and then they wonder why the younger generation is wild.

If I ever have a kid maybe I'll lick him, too, but only when he's got it coming and then I won't make it so hard that it smarts for two days like mine. If you've ever had a heavy strap used on you you'll not want it again very soon.—*Fed Up.*

Imagine!

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Liberty's short short stories certainly are swell! Honest, they're a kick! They have a longer kick than your long stories. They have the trickiest endings. Gee! They're swell!

And then to imagine you pay *only* $100 for the best stuff in your magazine.

Just to imagine!—*Ted H.*

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA—Please do not think all readers of Liberty are fools. Anyone can see all your short short stories are worked up by the same hand.

Your putting someone's picture at the top fools no one. It is the bunk.—*E. A. Teeter.*

We'll Attend to It Right Away

SEATTLE, WASH.—Oh please, please, Mr. Liberty, can't you do something for the poor ex-service men? We have been cheated, deluded, and deprived of our rights.

A Vox-Popper, A Dry Who Sees Things As They Are, in your November 16 issue states, "Every mother's son who went over the top was given a good stiff jolt of rum—good hard rum."

My men and myself didn't get any rum and if we are entitled to it *we want it.*

May we trust you to forward our requisition to the proper quartermaster? Number of times over the top times number of men in a company equals about five hundred gallons—Jamaica rum preferred.

Please ship to—*Ex-Commanding Officer Company G—58th Inf.*

He Probably Wouldn't Like It

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—In Vox Pop of November 9 David Elder of Waverley, Massachusetts, had a spasm in which he unfavorably criticized Liberty, said he favors prohibition, and spoke of chickens, history, digestion, posterity, and a mule, all in one breath.

It was amusing to find that his mixed mind is of the type opposed to Liberty, both in bottled and printed form.

A good shot of either form might steady his nerves.—*Curtis E. Garner.*

They Just Won't Stop Writing About Mr. Chambers

DALLAS, TEX.—If I were caught reading Liberty I should have to go to bed without supper for a week. Awful!! Oh, it's terrible. My mother objects, you see.

And that story, if it may be called a story, "The Rake and the Hussy." What a title! And what a story! Why, it's merely the work of an overworked imagination. And a lot more things I could say about it if I did not consider myself a lady.—*Billie the Kid (I am a girl, just seventeen).*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA—Robert W. Chambers' story, "The Rake and the Hussy," is bigger and better than his other things. As long as he writes for Liberty I know of one nickel that shall be more than well spent every week.—*M. Kromer.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your serial, "The Rake and the Hussy," is half good and half bad. The romantic parts are excellent and make very enjoyable reading.

The historical part is the bunk. Too monotonous, artificial, and far-fetched.—*H. Matrick.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—As to "The Rake and the Hussy" I feel truly sorry for everyone who finds in this Romance of High Hearts and Dangerous Days anything but the clear tinkling laughter of young brooks, running, jumping over mossy stones, whispering to each other about the secrets of unawakened love.—*E. Riemer.*

BRIGHTON, SUSSEX, ENGLAND—Just a line from England to say that your magazine, Liberty, has a fine name and certainly is original. I didn't like Viña Delmar's "Kept" at all, nor the short short stories, but I *do* approve of Robert W. Chambers' "The Rake and the Hussy," though he doesn't treat us British very kindly (perhaps at that period we were not so nice as we are now!).

Still, "The Rake and the Hussy" interests me more than any of the other serials and I look forward to every installment. It is beautifully illustrated.—*Violet.*

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—"The Rake and the Hussy." It is to laugh! Is there a man like that?—*The Grass Widow in Business.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Rake and Hussy" is a darn good story. I chew all my nails off waiting for a new installment.—*H. O. T.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Since he began to write, Chambers has been a literary volcano in constant eruption. But his current serial's his best eruption.—*M. L.*

Thanks, George. You Make It All So Clear

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—In your editorial about prohibition, you mention the number of prohibition cases in Federal District Courts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1929—56,786. This is a big country, you know, and the number, to me, seems rather small. Prohibition may not be a success, but we all must admit that liquor traffic is outlawed, and it is probable that court cases will increase in numbers before they diminish.

As to revenue on liquor, whatever is derived from this tax is infinitesimal as compared with the deterioration of man quality.

You know that, but, for propaganda purposes, it must be omitted.

Wet propagandists insist the Canadian plan approaches the ideal, but it looks as though the question is far from settled. Your man Palmer made that plain.

The government revenue of $341,447,937 on tobacco was probably offset three times by fire losses caused from cigarettes. What did we gain?—*George Herton.*

The Vox Pop Editor Is a Man, Madam, and His Garments Do Not Flap

DENVER, COLO.—After reading Monsieur Tappé's lyric article, "What Is Beauty in Clothes?" I feel an urge to sharpen up my scalping knife and make cold meat of Monsieur. It's taken woman a fairish time to cut herself loose—mentally as well as physically—from the trailing impedimenta of past centuries. And now that she's done it—clothed herself more sensibly and more pleasingly than ever before in history—why, along come a flock of he-dressmakers, intent upon invigorating a languishing trade, and order her back into swaddling clothes!

And as for any male who prattles glibly that lengthened skirts "do not mean trammeled inconvenience" . . . well, all I can say is that I could wish him no greater punishment for his sins than that he be compelled to romp through eternity thus inconveniently trammeled! Why doesn't Monsieur Tappé lay off us innocent females, who aren't doing anything to hurt him, and devote his energies to reclothing his own sex?

Maybe he could think up something to replace their flapping, unsightly garments.—*Marion Gustin.*

Oh, Yeh?

SAGINAW, MICH.—I didn't miss a line of "My Mother, Lillian Russell"—but if Lillian could only come back long enough to spank Daute, I would be glad to furnish the hairbrush.—*Old-Timer.*

The Quick and the

A Glimpse of the Yellow East's Awakening from Ancestor Worship

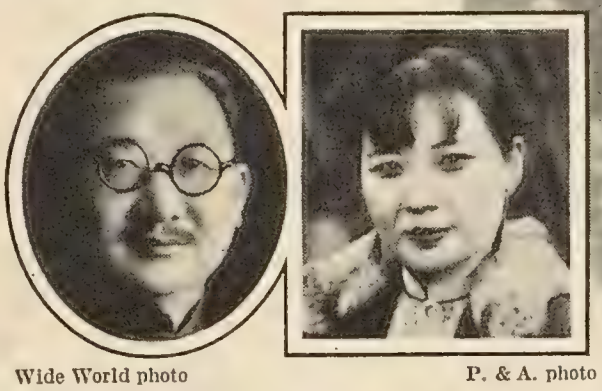
By FREDERICK PALMER

THE youngsters are trying to teach grandmother China how to suck eggs in a new way, but she coughs and splutters yolk on her bib. They have had her face lifted, but moth patches show through the artificial rose bloom on her cheeks. Her old bones creak under heavy massaging.

"What is it all about, my children? None of this is in the book of ancestors. What are you doing to me?"

They bid her to listen in at the radio, step on the gas, and learn to play the saxophone. They tell her that if she only follows their advice she will yet be the world's liveliest belle; and she will like westernization when she gets used to it.

I find nothing so expressive of the present mood of China as that H. H. Kung should be among those who are urging the old lady on to a boyish bob and skirts above the knees. This is quite in order for him as a graduate of an American college; but otherwise it is entirely out of order for him of all men to act as if ancestors did not count even in China.



Wide World photo P. & A. photo

Two important members of the Soong "clan": Dr. H. H. Kung, Minister of Industry, descended from Confucius (at left); and Chiang Kai-shek's wife, a sister of Mrs. Kung and of the widow of Sun Yat-sen.

His college was Oberlin in Ohio. There he seems to have been only another Chinese student. Descendants of Ohio's first settlers seem to have paid no attention to him. Yet compared to his family the oldest of Virginia families and those whose names were on the one-cabin passenger list of the Mayflower are nobodies.

So are those who came over with William the Conqueror or the oldest of France or Austria. If there were any who could trace their lineage back to the Cæsars, even they would not be in Kung's class. In pedigreed and registered blue blood Kung's family has all the world beaten by a thousand years.

I was curious to see what he looked like. He should be as delicate as fine old china in the midst of a blue haze guarded by the genuflections of elders in old silken brocades.

Soldiers in modern uniform were on guard at his yamen gate, and for practical reasons, as he is a Chinese cabinet minister. Two other soldiers lifted the hanging mat before his door.

This round-cheeked, fattish Chinese who talked of Oberlin days looked like a well-to-do merchant in his shop in Nanking. But make no mistake about his social standing. Kung is the fifty-sixth generation from Confucius. He does not have to call in genealogists to prove the record. It is carved in the stone of his ancestral tablets for all to see. His nephew, who has him beaten by two laps, is of the fifty-eighth generation.

Chinese families of thirty generations are not at all uncommon. Many Chinese students, with from fifteen to twenty generations registered on their ancestral tablets, are in American colleges without being invited to join "frats" that base their exclusiveness on their members' possession of pedigreed fathers and grandfathers.

There is a very simple and efficient provision against old families dying out in China, where only the male line counts. If a wife does not produce a male heir her husband takes another wife, and if necessary another and another until success is achieved. Failure to bear a male child is ground for divorce. Otherwise the husband is left with no one to worship him as an ancestor. And that is the loss of immortality, extinction.

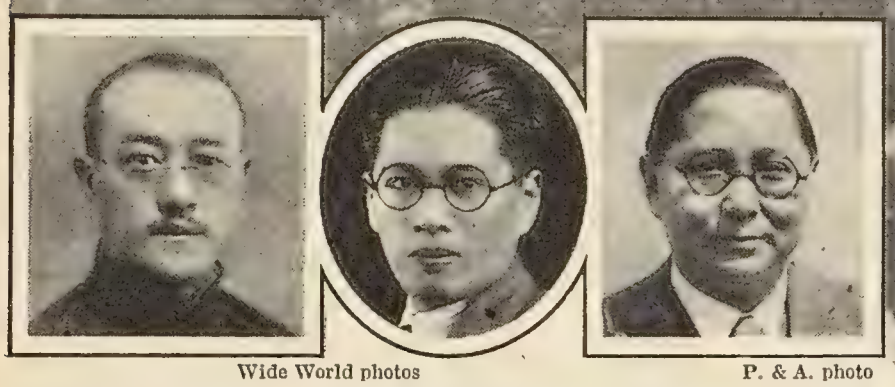
P. & A. photo

General Chiang Kai-shek, the Nationalist leader, President of the Republic of China—in name, at least. He was chief of staff to the late, and now deified, Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Confucius, greatest of Chinese, who has enjoyed a George Washington fame in his own land through all the fifty-eight generations, was born in 551 B.C. He was the lawgiver codifying the wisdom of all the sages in an enduring manual. So China was set. It was all done. China had the guide of all the wisdom that ever was or ever would be. She need never change.

And family was the heart of the system. Conquerors might rise and fall; there might be riots, fires, floods, famines, plague, cholera, smallpox; but the supreme thought from the lowest family up to the Confucian highest was to have a male heir to carry on. Life was a

Dead *in* China



Wide World photos P. & A. photo

Three of Chiang Kai-shek's cabinet ministers. From left to right: Dr. C. T. Wang, Minister of Foreign Affairs; T. V. Soong, Minister of Finance, a brother of the wives of the President and Dr. Kung and the widow of Sun Yat-sen; and Dr. Sun Fo, a son of Sun Yat-sen, who is Minister of Railways.

fierce battle for food for the sake of family survival. Chinese living in distant lands saved money in order that their bodies might be sent home to be near those of their ancestors.

In time of stress grandfather was saved and the children sacrificed. China became the land of reverenced graves. This not only by the precepts of Confucianism but in the practice of Taoism, which was the ancient inheritance of superstition and fear of devils.

To disturb a grave was to arouse the evil spirits to flay the land with pestilence and blast the harvests. The people turned on the culprit and beat him to death.

CHINESE graves are mounds heaped over wooden coffins, mounds of alluvial earth which otherwise would grow food in a land where some die of starvation even in good years and multitudes in bad years, and where this has been happening for ages. If, through the ages, all graves had been unmolested, the day would have come when, with a final burial, there would have been no ground left to feed the next generation.

But each spring the farmer plowed a little nearer certain old graves. If no descendants of the dead came to protest, the conclusion was that another family had been extinguished. So the grave was leveled and another ancestor became a part of mother earth.

When in America Fundamentalism versus Modernism stirs bitter controversy, consider the picture I now present. Making a bonfire of Mount Vernon and blowing up all our churches would not be an adequate home comparison to what has happened in China, whose religious, political, and social life has centered in the grave fetich.

It represents the greatest change in modern times in this rapidly changing world. It outdoes that of Russia in turning from homage to the Czar to Red revolution and Sovietism. For the czars were on the throne only for a relatively short period as they reckon time in China. Kung of the fifty-sixth generation is associated with heresy.

If you have the creeps over the gravedigger scene in Hamlet, stiffen yourself for this exhibition of cadaverous reality which I saw in the ancient capital of Nanking, which has become the capital again.

"And you can get away with this in China?" I gasped to the young reformer who was with me. His college was Columbia. His English was excellent. A Chinese, he looked on the scene with no more concern than we would

A slice of China's huge population of ancestor worshipers, living in the past, whom Chiang Kai-shek as "strong man" is trying to nationalize and westernize.

on workmen fixing a gas main. He had just acted as interpreter in my talk with Chiang Kai-shek, leading aspirant to be China's Mussolini at the present writing.

(I should have started this article with Chiang if it had been going by cable to a daily newspaper. As it is, although only a few weeks will intervene between writing and publication, the state of affairs in China brings it within the possibilities that Chiang may be dead or in exile when the article appears.)

"Yes," said Columbia '22. "We cut away the old foundation"—that four-thousand-year-old foundation—"to begin on a new. Chiang does not temporize. He says, 'Do it!'"

Grave mounds had to yield to a new street. Gangs of coolies were busily digging. They chattered and grinned at their work. Wooden coffins of the recently interred were being bared. Where ancient coffins had rotted,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE QUICK AND THE DEAD IN CHINA
Continued from page fifty-five]

ancestral bones were being tossed in piles as potatoes out of a hill.

"We are considerate; we don't send them to the garbage heap," said Columbia '22. "We bury them."

The coffins would be turned over to claimants among relatives of the deceased. Intact bones or crumbling parts of bones were being placed in bushel matting sacks. Some bones were not yet bare.

Thirty years ago, or a thousand or two or three thousand years ago, the mightiest mandarin who ruled a province would not have dared to destroy a dozen fresh graves. His clumsy little army with its clumsy weapons could not have resisted the raging mob which would have beaten up his workmen and tipped him out of his sedan chair and rubbed his face in offal.

Today rioting is ineffectual against soldiers taught modern drill and armed with modern weapons.

The grave-destroying coolies had the bayonet to protect them. They were paid for their work. It was the other fellows' graves they were destroying. They responded with coolie leers when they met the observer's eye as they tossed up the bones.

What the mass of people were thinking about the reform was not revealed in the expressionless Chinese faces of passers-by, who were getting used to the wonders wrought by the bayonet's authority in making a world for the quick in place of the dead.

THE new street was only a feeder for the completed great boulevard, built by a government struggling for life under a deficit as one of the most magnificent propaganda gestures of modern times. Graves were removed, houses leveled and cut in two ruthlessly, without any compensation to property holders, for this broad ribbon of asphalt.

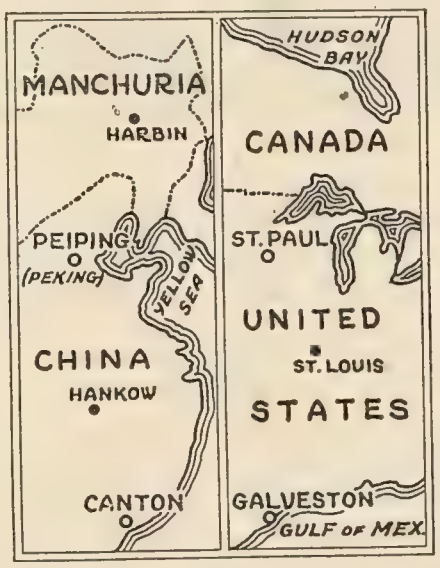
It begins on the bank of the Yangtze, the great arterial river of central China. It passes by the old stone wall inclosing the old city, as the highway to the new grave, the supreme grave of the new regime, the grave of China's new god. Its end is in the valley before the long sweep of stone steps up the hillside to the tomb of Sun Yat-sen.

Confucius allowed due respect for the numerous Chinese gods in his lawgiving. He himself was not a god. But Sun Yat-sen is both the lawgiver and god of the revolutionary regime. You have to understand him as well as Confucius for even a vague understanding of the present.

He was born in Canton, the southernmost of China's big cities; studied at a mission school; became the pioneer leader and agitator against the corrupt and degenerate Manchu dynasty. What Lenin in his exile in Switzerland was to Sovietism, and Mussolini was to Fascism, he was in his exiles as he collected funds and formed a following.

LESS fighting man and organizer than apostle, in the course of the upheavals after the Manchu dynasty passed he became provisional president of the so-called republic of China for a brief space. Overwhelmed by the task and buffeted by civil war, he made his obeisance to the Temple of Heaven and said that for the sake of unity it was better that the Manchus should return to power. But that part does not appear in the new Chinese schoolbooks or in the sagas built up around him.

He returned to agitation and apostleship as he dodged assassination and plotted. He had shed his Christianity, it seems. His religion was China for Chinese, a strong China, a China transmogrified in patriotism. The church could not consider him a member in good standing when he put away his first wife and married the rich Miss Soong. His first wife had borne him a son, which left him without ground for divorce under Chinese custom. But this is another detail which is left out of the sagas.



Distances within China as they compare with some familiar ones in North America.

In nothing was he so fortunate as in his death in 1925 when he was fifty-nine. His lawgiving legacy was the "Three Principles — Nationalism, Democracy, and Socialism." There was little that was concrete in his writings. They had the vagueness which enabled quotation to prove all kinds of things to suit future disciples' purposes. He had the popular appeal of a mystical quality. His face was that of a dreamer with the high brow and prophet's eyes.

The man dead, his Three Principles took fresh life. They became the fighting slogan. His personality embodied the causes for which every general said he was fighting in the ensuing civil wars. Each general was the true disciple. All other generals the false.

And young Chiang Kai-shek of Ningpo, where they breed such a cunning people, was no dreamer when he went to the military school and later pursued his military studies in Japan, where soldiering is mixed with no nonsense. The Japanese sometimes wonder if they did not welcome too many Chinese military students in those days.

After learning what the Japanese

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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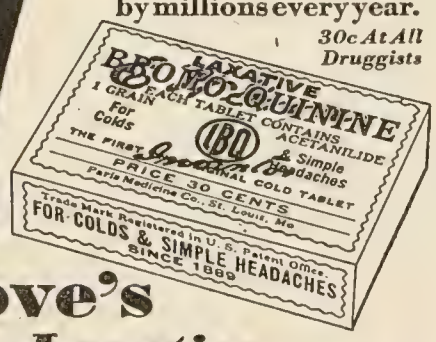

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

could teach him, Chiang did not have to wait long for occupation. He joined the Cantonese in what is now called the second revolution. At twenty-three he was in command of a brigade. Then, in a period of peace, he became the secretary of Sun Yat-sen. He was under the mantle of the prophet, this soldier—second of the Nationalist movement which was forming in Canton under the Kuomintang.

A party, a group, the Kuomintang—like the Fascists, whose march to Rome was one day to have a counterpart in the march northward to Peking!

The distance from Canton to Peking is as far as from Galveston to St. Paul; and from Canton to the northernmost limits of China in Manchuria is as far as from Galveston to Hudson Bay, through a land without roads, inhabited by more than four hundred million people. I have ranged the length of it in gathering material for these articles.

The Russian Soviets came to arouse China with their propaganda. They sent officers to drill soldiers. Sun Yat-sen accepted their assistance; and so did Chiang, as did the generals of the other armies rising in every province. On Sun's death, Chiang claimed Sun's mantle of prophet as well as soldier.

NOT from the vigorous northmen, as in the past, but from the south came the conquest this time. Chiang kept on beating the other generals until his power had spanned the land in a nominal authority. The Kuomintang had won. Chiang became head of the party. By turning out the Soviets he won favor with foreign nations which recognized the new government with him as president.

Enthusiasts in the rest of the world thought that China had become really a republic. Actually, the only citizens with a nominal privilege to vote were the 300,000 members of the party scattered about the country. They were told what to do by the bosses, and Chiang meant that he should be the supreme boss.

The Republic of China in its new capital at Nanking! This sounded assuring. All the young college graduates made it seem so with their speeches and propaganda. But the other generals were not disbanding their troops. They were ruling their provinces. China was divided into autocracies; each autocrat, however, was still championing publicly the Three Principles and heralding himself as the true disciple of Sun Yat-sen. What national unity there was sprang from the appeal of the dead prophet's name.

Chiang had the inside advantage that he was in control of the revenues from the customs collected at the ports under foreign direction by treaty. His was the nominal national voice of hero worship of Sun. He must play the saga for all it was worth.

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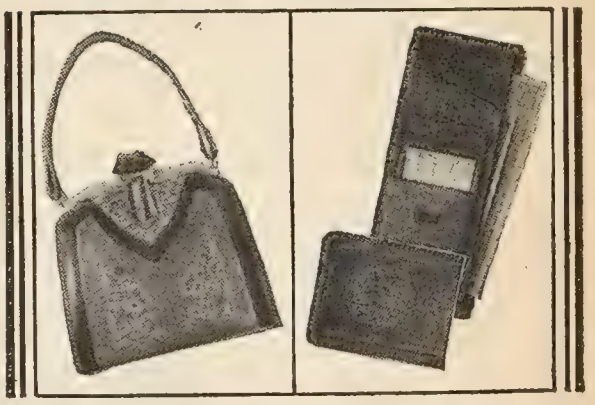

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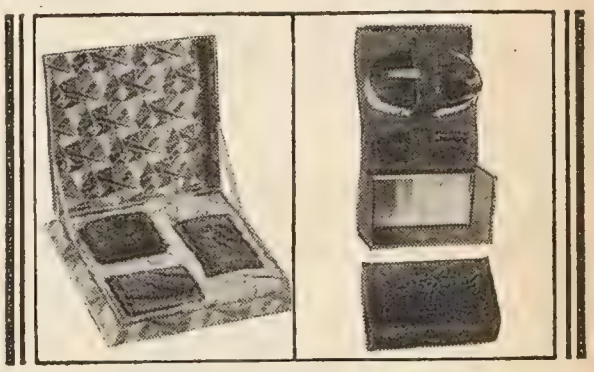

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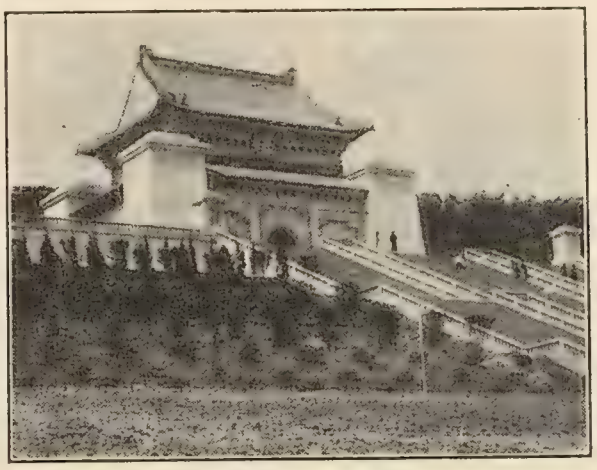
[THE QUICK AND THE DEAD IN CHINA
Continued from page fifty-seven]

The new boulevard in Nanking served as the propaganda to persuade all visitors of China's modernization, since modernization is now associated with asphalt and automobiles. But the great advertisement of the boulevard was in the procession that moved along it after its completion.

This procession bore the now sacred body of the prophet past the wall of the ancient city, past the stone elephants flanking the avenue, up to the old Ming tombs, and then up the steps. Blue was the royal color of the Ming dynasty. The Mings had been Chinese, whereas conquerors had usually imposed alien dynasties on China. Blue should be the color of new China for the new Chinese.



The tomb of Sun Yat-sen, China's new deity, at Nanking.

Under a blue pagoda roof, so new and lustrous, looking across at purple hills and down on the ancient city and the Ming tombs, the mortal part of Sun was placed to rest. China of the graves, of the family system which has perpetuated the race but made so weak a nationhood, was to think on one grave in unity.

She was to have a national tomb for a universal racial ancestor worship. Where she had had many gods she was to have one god, the god of the new era. He stood for China as China, the Chinese as Chinese, against all foreigners.

Sun's Three Principles carried on Confucianism; his saga should supplant all the superstitions of Taoism. And Kung (B. A. Oberlin '06, M. A. Yale '07) of the fifty-sixth generation from Confucius was on hand and occupying the place to which he was entitled by his illustrious lineage as Minister of Industry.

Impressionable foreign visitors saw the thing as done. At last China had come into step. But old China hands smiled and said that it was a glamorous show, hard on a bankrupt treasury, and wondered how much kick the people in the back districts got out of it.

IT is said that Chiang, when he has a vital decision of policy to make, repairs at night to the Sun tomb to commune with the prophet's spirit. If so, he goes protected by a military guard. He would not depend upon the mantle of Sun for his personal protection. When I was escorted to see him there were armed guards at the gates of the compound of the old yamen; guards in one building after another that we passed through.

I was asked by one man whom I told of my appointment to note if Chiang's hand had been wounded in the reported attempt on his life by one of his guards some days previous. It had not been. It was interesting to see him, owing to the power he had won and had held for three years.

I went up and down stairs. I was switched back and forth between corridors. I waited in four reception rooms. In each I faced a portrait of Sun Yat-sen flanked by flags of the new China.

The accepted portrait of the deified apostle does not show him in a Chinese gown. In starched collar or in military blouse he makes his appeal for the westernization of China. Every morning all officials and officers bow before his portrait.

So do, by order, all the children in China's new schools, even as children do in Russia before the portrait of Lenin. On Monday morning in the schools Sun's will with his last word to China is read. Children in mission schools are not excepted from homage to the "Chinese Christ," as the devout are calling him only four years after his death. Two men, Lenin and Sun, have been deified by edict in our time.

FINALLY, as I entered at one door of a small room—which, like the others, was furnished in foreign fashion—there appeared in the other a slender, lithe man of average height. There was no emblem of rank on his blue uniform. He came in so quickly and softly that I took him for some nimble and noiseless secretary.

A soft hand touched mine. Columbia '22 said, "The President!" The soft hand turned outward, motioning me to a seat. I had a feeling that his glance had frisked me to see if I were armed, and a sense of his complete awareness that insignia and decorations made a target. Wearing an apostle's mantle which your enemies think that you feloniously appropriated is a restless business.

By western criteria Chiang Kai-shek, considering his career, ought to have an embattled chin, a hawk nose, gray glittering eyes, and a scar or two. But Chinese do not have hawk noses or eagle eyes.

To westerners all Chinese seem to look alike. Their eyes, black spots between slant lids, are as unfathomable as their poker faces. Chiang's eyes were like that at first glance. They moved shuttlewise in a watchfulness that would not miss the flicker of a fly's wing in that room. He could be across the room or out of it in a flash of ferret quickness.

No foreign language was at his command. He had never sat in a western stadium and joined in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

rah-rahs for dear old alma mater. That was the marked difference between him and the members of his cabinet. He was an unwesternized Chinese, this present boss of westernization—a man of the people, close to the earth.

And being Chinese, he could be as ingratiating as a pet kitten. He had all the guile of that ancient race. With Columbia '22 acting as interpreter his part was, in harmony with Yale '11, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, to speak his piece in propagandic conventionality about the Three Principles and the noble ideals of the Chinese republic.

I had heard it over and over from his subordinates. I had heard the same kind of thing in behalf of the Japanese in Japan. I have heard it at international conferences. It is all in the day's work in "selling" national policy. So easy for the college graduates, it was plainly difficult and trying for Chiang.

I preferred to sound him in his own part of a fighting man and people's leader; of the autocrat. He had to bring order in China. This required that some heads should be broken. By force behind an idea he had achieved his present position; by force he must prevail.

WHEN I took that line for a hard-boiled kind of talk, the real Chiang came out through his eyes—the Chiang who was the apostle's shrewd secretary; the Chiang who knew the yamen tricks and the coolie tricks; the Chiang of the army, living off the country and gathering recruits in the promise of spoils, and prevailing against leaders whose methods were the same.

He had been betrayed by generals who sold out to the other side in the custom of the country; he had bought generals on the other side. When they could not be bought or intrigued with favors, he had set jealous rivals to harass them to their undoing.

Always at any moment the man whom he most trusted might turn against him. Only a few days before he had had twenty cadets shot for plotting. That was a warning. The watchful eyes, even when his words were honeyed in their Oriental beguiling, would be likely to detect a plot before it came to a head.

But now, in southern Chinese fashion, he rolled his mobile lips outward; his eyes became a murky black—the eyes of Chiang "the killer," to whom life was cheap in the land where life has always been so cheap because there was not enough food to go around.

On the parade ground an hour before the interview with Chiang I had seen his crack troops at drill. Would they fight for him as well as they drilled for him? Or would they go over to the other side in a crisis?

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[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE QUICK AND THE DEAD IN CHINA]
Continued from page fifty-nine

Twenty German officers are acting as instructors in carrying out Chiang's plan as he so clearly stated it to me. He must have a dependable soldiery and police first; and every soldier must know that there was only one commander in chief, himself, as head of the Kuomintang.

He would make a regular army of hard-bitten fighting men, professional in their loyalty, shooting only when told to shoot. A quarter of a million of such soldiery would be enough to take the place of the two million in the different provincial armies. Such would be their prestige that the sight of them would turn rioters peaceful. All the dynasties of the past had imposed their will upon China with small armies.

Then westernization would be a matter of edicts. Having won it in this fashion, China would put the westerners forever out of control of her affairs. She would become a great power, a military power. For Chiang is jingo Chinese. His candor is one of the worries of Yale '11, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Again, although they drill so well, can Chiang gather a quarter of a million soldiers who will stick together under one leader, when the commander of a local regular garrison can turn taxgatherer, despot, or bandit on his own?

Can the new saga of Sun Yat-sen substitute patriotism for the Chinese devotion to the individual family? Can four thousand years of habit be changed? China of the families has always been ruled by dynastic families. Once the Sung dynasty was in the saddle. Now people play on the word by speaking of the Soong dynasty.

If Soong, the richest merchant of Shanghai, who gave all his children good foreign educations, had had more daughters, C. T. Wang, Yale '11, might not be Foreign Minister if he kept his present wife. All the cabinet positions would be filled by the Soong clan. Son T. V. Soong, Harvard '15, is the Minister of Finance. Sun Yat-sen married the eldest sister; Chiang Kai-shek married the second; and Kung of the fifty-sixth generation from Confucius married the third sister. Sun Fo, the Minister of Railways, is a son of Sun Yat-sen by his first wife.

Graves of other families may be destroyed; but the Chinese custom, the old instinct that your first duty is to your own family, is not in abeyance. Nepotism, in or out of office, has ever been a Chinese virtue. When a Chinese becomes rich he must provide jobs for all his relatives, even to great-uncles and fourth cousins.

ONE member of the Soong family is with the "outs." The widow of Sun Yat-sen defied family tradition. She was all for the canonization of her apostle husband; but she sees disciple Chiang Kai-shek as an arch-charlatan, a cruel self-seeking soldier, profaning Sun's idealism by oppression of the people and using Sun's immortality as a piece of political capital.

All Chiang's purring or her family's arguments could not win her support. The cleverest and best-looking of the Soong girls, she is out to make her own Sun-Soong dynasty as she plots with Chiang's enemies of the left wing, which has a red tinge, the Kuominchun or People's Party. If she wins, perhaps T. V. Soong and his sisters' husbands and stepson Sun Fo may still continue the Soong dynasty. Perhaps H. H. Kung was attaching the fifty-eighth generation to an assured, not to say profitable future. The plots of the widow and her allies in exile and among the local generals came to a head in open rebellion a few days after my talk with Chiang Kai-shek. Against this he had the interior line, the strategic position. Nanking on the great Yangtze River is in the heart of the central coast provinces which are the nucleus of his power. The railroad from Nanking to Shanghai is an inlet for munitions from China's greatest port.

The value of Chiang Kai-shek's control of ocean transport was evident in the ships, their decks blue with soldiers whom I saw disembarking at Canton. Their prompt dispatch was his answer to General Chang Fah-kuei and his "Ironsides," who were starting another attempt to add Canton to their domain. With Chiang Kai-shek's army in the city the local generals found they were still loyal to him as the advance of the other army halted in face of bigger battalions.

But was Sun Yat-sen's widow, her Chinese subtlety pitted against her brother-in-law, smiling in her sleeve at the picture of 15,000 of his best troops decoyed to Canton? For, 1,500 miles to the northward from Canton, General Feng Yu-hsiang, one of the big northern war lords whom Moscow was supporting in playing the Soviet's hand in Chinese politics, was advancing southward either for battle or as a demonstration to raise the price he must be paid for peace.

Feng is called the Christian General—I could not ascertain on what ground, except that it gave him a distinguishing title among all the Fengs, Changs, and Wongs.

Wide World photo

The late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the Nationalist apostle, and his wife, a daughter of Soong.

EACH general is strong in the region where he recruits his army. When he moves beyond it his striking power rapidly decreases, as does that of any force moving against him. The reason is the same lack of roads and transport which in primitive times made mountains and rivers the boundaries of European tribes.

It is the same reason that makes it impossible to relieve famine in China at a distance.

But Chiang Kai-shek has an advantage in artillery of a kind that is unconcerned about bridgeless streams in roadless country. He has more airplanes than his enemies. There are no anti-aircraft guns to counter them in their dropping of bombs on camps and supply stations and staff headquarters, or to hinder their machine guns from sweeping columns on the march.

Yet Chiang Kai-shek must be sure that his aviators will not sell out to his rivals, sure that Soviet Russia is not supplying his enemies with planes that would outnumber his. Party plots may stab him in the back while he is directing battles. His place as the boss of the Kuomintang party, as "President of the Republic," is the objective of his enemies. This again shows how paramount for unity in immense China is a strong man, whose task makes Mussolini's in Italy seem very simple.

And the generals who have recently taken the warpath against Chiang Kai-shek are also destroying graves to make roads. They are having Sun's will read in the schools which they are building, as a gesture or in sincerity. More shrines in honor of Sun Yat-sen are rising, some even in the remote provinces whose free-lance generals turn their armies to banditry.

I noticed that the alarm at Canton did not stop the toiling coolies who were making about 500 yards a week in moving an enormous stone toward a hilltop. There it was to be placed as the base of the great southern memorial to Sun—who certainly "started something."

"He is so far the only sure winner, because he is dead," said a cynical old China hand.

No wonder grandmother China groans and writhes under the operations of so many rejuvenators!

"But you are only getting started in seeing the greatest show in the world," said the cynical old China hand. "Come along to Shanghai, the foreign merchants' city of hope, of dreams that sometimes come true and dreams that turn to nightmares."

This is the fourth of a series of articles by Colonel Palmer setting forth his impressions of the state of affairs in China. Another will appear in an early issue.

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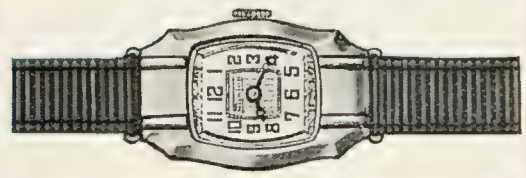

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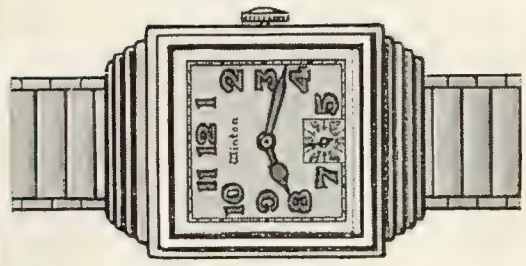

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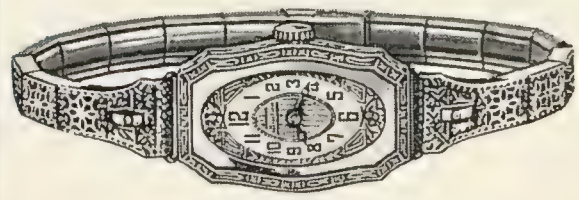

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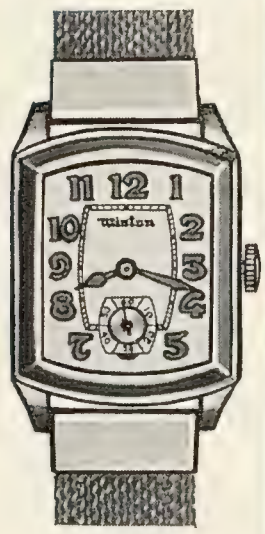

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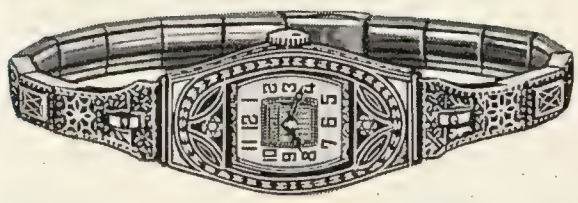

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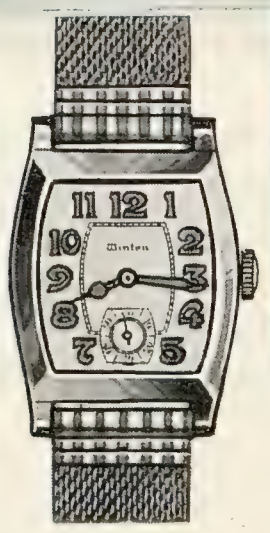

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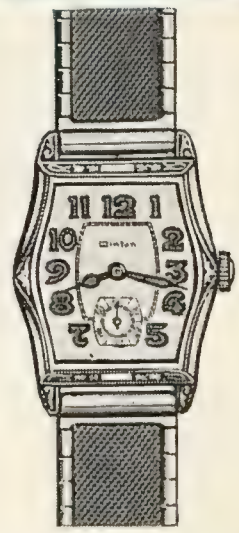

EDGEMERE, $37.50

Let it be a wrist watch by all means whether "to her" or "to him." But let it be a watch that will be a credit to both — to the one a thing of beauty, a boon companion — to the other a tangible means of conveying real affection. In other words — make sure that it bears the name "Winton" — a watch whose outward appearance bespeaks quality, refinement, good taste and in whose veins runs the blood of four generations of watch craftsmen.

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WINTON
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For CHRISTMAS Firesides

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

ACCORDING to the greatest clothes psychologists, women are staying at home more these days. There must be something in it, because Paris has created a new type of costume designed for the stay-at-home—clothes so attractive that they make it a pleasure for woman to stay " in her place." And, now that Christmas is coming, even the congenital gypsy wants to be at home.

These at-home dresses are in many cases half pyjama, half dress. They are very popular over here, where Continental women wear pyjamas on every possible occasion. Some of the Paris houses show pyjamas with knee-length velvet coats for such occasions. Newer, however, and more appealing to many women, are Louiseboulanger's and Chanel's pyjamas worn under filmy frocks. And of course many of the Paris dressmakers design just dresses.

Many Parisiennes will say "Merry Christmas" in this Augustabernard violet chiffon frock.

The Louiseboulanger frock below, of printed chiffon, is particularly designed for the stay-at-home.

Louiseboulanger's studio blouse of gold lamé, with a flaring gold net skirt.

Elspeth Champcommunal designed this black lace frock, with its two kinds of sleeves, for the home entertainment.

One important fact about these new frocks for home wear is the type of materials. They are made of chiffon, velvet, lamé, and lace. Another is that Paris makes the home evening frock very long.

Very beautiful for the young matron is the model in the large sketch at the right. Its author, Elspeth Champcommunal, makes it of black, shiny lace. This dress has for novelty two kinds of sleeves. It reaches to the ankles in front and back and rises at the sides.

Augustabernard's at-home frock, shown at the extreme left, is made of violet-colored chiffon—Paris' favorite holiday color. This is a frock any woman could wear, with its double waistline, its long, shirred skirt panels, and its flattering chiffon shoulder cape.

The two Louiseboulanger dresses, in the center of the page, are the smartest length, at ankles and instep in front and longer in back. The first is of shadow-printed chiffon, chiefly madonna blue in color. There is a bloused waist, with big bishop sleeves and a tie collar of the chiffon. The belt is an embroidered ribbon. The shirred skirt is cut in panels, which in a sitting position show full satin pyjama trousers beneath.

The second Louiseboulanger studio frock has a long, bloused tunic waist of gold lamé, with a white lingerie collar and flaring sleeves. The skirt is of gold net, and there are wide gold-colored crêpe trousers.

The Paris idea is to dress us up so charmingly at home that the world will beat a path to our door.

* * *

The latest thing in perpetual bouquets for the home vase is a cluster of flowers made of metal wire just like tulle, with long silver stems.

An opera bag designed to create the atmosphere of your favorite opera heroine—Thaïs, Manon, Juliette, or any other—is designed by Rose White.

Many of the Paris shops are showing large black chiffon handkerchiefs with bright appliqué in the corners.

RAW?

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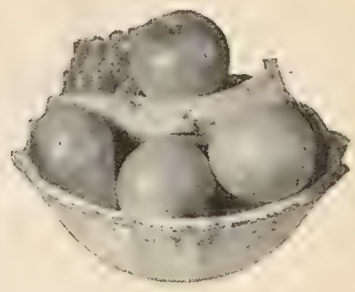

By
EILEEN BOURNE

A WORLD of happiness, in the new modes particularly, exists between willowy grace of body and a condition of bony prominences, trying angles, and a figure generally bordering on emaciation.

Women are thin for various reasons—constitutional peculiarities, not eating enough food, eating enough food but not enough fuel food, and overeating.

The last-named cause is alibied on the ground that its class is trying to put on weight, and it numbers a good many thins. If one consumes daily some 3,000 calories and is of sedentary habits, it is a safe guess her underweight is due to some internal disorder. It may be of the intestines or of the digestive juices or because the type of food is of such high residue it passes too rapidly for absorptive functions to operate normally.

It is possible to satisfy hunger, or even to overeat, and yet be undernourished.

Other contributing causes to underweight may be defective teeth, diseased tonsils, sinus trouble, weak abdominal muscles, and the worried, excitable, emotionally unstable mental state common to thin women.

The first thing in a good weight-gaining lesson is to impress the necessity of putting both body and mind in such condition as to be "free to gain." The solution is not to start eating heavily. It is most inadvisable suddenly to break into menus totaling 3,000 calories a day. First there must be assurance that there is no constitutional condition in need of medical correction. Then exercise and good posture for the abdominal muscles must be taken up and a more wholesome attitude of mind cultivated. Then it is time for diet study.

Instead of gourmandizing to catch up on weight quickly, work up gradually to the 3,000 calories a day. You can do this by eliminating heavy, rich, indigestible foods and tea and coffee for the time being. Add at the beginning and end of each meal a glass of milk, and in midmorning and midafternoon drink a glass of milk and eat a couple of graham or wheat crackers. Or if you can take an eggnog last thing at night and first thing in the morning, you will have even quicker results.

A delightful eggnog and one suggested by Dr. James M. Booher, well known authority on weight control, is made by beating an egg with two tablespoons of honey until thoroughly blended, then beating in half a pint of good rich milk. For those who cannot take eggnog, half a wineglass of olive oil in which a raw egg has been dropped is recommended.

If you cannot take milk at first, drink buttermilk and eat more butter at table to make up; or drink malted milk, chocolate, or cocoa. Between meals 100 calories can be added to the day's record with the eating of an apple, an orange, or a ripe banana.

And note this particularly: Water is of vital importance in weight-gaining programs. Drink not less than six glasses a day.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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I did not know where the Street of the Singing Cat was, but finally discovered it. A green painted door in the wall stood partly open.

The Rake and the Hussy

A Romance of High Hearts and Dangerous Days

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

"I DON'T propose to remain silent and see you murdered."

It was Lord Mordhurst who spoke these fateful words to me.

"Murdered?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "it's not my notion of sportsmanship when four gentlemen make a compact to provoke and challenge you until one of them kills you. Fox Vulper may have a quarrel with you, but it's a mercenary matter with the others."

It was I who felt murderous when I dwelt on the utter swinishness of Vulper, as proven not merely in this instance but by his vile conduct toward Naia Strayling. That saucy young American had run away from a French school and, falling by accident into the hands of Lady Vulper, had been introduced into high English circles by that she-devil sister-in-law of Fox Vulper.

One evening, having reduced Naia to semiconsciousness by drugs or alcohol, Fox Vulper produced a clergyman and was married to her.

I knew nothing of this when I met my fellow national among a set of British hell-rakers. On the heels of our

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from preceding page]

meeting the War of 1812 began. She and I escaped to New York together, and presented ourselves before her grandad. Enraged, he disowned her. I proposed marriage. She refused, but accompanied me to war, a gallant companion whom the world regarded as my lady, and whom, at length, I learned to adore.

In Mobile, where Vulper and other Englishmen were prisoners on parole, I heard Naia's tragic story from her own lips. And it was there that, in spite of Mordhurst's warning, I challenged Vulper's three caddish followers. They paid with their lives, but the rat, Fox Vulper, escaped to Pensacola, and by a lying ruse was enabled to carry Naia off with him by force.

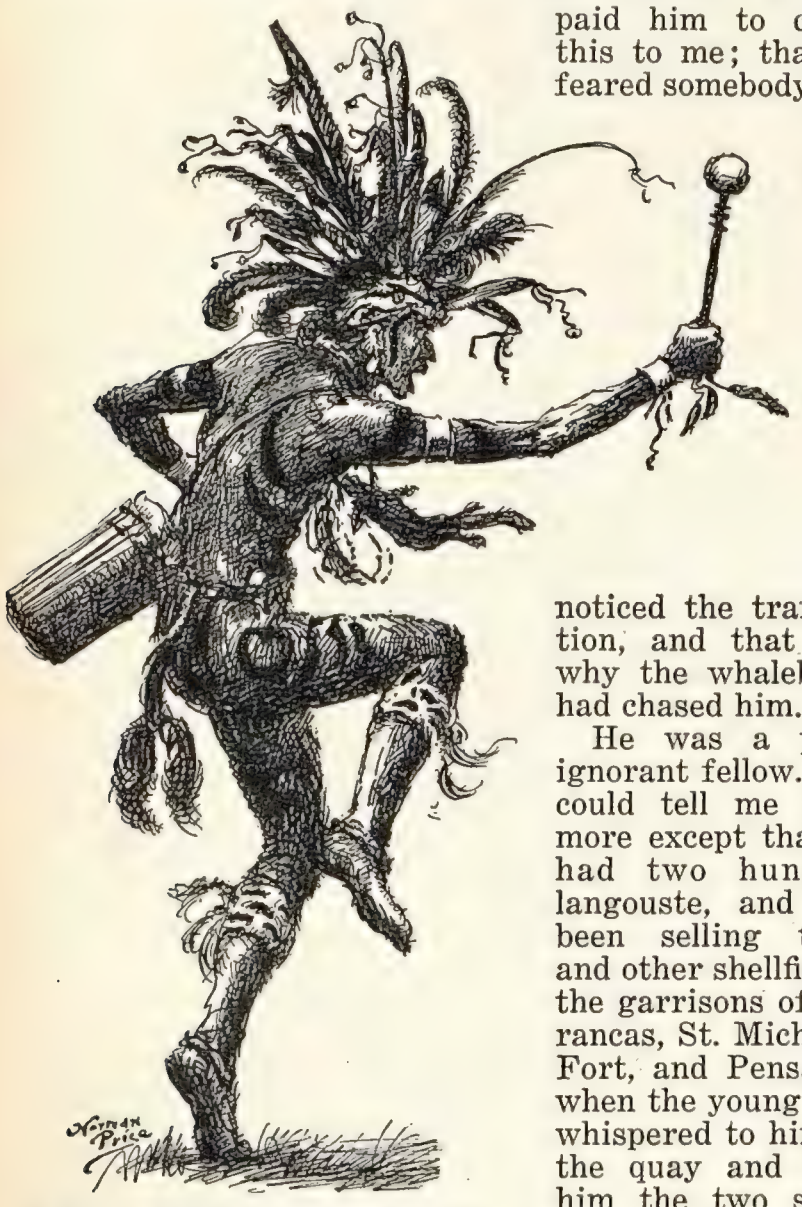
It was with a heavy heart that I proceeded to Fort Bowyer.

Part Twelve—Pensacola

ON September 11, early in the morning, a Canary Islands fisherman, with a load of crayfish or langouste, came to Fort Bowyer to report to me, personally, that armed British whaleboats had chased him from Ste. Rose, and that he had seen scores of Seminole canoes to the eastward, full of warriors and witch doctors. He said that Seminoles do not sing much, and he heard no war-songs, but in the bow of every canoe stood a sorcerer making magic so that the palm trees swayed where no wind blew, and the silver mullet were jumping into the canoes by thousands.

I told him very gravely that we had stronger magic than that.

Then he gave me two oyster-shells, bound together by a lock of shining chestnut hair, saying that a young lady at Pensacola had paid him to carry this to me; that he feared somebody had noticed the transaction, and that was why the whaleboats had chased him.



"He's telling 'em they're bullet-proof. He's making magic for 'em."

He was a poor, ignorant fellow. He could tell me little more except that he had two hundred langouste, and had been selling these and other shellfish to the garrisons of Barancas, St. Michael's Fort, and Pensacola when the young lady whispered to him on the quay and gave him the two shells and a gold piece.

I asked where she was living and with whom, and how she seemed. He couldn't tell, except that she was a very pretty young lady and was accompanied by many marine and naval officers.

As for himself, he said that he dared not go back to Pensacola now, and meant to sail to Mobile and remain there for the present. So I gave him more money than he ever had earned in ten years and asked him to carry a letter for me to General Jackson.

While he waited, I unwound the tress of Naia's lovely hair, wrapped it up, and placed it in my breast pocket; then opened and read the needle tracings on the nacre of the two oyster-shells:

Marines and Indians on way to attack your fort. Nine warships here. Four sailing to bombard you. Am frightened. For God's sake, don't be reckless.

Am well. Manrequez polite. British admiral and officers kind and attentive. The "beast" dares not annoy me. His black regiment landed to garrison Fort St. Michael. Two more black regiments are coming. Can't General Jackson take Pensacola before the fleet arrives? A hundred ships and twenty thousand of Wellington's veteran troops are expected.

Tell General Jackson to beware of Fort St. Michael if he storms Pensacola. Fox Vulper commands there.

Fort Barancas, also, is now garrisoned by British troops.

Darling, I love you. N.

I went into my hut and wrote out this information, addressed the letter to General Jackson, and charged the fisherman with it.

From the ramparts on the demilune I watched him run down the sandy beach to his boat, hoist sail, and scuttle away up the bay.

Major Lawrence came up on the ramparts, and, as soon as I had informed him about the message, he told me to order out a patrol of my riflemen toward the southeast; which I did immediately.

It was a hot morning. A stifling land breeze, blowing across leagues of heated swamps and sand, swept the fort. Our flag blew stiffly, yet the wind was like a blast from a furnace; and the sun rose like a ball of fire over the dunes as our bugles sounded and our drums beat to quarters.

It was not much of a fort that we garrisoned on this sandspit thrust out between Mobile Bay and the Gulf of Mexico—a demilune seaward, a redan landward, mounting eighteen twelve-pounders and less, and two twenty-fours.

There were no bombproofs; barracks and officers' quarters were crowded and flimsy. The Second regulars, drilled as artillery, manned the guns; my riflemen did our scouting and patrolling under Ben Glimming.

ABOUT nine o'clock Ben's riflemen came cantering into the fort to report that they had exchanged shots with British Royal Marines and Seminole Indians who were landing southeast of us, and that they had a howitzer and a twelve-pounder with them, but no horses.

I got on a horse and rode out with Ben Glimming to take a look at them, and saw them very plainly coming on across the sandhills, dragging their howitzer and field gun by hand; and a great swarm of Seminoles in plumed turbans and gaudy paint, swinging out as though to encircle and rush the fort from the rear, or northeast redan.

The Seminoles, brilliant as a garden of massed bloom, were superb fellows. Their sorcerers led them in bands of about a hundred; and there were six of these massed groups trotting toward the northwest.

Ben and I and our patrol took a few long shots at them, then turned our nags and made for the postern at a gallop.

Lawrence said to me, as I ran up to the east battery, that he'd never surrender to any force which had Indians with it, because they were utterly uncontrollable and would murder all prisoners and wounded.

"This is a hell of a fort to defend," he added, "but I think we ought to fight to the bitter end, Brooke; don't you?"

"You needn't caution a man who saw Fort Mims burn," said I. "I'd sooner surrender to a pack of panthers."

We walked together around the parapets with a cheery or joking word for each gun crew, and for my riflemen lying snugly curled up for any long shot that might present itself.

My riflemen exhibited little concern; some even sneered or jested at the antics of the Seminole sorcerers.

But the regulars remained tight-lipped and serious, and did not seem to regard lightly this horde of frightfully painted savages.

"Lads," said Lawrence in his good-natured voice, as we strolled along the ramparts, "there's no use my telling you that we mustn't let them in. Wildcats would be better company than those naked, snaky fellows all over scarlet, black, and yellow paint.

"Look at them and see whether you want to exchange kisses with them. Look yonder at that medicine man on the dune—and the damn fool he's making of himself with his drum and rattle—stepping high like a cat in wet grass, and squalling like one.

"He's telling 'em they're bullet-proof. He's making magic for 'em. . . . Brooke, do you think one of your leather-legged Adirondack riflemen could tickle the painted rump he's showing us in derision?"

I called Joe Barse. He shrugged, remarking that it was a long shot. He lay down on his belly and drew the brown rifle to his shoulder. All the artillerymen on the east parapet were watching him.

After a little while he gently squeezed the trigger, and the shot cracked out like a bull-whip lash.

"Well done, soldier!" exclaimed Lawrence; "you knocked his turban over one eye!"

"You've done more than that, Joe," said I; "he's down and trying to get up! Look at him squirming and clawing in the sand! He's biting himself like a crippled rattlesnake!"

"Take care, lads!" cried Lawrence briskly; "they're coming like a swarm of yellow jackets! Swing your swivels on them!"

For a moment or two the sandhills were brilliant with yelling Indians coming toward us at full speed, but the next instant they had sheered off out of range, making for the dune grass and bushes; and there they vanished before our eyes like a cloud of settling quail.

What the British marines were about we could not determine. They marched, countermarched to drum and fife, dragging behind them through the deep sand their two heavy little guns like a pair of reluctant and resisting pups. Our cannoniers were laughing nervously as they watched them. They marched magnificently but didn't seem to know what to do with their dragging artillery.

"I'll not let those fellows dig gun pits," said Lawrence to me. "They're looking for a shelter within gun range. That's what they're up to."

But nothing happened. Far out of range the Royal Marines settled down to rest and scratch red bugs and fight mosquitoes while their brilliantly uniformed officers sat on the howitzer and looked out to sea.

"WHAT the devil do you suppose they think is out there?" said Lawrence.

"Sheeps, sir," said Joe Barse, "—wan—two—t'ree—four sheeps—hull down, sir, south-southeast!"

"Sheeps ojus, me see um. Wah!" remarked Black Cat, who now elegantly affected the Algonquin dialect patois, as fashionable folk affect French after a week in Paris.

"I'll be hanged if I can make out any ships," said Lawrence to me.

However, after a while we both saw them.

All that long, blazing hot afternoon we watched these four warships manœuvring, circling, standing on and off. Finally, toward sunset, they stood for the bay in line ahead, made a beautiful, sweeping turn, and came to an anchor about five miles off Dauphin Island to the southward. The flagship fired a gun to windward and showed signals for several hours.

And there they lay. And yonder squatted the Royal Marines and Indians—myriad spots of gorgeous colour in the sunset glow.

At length the sun sank into the sea and the swift Southern night rushed upon the world amid a haze of stars.

I took a grunt by the gills and a langouste by the back, and followed the others into the town.

All night long we slept on our arms; gun crews snored beside their shotted guns; riflemen lay asleep on the parade with the bridles of their saddled nags around their arms.

The men had eaten supper where they lay; they ate breakfast there, too, before dawn.

I went out before sunrise with a scout of six, and stirred up a hell's nest of Indians, letting them have it from our saddles, and galloping back to the fort before they could cut us off.

But we had gone far enough to discover that the marines had planted their howitzer behind a dune about seven hundred yards from the fort; and, as I gained the ramparts, their first shell came screaming into the parade and burst, throwing up a fountain of sand and several reckless chickens.

TWO or three more shells followed, then solid shot, harming nobody. I told Lawrence pretty accurately where their gun was hidden; he let fly the twelve-pounders at it, and a very pretty uproar began.

This artillery firing continued noisily, at intervals, nearly all day; and I am ashamed to say we injured nobody, and I gratefully admit that nobody in the fort suffered a scratch, although the racket of exploding shells was terrific and the fort's cat, almost swooning, rushed into the magazine and spat at the ammunition detail as they went for powder and round shot.

Toward sunset the Royal Marines attempted to dig a trench, but were driven away by our eastern battery. A short, ugly rush of Indians was punished rather severely, and we could see them carrying away dead or injured warriors, and heard their doleful yells and yowls all night.

Then our western battery opened suddenly upon some light boats which we had mistaken for fishermen, but discovered to be boats from the warships sounding the channel between Dauphin Island and our fort.

We didn't hit them, but they pulled away in a hurry.

We ate and drank and slept as we lay; and, at dawn, tempering our brackish water with a dash of rum, we drank our morning draught and stood to our unwiped guns.

Toward noon, with a light southeast wind blowing, the four warships stood out to sea; tacked, and bore down on us in order of line ahead. Through our glasses we observed them until they were near enough to make out their names—the Hermes, twenty-two guns—which I had heard was commanded by young Percy, a son of Lord Beverly whom I knew in England; the Sophia, eighteen; the Caron, twenty; and the Anaconda, eighteen guns.

They came on very slowly under a light breeze, to take position for attack, the Hermes leading; and when she arrived within range of our east battery we let her have it; but she fired only her starboard bow gun at us and came to an anchor within musket range between the fort and Dauphin Island.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Cont'd from page 67]

The Sophia, Caron, and Anaconda anchored astern of her in the order named.

Suddenly, from their broadsides a terrific cannonade began; our twenty-fours replied; then all our guns crashed together; and we could see splinters flying aboard the Hermes from stem to stern, while a vast steam rose upward from her flashing guns and powder clouds crowded out across the water in snowy convolutions, veiling the sea with a turbulent mist.

Lawrence came over from the redan to say to me that the marines had planted their howitzer and a twelve-pounder behind the dunes and were shelling and pounding our postern.

So I went out there with my riflemen and very soon drove away the artillerymen and a body of loitering Indians, so that the two guns were silent for a time.

About five o'clock Lawrence sent word to me that he thought the Hermes had struck her colours. Being merciful, he ordered our guns to cease firing on her; but it turned out that we had shot away her flag, and very soon her ensign was flying again, and our circular battery began to pound her fearfully between wind and water. Then our own flagstaff was hit and broken off, and our flag fell; but Joe Barse picked it up, and Lawrence nailed it to a sponge staff and set it up again very coolly, although the four ships redoubled their fire; and I saw his cocked hat fly off his head.

I WAS just getting up with my baskets to fetch the last of my cargo from the wharf, when I found myself looking into the eyes of Naia Strayling. For an instant she lost all her colour.

ONE of our shot severed the cable of the Hermes and she began to drift, headed toward the circular battery which swept her decks of every living soul, and knocked her guns about like ninepins. It was rather dreadful to watch: men running to escape were blown into fragments; spars fell, masts went by the board, fetching down the tophamper—and she drifted, a horrible and gory wreck under a storm of her own splinters, till we saw her ground on a sandbank and, very slowly, begin to burn.

Gun blasts from the closely anchored Anaconda were doing us damage now. A regular artilleryman, working near me, fell over, headless, his decapitated trunk deluging everything.

Lawrence shouted to me to swing all guns of the circular battery on the Anaconda; and I had my own shoulder to a carriage when a round shot tore in among us, cutting one gunner in two and taking off the entire face of another—a ghastly spectacle—but I made the men drag these mangled corpses free of the guns, and we swung them to their target. Corporal Johns, coming to ask me something, was torn to pieces before my eyes by a round shot which also knocked down two other gunners.

But at length we managed to lay the twenty-fours on the Anaconda and Caron; and very soon we could see their hulls and spars shivering in the blaze of our heavy guns.

A frightful yelling from the postern indicated that the Indians were attempting to storm us from the rear; we could hear their wild, falsetto war-cry—"Yoho-ee-lee! Yoho-ee-lee!"—and the "Hio! Hio! Yaha-hio!" of the Tallasees, bounding toward us across the dunes.

"Be good enough to load with grape, Major Brooke!" called out Lawrence.

He was quite right. The grapeshot settled the Indians. We could see them falling thickly in the dreadful storm—see them break, turn, and run howling to cover.

Ben Glimming came over to tell me that his riflemen had so peppered the ships' tops and decks that nobody could show themselves aboard and live; and that three of the ships had hoisted anchor and were heading seaward, while the wrecked Hermes lay aground, burning by the head, and no sign of life aboard her.

Lawrence said that what remained of her officers and crew had left her in the ship's boats, under cover of the smoke, and that she might blow up at any moment.

She did blow up, after sunset, with a shock that rocked land and sea and filled the sky with spouting fire. And all night long her débris burned betwixt us and Dauphin Island, turning the flowing tide blood red where dead bodies rolled in the surf.

It was thus that little Fort Bowyer kept Mobile Bay in the Year of Fear of 1814.

II

FROM the middle of September to the first of November we remained a beleaguered garrison.

The marines and the ships had gone, but the dunes, brush, and woods inland crawled alive with savages. They had abandoned the British and remained unruly and entirely out of hand to a degree that British officers no longer dared venture among them.

But, balked of promised plunder and butchery, they hung sullenly about in hopes that something might turn up, permitting them to harvest a few scalps and do a little bloody plundering.

Messenger after messenger came from General Jackson at Mobile, asking why our scouts were affording him no information.

WE couldn't get any. Our mounted Leather-legs on patrol were constantly in touch with the Indians who tried by a thousand tricks and wiles to lure them into ambuscade. But Black Cat and Joe Barse had seen ambuscades in the Northland, and thumbed their noses at the Seminoles.

A sword of honour was sent from New Orleans to Major Lawrence for his defense of Mobile Bay, and our garrison had a gay party to celebrate the occasion. General Jackson also wrote Lawrence a grateful letter; but he also wrote another to me, enquiring what I was doing with my Leather-legs and why it was that I could not get a spy into Pensacola.

This hurt me. I had nobody to send on so perilous a mission. The Indians had killed or chased away all fishermen, beachcombers, and other human driftage. To send the Black Cat would be to order him to his death. Any Seminole would know what kind of Indian he was.

One day in early November I told Lawrence that I couldn't stand the implied criticism any longer and that I was going to Pensacola myself.

He was very grave about it. We discussed the matter in all its phases; and finally I came to the conclusion that I could do it if I took my chances entirely alone.

No use to try to penetrate the restless, sleepless screen of Indians. I couldn't hope to do that. There was only one way possible.

The sun and wind had burned me as brown as a Seminole or a New Orleans fisherman.

There was a fishing boat lying alongside the wharf, in front of the circular battery, the owner of which had been shot and scalped by Indians.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY]
[Continued from page sixty-nine]

We had buried him naked in a blanket; and it was into this poor devil's clothes that I got myself that night. With a cockpit full of lobster pots, casting nets, trident fish spears or grains, koonti bread, and pickled pork, splinterwood for torches, a jug of blackstrap, one of rum, and a great calabash full of sweet water, I lighted a torch and put it in the bow, and made sail by starlight for Dauphin Island—taking that direction in case any Indian lay on the dunes observing me.

The blind, silvery mullet came flippity-flop aboard me, and in a little while the bottom of my boat was a slithering, flopping mess of mullet; and they continued to leap over the gunwales as long as my torch burned.

Now, landing and mooring my battered craft, I lighted another torch, took my grain and waded along the shallow reef.

Every langouste that showed its long, agitated feelers in the clefts I speared and lifted, wriggling and clacking loudly, into the boat. Once a green moray looked at me out of his round, unblinking devil's eyes. I let the green demon alone, but speared a few grunt which are extremely good to eat.

It was not long before I had enough of a boatload to warrant my appearance at Pensacola market.

My torch burned low; I boarded my leaky craft, and hoisted sail; and, as the last embers fell hissing into the water, I tacked seaward and squared away for the Perdido before a steady west wind which sent me scudding like a sawbill duck across the heaving waters.

About midnight I ate and drank. I noticed no lights ashore until I came abeam the Perdido. Here a Spanish beacon burned on the dunes, and from it I laid my course for Point Chevreuil and Pensacola Bay.

It was nearly dawn when I made out Fort Barancas looming gloomily on my port bow; and very soon saw the light on Chevreuil Point.

Then lights broke out everywhere around me, at sea and ashore—riding lights of warships off Barancas Fortress, fishermen's lights in the pass, a beacon on Chevreuil, a lighthouse on Ste. Rose, another beacon on St. Michael's Fort, and the twinkling lights of the town of Pensacola.

Dawn washed them pale, and presently they faded in the glory of the coming sun which painted sky and ocean.

In the dazzling glory of sunrise I headed toward the flimsy fish wharf at Pensacola, and saw other fishing craft like mine in from the painted sea, as the morning gun boomed from Barancas.

ON St. Michael's Fort the English drums beat; Spanish drums answered from Pensacola; bugles blew on the Barancas; and I could hear the stirring music break out from the decks of the warships.

As the fishing boats drew in and were made fast below the stairs, the Spanish bailiffs came lounging along; and I didn't know whether permits and identification papers were necessary or not, but they made no enquiries of anybody and presently returned to their seats on a pile of planks and continued to smoke their long black cigars.

Noticing what the other fishermen were doing, I took a grunt by the gills and a langouste by the back, just behind his whiskered head, and followed the others into the town where were sheds thatched with palmetto in a sandy plaza surrounded by orange trees in delicious bloom.

The plaza was thronged with soldiers' wives and wenches bargaining for a breakfast fish—Spanish women in gorgeous shawls, English women half clad in tarnished finery, a few French Creoles, neat of hair and shoe, turning everything to gaiety in their thrifty quest, and cracking and eating shrimps as they strolled and gossiped and bargained.

"Ohé, l'Anglais!" called out one of them to me. "A quel prix vot' langouste?"

"C'est à madame pour rien plus q'un sourire," I replied.

She was a stout, pretty wench and she gave me the smile I asked for, and two English pennies to boot; and when I kissed her hand she gave me the scarlet hibiscus from her hair and whispered that she lived in the Impasse Chat Sauvage where the iron lantern hung.

I WENT to get another langouste. When I came back, a slatternly English girl, carrying a basket, priced it and the grunt. She said she was buying for a whole platoon—and she looked it, being, apparently, about ready to bless the platoon with triplets—

So I took her down to my boat and sold her a basketful of langouste, grunt, and mullet at her own stingy price.

Black girls from Jamaica—wives and mistresses of the Third Black Regiment—came giggling to purchase fish; and they simpered and rolled their handsome eyes at the English and Spanish soldiers who were lounging about.

It seemed to me that trade in Pensacola was extremely brisk; but there was a fleet in, and a considerable garrison in the forts, and also the town to reckon with.

I bought two reed baskets and fetched half my cargo to the market, where I squatted down under the thatched roof and awaited customers and noted in my mind the numbers and uniforms of the different regiments.

Without any trouble at all, or exciting any suspicion, I learned the strength and position of every body of troops, Spanish, British, British colonial.

I learned the number and calibre of guns in Barancas and in the other forts and redoubts; I wrote down, with

f our shot severed the cable of the Hermes and she began to drift, headed toward the circular battery.

these, a list of every ship in the bay, and what was her armament and tonnage.

Everybody blabbed and gabbled—soldiers as well as women—and I never heard of so loosely controlled a place as was the fortified town of Pensacola.

About ten o'clock there were a number of officers' ladies in the market, but interested mostly in that section devoted to fruits.

The English ladies seemed to have come more as a diversion than for business, which they left to their servants; but the French and Spanish ladies were thrifty souls and trusted their own eyes rather than their maids'.

I had sold nearly all my grunt and langouste, and was just getting up with my baskets to fetch the last of my cargo from the wharf, when I found myself looking into the eyes of Naia Strayling.

For an instant she lost all her colour; then the rushing rose flooded her beautiful face.

There were two English ladies with her—elderly folk—who were inspecting the various species of sea spoil through quizzing glasses.

I could see terror in Naia's dilated grey eyes—for this was a hanging matter, after all—then with a visible effort she controlled herself; and I heard her say to one of the ladies that she was going down to the wharf where the langouste and fish were fresher.

"Madame," said I, touching my battered straw hat, "I have very fresh crayfish and grunt at the wharf—and extremely cheap."

"Where is your boat?" she managed to say.

I BEGGED her to have the complaisance to follow me; and I walked off, hat in hand.

I descended the stairs and sprang aboard my boat; she stepped daintily down the water stairs and took hold of the rail for support.

Then our eyes met.

"Joshua," she said unsteadily, "you don't need to tell me what is your peril. For God's sake, hoist your sail and go."

"I am safe enough. Dearest, are you well?"

"Yes. I beg you to go at once—"

"I couldn't go until after dark, darling. The water bailiffs are likely to stop and question me when I pass the fleet. . . . Darling girl, would you dare chance an escape tonight?"

"I have no liberty at night. There is no excuse I could offer. I am quartered at Ste. Rose with Sir John and Lady Clipperton. I couldn't leave the villa without their knowledge. Oh, darling, I've heard about your dreadful duel. All the fleet talks about it yet, and everybody censures Fox Vulper for breaking his parole—"

"Where is that fellow?"

"At St. Michael's Fort. I wrote you on a shell—"

"I have both messages, darling—"

"Joshua! Are you well of your terrible wound?"

"Quite!"

"What a frightful beating you and Major Lawrence gave poor Percy at Mobile Bay! Oh, I was so thankful to God—"

"The Indians are still very troublesome there. But, darling, Andy Jackson is nearly ready to storm Pensacola; and I can't endure the thought of your being aboard a ship and having to sail away, God knows whither—"

"Will the ships be driven away?"

"Yes. We mean to take Barancas, too. Is there no way you can come off with me tonight?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page seventy-one]

"No. Wait a moment—" She pressed her clenched fingers to her bitten lips in an agony of thought. "There must be some way," she whispered, "oh, heaven—we've only a moment more before those women will be looking here for me—"

I caught sight of them even as she spoke, up by the market, peering about with their quizzing glasses.

"Darling," she said rapidly, "there'll be a dreadful excitement and confusion in Pensacola when your army appears before it. I might hide somewhere in town—Oh, darling, I'll try to hide away at the Black Pearl. It's in the Street of the Singing Cat—Le Chat qui Chant! Black Yvonne does my laundry. I think she loves me and would give me shelter. Look for me there when our troops storm Pensacola. I promise to get there somehow—"

"I'll try to be in the town as soon as anybody—"

"Yes, try. I'll arrange it with Yvonne. She brings my laundry to Ste. Rose tomorrow. I'll make it possible somehow—because I swear I shall not go aboard their damned ships and leave you for God knows how long! . . . Oh, Joshua, do you truly love me? Oh, there comes Lady Clipperton!

"Pretend I've bought the rest of your fish. Throw them into your baskets, darling. . . . Oh, how I love you, Joshua! . . . Hang it, here she comes—"

"Naia!" called Lady Clipperton in a fluty voice, from the head of the water stairs, "we're going back now."

"Oh," cried Naia, "see what beautiful fresh langouste I have bought—and so cheaply!"

"You'd better be sure they're all alive before you pay the fellow," remarked Lady Clipperton.

"Good-bye, my passionately beloved," murmured Naia.

I took off my battered straw hat to her and made her a deep bow; and she ran up the water stairs and disappeared.

IN a little while Lady Clipperton's servants came to take away the crayfish, mullet, and grunt; and I was left alone in the hot sunshine with an empty boat.

Presently I saw Naia's pink and silver gown in a longboat manned by bluejackets, and pulling smartly across the sparkling water for Ste. Rose. Lady Clipperton and the other elderly dame were in the boat, too; and I could see Naia's head turned toward me, but she made no slightest signal nor dared I do so either. When she was gone—fearing inspection by the water bailiffs—I wandered up into the nearly empty market.

I did not know where the Street of the Singing Cat was to be found, and was cautious about enquiry, but finally discovered it—a sandy, shady alley under china trees in berry, where dirty children toddled and played—Spanish or quadroon—and listless chickens wandered pensively.

Above white plaster walls the fronds of palms and banana trees waved in a slight breeze. A green painted door in the wall stood partly open. Over it hung a sign, La Perle Noire.

Inside, under the foliage and among hibiscus and oleander, was a patio with a coquina-paved veranda giving on three sides, under which tables and chairs stood.

I went in, washed my hands at a stone trough which poured out sulphur-smelling water, dried them on a banana leaf, and walked under the veranda.

"Bon jou'," came a velvety voice from the dusk; and I saw a black woman in white, wearing a scarlet turban, coming toward me with the gait of a goddess.

She was superbly made, very black, with African features so symmetrical that they were almost handsome.

"Bon jou'," said I. "Moin à boire qu'que chose, s'i' plé."

"Du vin, siro', juleep, swiz'—n'porte. Avons t'c'que vous voudrais, 'sieur."

"Un juleep, s'i' plé."

After a little while she brought it from the shadows of the café, set it before me, thanked me for payment, and stood looking at me so intently that I felt uncomfortable.

"You speak English," she said.

"Yes."

"Fisher man?"

"Oui, madame."

"I SEE you where you talk to Mist'ess St'ayling, on market stairs. You sell her fish?"

"Langouste."

"Ver' manny?"

"Beaucoup."

"You talk to mist'ess ver' long time."

I gave her a straight and smiling look: "You Yvonne?"

"Ah, she tell you. B'en oui, I am Yvonne. For mist'ess I launder."

"Yvonne," said I in a low voice, "do you love Mistress Strayling?"

She looked at me and looked at me out of her velvet eyes.

"Because," said I, "I love her, too. And some day, very soon, she is coming here to ask you to hide her away until I arrive to take her under my protection."

"Who you, suh?"

"Ask her."

"You won' tell me, suh?"

I made up my mind instantly:

"Yes, I'll tell you, Yvonne. I am an American officer. And very soon I shall come back to Pensacola to find and carry away Mistress Strayling whom I love and who loves me."

She bent over the table in the green dusk of the trees and peered steadily into my eyes.

After a moment she smiled at me, and her face grew almost beautiful.

"You sail back to Mobile Fort tonight, suh?" she asked me in a low voice.

"Yes."

"Don' you sail twill it come deep da'k, suh. Too many bailiffs in de bay. You stay here along, suh. I tell you when you go."

Next week you will read about the strange adventure of Brooke and Naia in the Street of the Singing Cat, and will witness the beginning of one of the greatest battles in our history.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS
ON PAGE 46

1—The turquoise.

2—A group of fixed stars or a division of the heavens including such a group.

3—Casabianca, by Felicia D. Hemans.

4—Evidence sufficient in law to raise a presumption of fact or establish the fact in question unless rebutted.

5—One in which only union labor is employed.

6—The War of 1812.

7—Alexander H. Stephens.

8—Hardening of arteries.

9—An organization of aviators who have made forced parachute descents.

10—A German philologist and jurist, and author of fairy tales.

11—The interval of a few days' invisibility of the moon when near conjunction with the sun; also the moon when so obscured.

12—In the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Washington, D. C.

13—The possession by a woman of more than one husband at the same time.

14—One done on a wall.

15—An insane disposition to incendiarism.

16—Edinburgh.

17—Walter E. Edge of New Jersey.

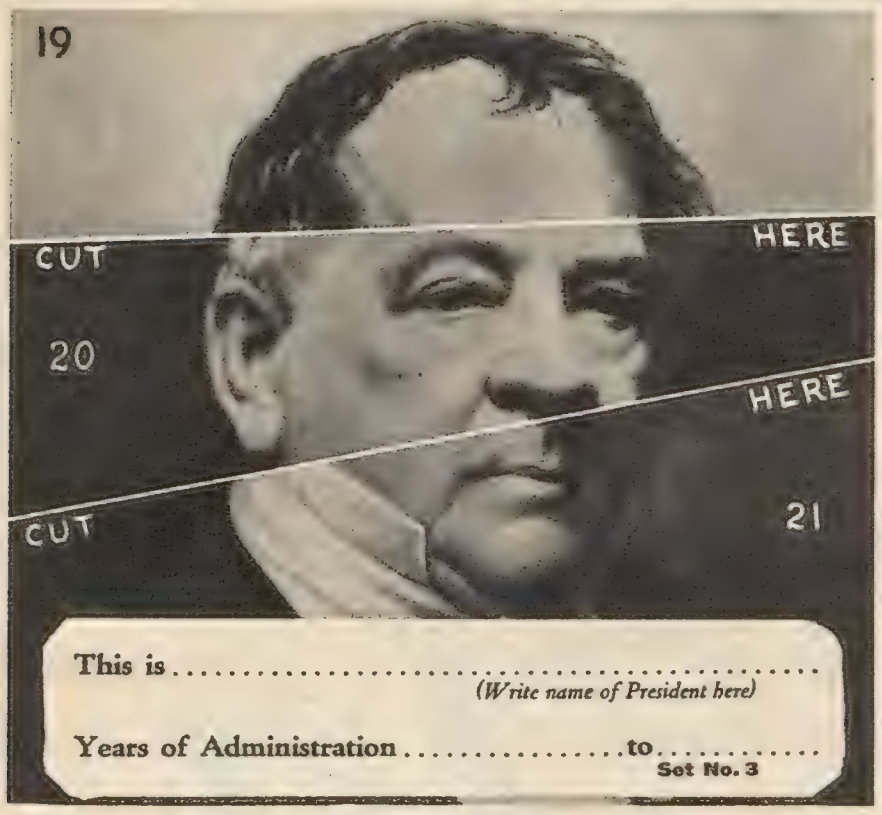
18—Twelve.

19—The dwelling place of happy souls after death.

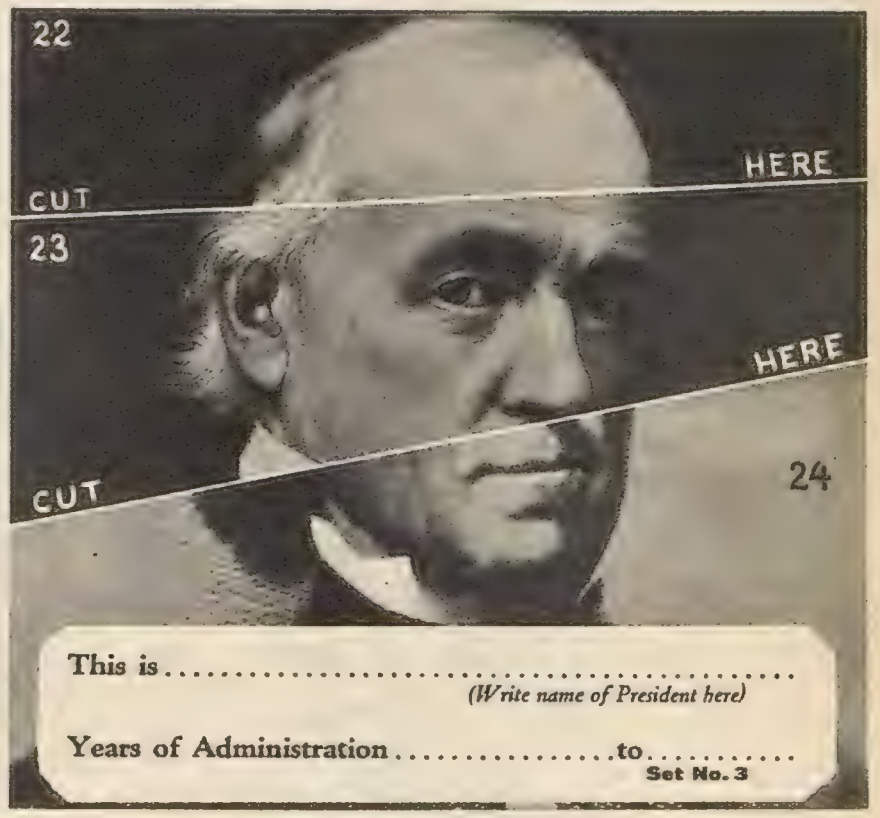
20—Pallas.

Who Are These Presidents?

Can you rearrange these composite pictures and name them?



THE forehead belongs to the son of a Governor; the eyes and nose are of one who entered the White House a bachelor; the mouth and chin are of one who never married.



THE forehead belongs to one who was a native of New Jersey; the eyes and nose are of one who declined to be Attorney General; the mouth and chin are of a graduate of William and Mary.

$25,000 in Prizes

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next fifty prizes ($25 each)	1,250
Next 680 prizes ($10 each)	6,800
One Hundred Prizes to Teachers ($100 each)	10,000
TOTAL (835 prizes)	$25,000

THE three composite pictures on this page when cut apart and put together correctly form the pictures of three Presidents of the United States. Can you name them? The Patriotic Game of Presidents is entertaining and educational—and Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes for the best answers, as explained in the rules.

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States will be printed in Liberty.

2—Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—The Composite Pictures may be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture write the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Calvin Coolidge, 1923 to 1929.)

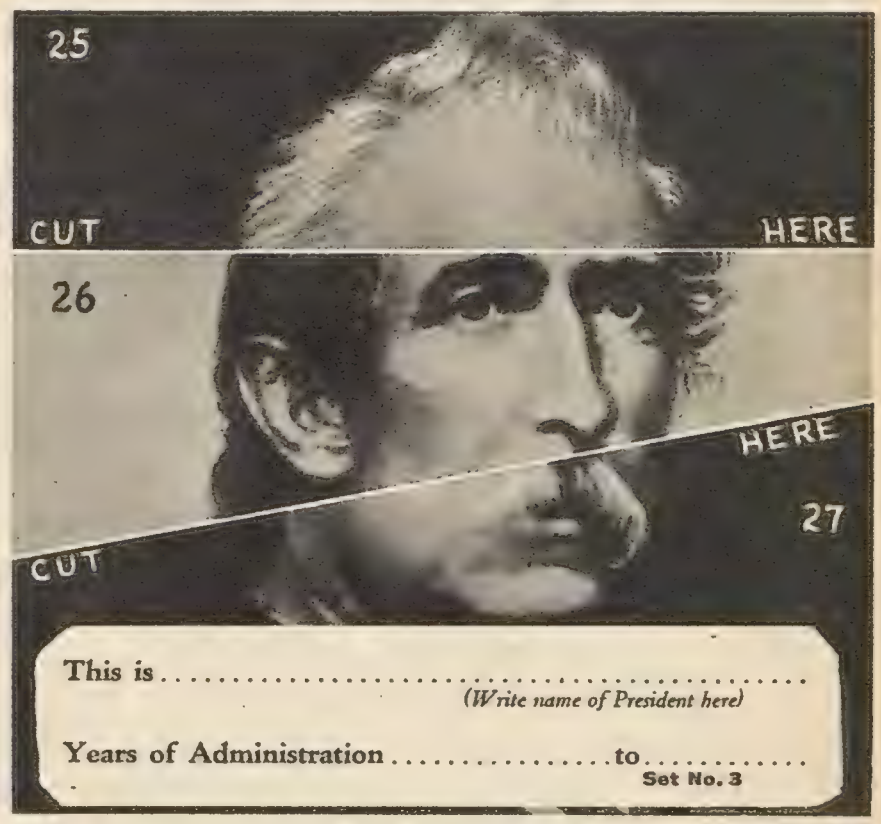
5—In all, thirty pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of thirty. Then send them to Presidents, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8—You need not purchase Liberty or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.



THE forehead belongs to one who was Minister to Russia; the eyes and nose are of one who opposed the Missouri Compromise; the mouth and chin are of one named Stephen.

$10,000 to Teachers

ONE hundred prizes of $100 each will be paid to school-teachers whose pupils make the best records in the Patriotic Game of Presidents. When a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

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"Oh, wot's the diff who referees? Sign this bum up and let's get goin'."

Picture by Arthur G. Dove

Inside the Ropes with LOU MAGNOLIA

The Colorful Life of a Great Referee

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

ONCE a professional boxer and wrestler as well as an all-around athlete, Lou Magnolia is now a famous referee of both boxing and wrestling, most widely known in connection with the former. In previous installments of this story he has told, through Mr. Sutherland, of his boyhood on New York's lower East Side and his strenuous school days, interspersing recollections of the fight game as he knew it from the later 1880s through 1900.

PART THREE

GREAT boxers seem to come in waves [said Lou Magnolia, discussing the difference between old-time fighters and the modern crop]. From 1895 until about 1903 we had an era that sparkled with splendid glove performers. Merely to call the roll of stars in the different weight divisions is to sigh over the recollection of their great contests.

From little Jimmy Barry of Chicago, super-flyweight who retired without a defeat, on up to Jim Jeffries, in some respects the greatest of all heavies, the list is dotted with pugilistic heroes. Terry McGovern, George Dixon, Casper Leon, Young Griffo, Kid Lavigne, Elbows McFadden, Joe Gans, Jack Blackburn, Rube Fern, Frank Erne, Andy Bowen, Jack McAuliffe, Jem Carney, Joe Walcott, Matty Mathews, Mysterious Billy Smith, Dan Creedon, Oscar Gardner, Patsy Haley, Kid McCoy, Tommy Ryan, Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Charlie Mitchell, Jim Jeffries—these names, hastily and incompletely culled from memory's pigeonholes, identify that first great wave of prize-ring kings.

Then there was a lull for a couple of years, and the second tide of celebrities flowed in. Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Jimmy Britt, Aurelio Herrera, Matty Baldwin, Abe Attell, Jem Driscoll, Packey McFarland, Leach Cross, Dick Hyland, Owen Moran, Johnny Summers, Stanley Ketchel, Joe Thomas, Billy Papke, Jack and Mike Twin Sullivan, Mike Gibbons, Rufe Turner, Kid Carter, George Gardner, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Sam Langford, Joe Jeanette, Sam McVey, Jack Johnson—these were some of the outstanding figures in the earlier years of this century.

Close on their heels, with a little period between, stalked the lads who make modern boxing history. Jimmy Wilde, Pancho Villa, Bud Taylor, Johnny Kilbane, Johnny Dundee, Freddie Welsh, Charlie White, Benny Leonard, Ritchie Mitchell, Mickey Walker, Ace Hudkins, Sammy Baker, Jack Dillon, Battling Levinsky, Georges Carpentier, Luther McCarthy, Harry Greb, Tiger Flowers, Jimmy Slattery, Tommy Loughran, and Jack Dempsey—these are the miracle workers of the very recent past and today.

Extended reference could be made to the varying styles

and abilities of the fighters whose names I have selected at random as immortal in glove lore. And endless debate could be generated by simply trying to envision what would be the outcome of a contest between, say, Jimmy Barry and Pancho Villa; between Terry McGovern and Kid Chocolate; Joe Gans and Benny Leonard; Joe Walcott and Mickey Walker; Battling Nelson and Ace Hudkins; Jim Corbett and Jack Johnson; Kid McCoy and Tommy Loughran; Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey.

Manifestly, such a debate would be endless and inconclusive. But it may be of interest to compare some of the surroundings of the old-time warrior and the fighter of today; and a general analysis can be made of the difference between the old school and the modern vogue in actual fighting.

In the past the fighter was a slant-headed, battle-scarred, bottle-loving, unlettered, sweater-and-cap-wearing, swearing, hard-boiled citizen. He was tough and he gloried in it.

P. & A. photo

Jack Dempsey (at the left) vs. Tom Gibbons at Shelby, Montana, July 4, 1923—a picture that tells the whole story of Dempsey's aggressive fighting spirit.

Reformers were loud in their onslaughts against fighting; laws forbade it; sheriffs chased both performers and spectators. Boxing was on a par with pit dog meets and cock mains. The managers of the early crop were often unscrupulous, crafty, uneducated sports who thought little of fixing a bout in advance.

YET there was genuine love of hard battling. When a match was in process of making, the fighters and their guides met in the back of a saloon. Sawdust on the floor, oft-drenched spittoons everywhere, whisky and beer on the table, Police Gazette posters and photographs of nude women on the walls, flickering gas jets adding their stench to the sweaty assemblage, loud and profane wrangling until the patience of everybody cracked.

"Oh, wot the hell!" a fighter would yell. "Wot's the diff who referees, or wot the weight is, or how we split the purse? Sign this bum up and let's get goin'."

Often a manager would meet another; they'd see a promoter, talk things over, and then report to their respective charges.

"Well, Kid," the manager would say, "I seen Whoozis over at the Lenox and picked a soft spot for you in the main event."

The fighter would nod, growl his assent, and the only question he would ask would be: "When's it for?"

He seldom asked who was to be his opponent, what the weights were, how long the match was scheduled for, how the purse would be divided. Bull terriers never ask their owners any questions. All they ask is to be put in condition and then be tossed out in the arena.

Today? The boxer of this era is usually a quiet, well poised, reasonably educated, well dressed, carefully trained, unscarred, non-drinking, seldom-smoking athlete, whose greatest care is to keep his health intact and his conduct fairly above reproach.

HIS manager is a shrewd, intelligent business man with an eye for his ward's protection and a keen faculty for wringing all the money he can out of the contest. He is a master of ballyhoo and an artist in finding winning and profitable spots to put his boy in.

After the newspapers have been fed enough subtle propaganda to inspire in the public a wish to see certain boxers in action, the managers do business with the promoter. They meet in a large, well ventilated business office with costly rugs on the floor, fine mahogany furniture, the only beverage in the ice-water cooler, expensive cigars, subdued lighting fixtures, one or two judiciously chosen oil paintings on the wall.

The details tentatively agreed on, and the first of many newspaper conferences held, the manager goes back to his boxer.

"Well, Kid," he says, "I talked with Jim today up at the St. Nicholas and we're all set for the main event."

"Is that so?" counters the boxer, standing before his necktie holder and wondering which tie will go best with his new cheviot suit. "Let's have the details."

"We meet Young Hogan on Labor Day night—"

The Ring photo

Stanley Ketchel down in his first fight with Papke, at Los Angeles, September 8, 1908. The referee was Jim Jeffries. Ketchel lost, but soon took revenge.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[INSIDE THE ROPES WITH LOU MAGNOLIA
Continued from page seventy-five]

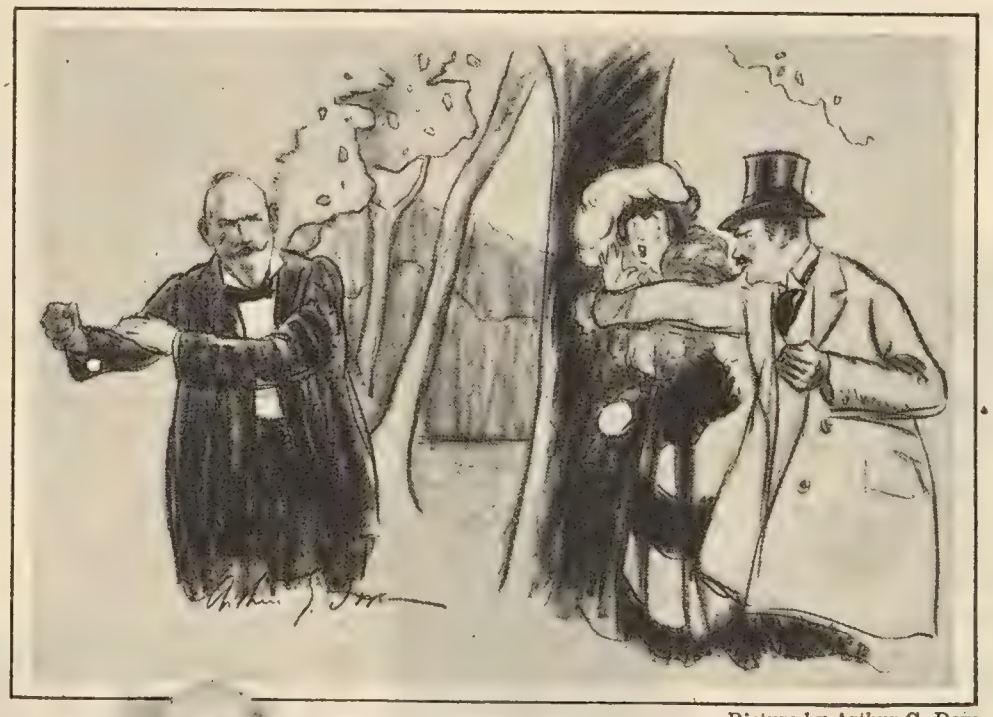
"Nothing doin' on Hogan," the boxer interrupts. "I don't like that bimbo and he makes no money edging in on a card with me. So that's out."

The manager finally overcomes the Kid's prejudice against Hogan, and is then bombarded with a petulant barrage of questions: how long is the bout; what are the weights; what is the cut of the purse; who's going to referee; where does he train; what sparring partners has the manager arranged for; how many tickets is the club going to give him for his friends; why didn't the manager insist on 2½ per cent more for his end; what is the seating capacity of the St. Nicholas; what prices are to be charged for ringside, for balcony, for gallery; why don't they boost the ringside tickets to $10 outside of the war tax; has the manager remembered that Red Dolan of the Daily Tab isn't to be allowed in the training camp on account of that article he wrote the last time the Kid fought; have they arranged to keep the arena cool if it's a hot night on Labor Day—and so on and on and on as long as the temperamental young business man making a living with his fists can think of things to ask.

Kid Lavigne and George Siddons fought seventy-seven rounds in Saginaw, Michigan, on March 1, 1889. It was called a draw, and they were rematched. On April 26, the same year, they fought fifty-five rounds to a draw in Grand Rapids. For the 132 rounds of savage fighting, they split even the sum of $500!

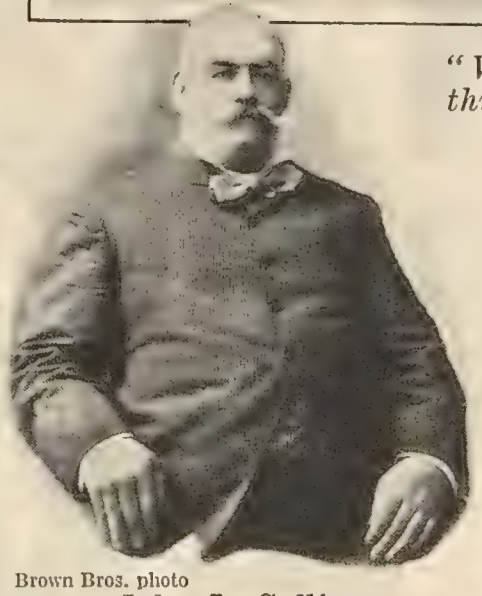
Max Schmeling, the latest sensation from Europe, fought four men from the time he came over from Berlin until last June. He stopped a couple of second-raters, outboxed one, and knocked out Johnny Risko, a really creditable achievement. Landing here in the dearth of heavyweight interest after Jack Dempsey passed out of the title and it fell into the uninteresting hands of Tunney, young Schmeling captured the public's fancy, with the aid of a carefully prepared whetting of the public's natural appetite for a spectacular heavyweight champion.

As a result the young German was paid $75,000 for boxing Paolino Uzcudun fifteen rounds at the Milk Fund Benefit bouts in June.



Picture by Arthur G. Dove

"What right?" John L. would thunder. "I have the greatest right in the world!"



Brown Bros. photo

John L. Sullivan.

TIMES have changed, indeed! And nobody is to blame for it. The boxer is entitled to a generous share of what he draws in at the box office. Surely, the fans don't go to see the promoter, or the preliminaries, or the ball park, or the press row. They go to see the main-event performers, and if they choose to pay $2,500,000, as they did to see Jack Dempsey make his comeback attempt against Tunney, it's nobody's blame and nobody's business.

Tex Rickard was genius enough to understand that the public would pay lavishly for a cunningly conceived boxing spectacle. He knew how to stage such a spectacle—and he was fortunate in having the most spectacular fighter of all time come along just when the country was prosperous and in a spendthrift mood after the rigid economy and self-denials of the World War. Between them, Tex and Dempsey showed the world what boxing really is.

The difference between the older and modern schools of boxing is not so marked; yet it can be pointed out.

The Kid Lavignes cared nothing for defensive fighting; the Terry McGoverns held to the theory that the best defense was a vigorous and unrelenting offensive. They fought *leaning forward!*

Tunney is typical of the safety-first system now popular. He stands in the middle of the ring, turning warily around as his opponent circles. His right heel is off the floor—but his weight is on the ball of his right foot, prepared for advance—but, likewise, prepared for instant retreat! His left arm is extended, his right glove clenched against his right breast, ready to shoot across if an opening comes—but, likewise, ready to protect his chin against a left hook!

HE is unmarked as he retires from the ring. Why? Because all his life his ring strategy has been based on the proposition that battles must be conducted with a way open to retreat if some tactical plan goes amiss. The Jack Dempseys swarmed all over their foes and stepped backward only when knocked backward.

The public paid $10,000,000 to see Jack in action in nine short bouts. It paid $1,085,000 to see Jack, a beaten titleholder trying a comeback, against Jack Sharkey of Boston.

It paid less than $500,000 to see Gene Tunney, the world's champion, defend his title against Tom Heeney.

Which proves rather conclusively, I think, what it is the public wants—and what it is the public dislikes.

It is only occasionally that a boxer appears who combines in his repertoire so superb a quality of skillful boxing with such punching ability that the public will pay without stint—and still not know whether he will choose to outbox his opponent or flatten him.

Such a master of the game was Benny Leonard. The public never knew whether he would be content to outpoint his Rocky Kansas and his Charlie White and Lou Tendler and Joe Mandot, or would decide to knock them cold. But it was satisfied that no matter what Leonard did he would do it splendidly and withhold nothing.

One of Leonard's fights is an example of the difference between the old-timer and the modern pugilist. When Benny was matched with Lou Tendler for their first bout in Boyle's Thirty Acres, Rickard's Jersey City stadium, in 1922, he was a quarter of a pound overweight. Four ounces. And Tendler grabbed Bennie's $5,000 weight forfeit. Leonard was wild and he gave Lou a fine pasting in their twelve-round go.

Carefully fanned by the astute Rickard, there came a public clamor for a return bout.

"Give that Shylock a chance to make a fortune meeting me? I should say not!" quoth Benny, when it was put up to him.

It took Tex a year to gain Leonard's consent to another contest, and the champion agreed then only after Phil Glassman, Tendler's manager, came all the way from Philadelphia and handed him a check for $5,000, that weight forfeit which Lou had seized.

They met in 1923 at the Polo Grounds, and for fifteen rounds Benny murdered the southpaw, refraining from

knocking him out and cutting him to bloody fragments, while taunting him all through the fight about that weight forfeit.

Tendler's end of the purse that night was $200,000, which showed that he too was a cagy young business man of the ring. He paid $5,000 to make a fifth of a million.

Benny hated Charlie White, the famous Chicago lightweight, who had one of the greatest left-hook knockout punches in the history of the ring. He refused for years to meet White, although White was a really great boxer and drawing card.

When he eventually agreed to meet him, he sacrificed a huge purse in New York rather than see Charlie cut in on it, and met him before a smaller crowd in Benton Harbor, Michigan. There he was able to keep White out of the big money and at the same time achieve something he had long wanted to do—beat the Chicagoan to a pulp.

It was a sensational match. Charlie knocked Leonard cold with that deadly left hook, but Benny, with the fighting instinct that never falters when it lives in the heart of a genuine warrior, struggled to his feet, held on until his senses came back, and then beat White to the floor for the long count.

As to Tunney, the boxer, the champion, and the private citizen, I shall have more to say later.

JUST before the appearance of what I have described as the second tide of great fighters, I used to work in the Theater Comique at 124th Street and Lexington Avenue, up in Harlem. I boxed there and wrestled and made money in various ways. For example, when John L. Sullivan appeared there with his troupe in Honest Hearts and Willing Hands, I sold pictures of him in the balcony.

I charged twenty-five cents for these photographs, and after the performance I'd meet the Big Fellow in the lobby. He was invariably soused. He would glare at me and roar: "Well, you rascal, how many pictures did you sell tonight?"

I would stammer that I had sold eight or nine, and he would hold out his massive fist, palm up, while I placed in it twenty cents of each quarter I had taken in. My bit was a nickel.

There was a great scene in this melodrama of Sully's. He would interfere just as the villain was about to grab the heroine, and the villain would turn on him, curl his mustachios, and growl: "Leave me and that girl be. What right have you to interfere?"

Sullivan would draw himself up into a fine actorish pose, double up his mighty right arm, pat its biceps with his left hand, and thunder out: "What right? I have the greatest right in the world!"—patting his right arm again until the audience caught the double meaning. Whereupon the gallery would go wild and stamp and scream: "Thata boy, John!"

William A. Brady, the manager of Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries, and later a well known Broadway theatrical producer, often appeared at the old Comique. He was the tramp in After Dark, a popular melodrama of the day. His great scene came when he saved the girl in the railway tunnel.

FITZSIMMONS also was a favorite thespian with the Comique audiences. He played in The Honest Blacksmith, and wore a leather apron. He welded a red-hot bar of iron into a horseshoe, plunged it sizzling into a bucket of water, and tossed it out to friends in the pit. I'll never forget his square, freckled shoulders, bald head, and unbelievably powerful arms while he pounded out his horseshoe.

The last time I saw Adelina Patti was in the Theater Comique. She appeared in As in a Looking-Glass, and her voice rings down across the years to this day as the best I ever heard—and you know we citizens of Italian blood haunt the operas during the winter season.

For sheer delightful boxing skill, I don't think I ever witnessed so amazing a contest as the one staged in the old Garden in 1908 between Abe Attell and Jem Driscoll, the little English featherweight. It went ten rounds and to have given either boy the decision would have been robbery. It was the most bewildering exhibition of footwork, generalship, swift-moving left hands and flashing right gloves I ever saw. They came closer that night to duplicating the prowess of the immortal Griffo than any other boxers I ever saw. I still think Young Griffo could have laughed at either of them and won in a canter, but, of course, he was unique in the game.

From Albert Davis Collection

William A. Brady in the days when he played Old Tom in After Dark.

Leach Cross was a remarkable character. A dentist whose name was Louis Wallach, he was a marvelous boxer and decided he could make more money knocking out teeth than extracting them gently. Oddly enough, the fans disliked him and went to all his bouts in the hope that he would be knocked out. Leach capitalized this aversion and did things to infuriate the crowd.

His favorite stunt was to feign grogginess, reeling about the ring, glassy-eyed, hands hanging loosely, knees buckling. The crowd always fell for it and screamed to his oppo-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used *once every hour for five hours.*

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

[INSIDE THE ROPES WITH LOU MAGNOLIA]
Continued from page seventy-seven

nent to get in there and sink the ship. Sometimes the other boxer fell for it, too, and what a howl would shake the rafters when Leach would suddenly snap out of it and whip across a right to the jaw for a knockout! Leach would laugh and saunter to his corner waving his hands at the gallery madmen and grinning.

A startling battle was put on at the old Pioneer Club between Stanley Ketchel, probably the greatest middleweight that ever lived except old Bob Fitzsimmons, and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, a clever light-heavyweight. The mob was yelling excitedly all through the bout, and with eight seconds of the last minute of the tenth and final round to go, Ketchel rocketed one across that smacked O'Brien on the point of the chin. Jack fell back as straight as a ramrod, completely out, his head resting in a big sawdust spittoon in his corner. They met again, and Stanley finished the job in three rounds.

What a bout we saw over in the ball park in Philadelphia between Ketchel and Sam Langford! I think Langford was the hardest hitter for his weight and inches that ever lived, one of the truly great fighters of all time. I believe he could have named the round before he left his dressing room and stopped Tunney in that round.

Ketchel and Sam went six rounds to a no-decision, and we all came home from the fight in one of the milk trains. I have always believed that Sam was under wraps that night; that he could have dropped the champion any time he felt like it. But it wasn't a large house and Sam probably was saving Ketchel for a forty-five-round bout out in California, where he could bet all his money, take his time, and knock Ketchel out. Poor Stanley! He went the hot Broadway pace, and finally was taken out to a farm near Conway, Missouri, to recuperate. While there, in October, 1910, he got mixed up with a servant girl and a hired man shot him to death with a little twenty-two-caliber rifle!

Ketchel and his manager, Willus Britt, brother of Jimmy, the lightweight boxer, pulled a hot one on Billy Papke and his manager, Tom Jones. Refusing to shake hands as they met after the bell rang for the first round, Papke surprised Ketchel, who had stretched out his hand, and broke his nose with a right swing. In the twelfth round he knocked Stanley out and won the title.

Ketchel disappeared after the fight, and Willus gave it out that Stanley had run away and was wallowing in whisky. He got a return bout from Jones, and in less than three months after the knockout they were in the ring again.

But Ketchel had merely vanished in the mountains and undergone a strict siege of intensive training. He was in perfect condition. Papke hadn't trained quite as faithfully as he might have, and Ketchel let him have the works. In the eleventh round he beat the terribly battered Papke into unconsciousness and regained his title.

ONE of my last appearances as a wrestler was probably my hardest contest. I met Doc Roller, the celebrated heavyweight, in New Haven, Connecticut. The thing went for two hours and twenty minutes before the Doc took me for the first and deciding fall. My end of the purse was $100!

I had been associated with Bill Brown, the promoter, for quite a while. He ran a gymnasium in the Koster and Bial building in West Twenty-third Street, and I would wrestle, box, referee, announce, sell tickets, usher, and make myself generally useful.

Brown also ran a summer club down at Far Rockaway, and I worked with him there. In his clubs have appeared some well known lads, some of whose bouts I refereed. I recall Leach Cross, Knockout Brown, Frankie Burns, Johnny Coulon, Johnny Kilbane, Joe Jeanette, Bill Tate, Gunboat Smith, and Jack Dillon.

Dillon was a rare character. When he first came east he demanded two fights a week! He liked to keep busy. He and Battling Levinsky put on some hot numbers. Levinsky was first called Barney Williams by his manager, Dumb Dan Morgan, but finally Morgan reconsidered and reverted to the Battler's real name. Levinsky was popular and justly so.

Among the big fellows trying to make a name in those days was a huge Negro from Galveston, Texas. His name was Jack Johnson. I think Johnson was the cleverest big man that ever boxed. He was far ahead of Jim Corbett in skill and ring brains. He forgot more than any other heavyweight in history ever knew.

After Tom Sharkey decided to quit fighting—and what a rugged, brave, two-fisted walloper he was!—Tom bought Barney Reisch's saloon in Fourteenth Street across from the Academy of Music and Tammany Hall. He hired Sailor Shepherd as a piano player. Shepherd is now a politician and works in the highway department in the Borough of Queens, New York City.

The Ring photo

Bob Fitzsimmons at the anvil, as he appeared on the stage in The Honest Blacksmith.

SHARKEY was notable as a tightwad. One night a man spent all his roll in Tom's place and asked him for some money to get home.

"Well, how much do you need?" Tom growled.

"Oh, slip me a buck," replied the drunk.

"A buck!" Tom yelled. "Where in hell do you live—Albany?"

Sharkey finally closed his place and wandered out west. Today he sometimes appears in vaudeville with his old enemy, Jim Jeffries, and works at times for Sunny Jim Coffroth, the famous San Francisco promoter of old days, at Jim's Tia Juana race track.

When Benny Leonard was mopping up around New York somebody brought Stanley Yoakum from Denver to meet him. They fought for John the Barber's old Harlem Sporting Club in the black belt of uptown New York City. I refereed it. Leonard gave the Denverite a frightful shellacking, and in the sixth round everybody yelled for me to stop it. I went to Yoakum's corner.

"What do you say—do you want to call it a night?" I asked him.

He grinned through his shattered features and said: "Hell, no! Let him keep pitching and I'll keep catching. He'll get tired before I will!"

He was in good condition, so I let the fight continue.

I have often been confronted by such problems, and many things enter into my consideration of them. First, the condition of the beaten boxer. How badly is he beaten? Is it possible for him to get his second wind and have a chance to win? Can he, with one wild swing, win by a knockout?

A boxer makes his living by fighting, and his success depends on his winning. I must, therefore, try to figure how to avoid cutting his earning capacity and at the same time save him from a beating that might have dangerous and possibly fatal effects on him.

I have also to think of the crowd. They like to see the knockout, and it's their money that pays both boxers and keeps the game alive. Prize fighting is not a gentle drawing-room argument: it's a man's racket, and the sight of a little blood must not influence the referee to stop a bout that might end with the bloody man's unexpected victory.

One night in 1923 Jack Renault and Floyd Johnson were putting up a great battle in Madison Square Garden and I was referee. Toward the end of the contest Renault was giving Johnson a dreadful beating. I asked Floyd several times how he felt, and he said he was all right.

The spectators were wild, screaming and imploring me to stop the slaughter. It was a particularly difficult spot for me, especially when Renault unloosed a merciless barrage of gloves in the last minute of the fifteenth round. And yet I didn't call a halt. I knew that Johnson really was not in bad shape physically—that is, that by noon the next day he would be all right. And I knew that he was a lad who would try to swing a knockout even as he was going down.

Well, I let it go even after two knockdowns because there were forty seconds to go. With about fifteen seconds left, Renault shot his right across and Johnson went down for keeps. The papers roasted me the next day; but Johnson was fair enough to issue a public statement that he was all right every minute during the go, and that he was grateful to me for not stopping it.

I refereed for a couple of strange birds once. They were "dummies"—deaf-and-dumb persons. When I called them to the middle to give them their instructions their interpreter had to translate my orders by wig-wagging his fingers.

The only way I could let them know the bell had rung was to pat their shoulders and point to their corners.

They were cagy boxers, at that. Sometimes if they were in a clinch when I'd touch them to end the round they'd both whirl with their gloves extended in fighting pose—to see if the round was really over or if I was merely trying to get them out of the clinch.

In next week's installment, Mr. Sutherland will report Lou Magnolia's recollections of some notable wrestling matches; and his ideas of the changes in the boxing game that the Walker law has wrought in New York State since 1920.

Prize Winners—A New List

Awards have been made as follows for the detection of errors in the four "How Many Mistakes" pictures which appeared in Liberty for November 2.

PICTURE NO. 1

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Veronica Dolan,
400 Brown's Ave., Portland, Ore.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Marie L. Shoobs,
542 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Norma Wallace,
72 Murray Ave., Port Washington, N. Y.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Mrs. W. Le R. Buckley, 216 Smith St., Akron, Ohio.
Elizabeth W. Cogshall, Ann Arbor, Mich.
J. F. Daeger, 375 Lake Drive, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. Sue Gibson, 1619 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md.
Daisy E. Kane, 3421 Chicago Blvd., Detroit, Mich.
Wilson C. Leithead, 5018 Catharine St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Lola G. Moore, 409 Eastlake Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Mrs. M. De Nelsky, 1306 Fifth Ave., Des Moines, Ia.
Wm. H. Peckham, 1126 Glenwood Blvd., Schenectady, N. Y.
Leonard S. Witman, Asheville, N. C.

PICTURE NO. 2

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Lloyd R. Prather,
816 B. F. Keith Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Vaughn H. Knight,
Lee, Me.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Mildred Hammond,
90 Columbus Ave., Holyoke, Mass.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

E. I. Angell, 2970 Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Ill.
Edwin P. Bird, Inf. Sch. Detach., Ft. Benning, Ga.
Mrs. B. Campbell, 95 Audubon Rd., Boston, Mass.
Amy M. Ghent, 1840 California St., Washington, D. C.
L. V. Halbrook, Huntington Pk., Calif.
Forrest Harbour, 207 Spring St., Mansfield, Mass.
Edward Kellison, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
John J. Klein, Jr., 251 Terrace Pk., Rochester, N. Y.
R. A. Knoll, 214 Meyers St., E., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Harry W. Ransdell, 1420 Chapin St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

PICTURE NO. 3

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Wilbur M. Weaver,
73 W. Fairview St., Bethlehem, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

L. C. Brandon,
3981 Lowry Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

H. R. Throckmorton,
604 E. 59th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

W. W. Bradley, 1002 Sumter St., Columbia, S. C.
G. W. Burrell, 83 N. Broad St., Norwich, N. Y.
Antonia M. Butler, 4137 Euclid Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Acton M. Cleveland, Camptonville, Calif.
Ira Freeman, D. D., 912 Lorenz Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dorothy J. Hyatt, 4734 Vernon St., St. Louis, Mo.
H. E. Klingberg, Bethel Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.
Jeneal Rosenkrantz, 293 N. Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
G. H. Uhlich, P. O. Dept., Steubenville, Ohio.
Erma L. Ximanies, Lakeland, Fla.

PICTURE NO. 4

FIRST PRIZE—$125

David G. Duncan,
650 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Clyde V. Blank,
1206 Seiler Ave., Savannah, Ga.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Mrs. H. A. Johnson,
2088 University Circle, Memphis, Tenn.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Thurman R. Hare, 1709 N. Port St., Baltimore, Md.
F. W. Hausmann, 952 North Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
J. A. Lenahan, 426 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Allyn C. Loosley, Berkeley, Calif.
T. H. Nowlin, 842 29th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Lawrence E. Reilly, 195 Melville St., Rochester, N. Y.
E. P. Schwaner, Bank of Comm. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Fern T. Spaulding, 11024 Detroit Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Frederick C. Stevens, Framingham, Mass.
B. A. Thomas, 71 McKinley Parkway, Buffalo, N. Y.

Awards for the four pictures in the November 9 issue will be announced next week.

A Christmas Gift
Remembered For Years!

That Can Be Used 365 Days a Year—Indoors and Outdoors—for Health, Exercise and Pleasure.

Thousands of Youngsters, Boys, Girls and even Grownups now enjoy Roller Skating 12 months a year. When weather is bad, they can skate in basement, garage or spare room, because these shock absorbing Rubber Tire "CHICAGO" Skates are noiseless. Order a pair — for Indoor and Outdoor Sport.

"Our Gang" On "CHICAGOS"

"CHICAGO"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Rubber Tire Roller Skates

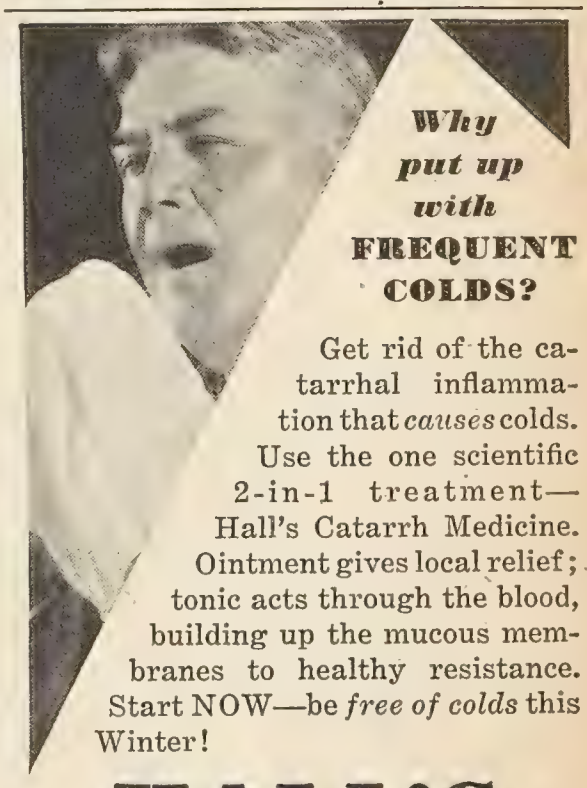
GET FREE PIN — Join "Roll on Rubber" Club—get pin, membership certificate and Book "How to Roller Skate." Send Dealer's Name and 10c to cover postage.

Chicago Roller Skate Co.
Established Over ¼ Century
4424 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

No. 181 Combination Super Skate for Boys, Girls and Grownups. Price $4.00.

No. 101 Double Tread "Triple-Ware" Steel Wheel Skate. Price $2.25 From dealers or sent direct (postpaid) for price and dealer's name.

"Roll on Rubber"



Why put up with FREQUENT COLDS?

Get rid of the catarrhal inflammation that *causes* colds. Use the one scientific 2-in-1 treatment—Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Ointment gives local relief; tonic acts through the blood, building up the mucous membranes to healthy resistance. Start NOW—be *free of colds* this Winter!

HALL'S
CATARRH MEDICINE
Successful for Over 50 Years

Combined treatment at your Druggist's—or send 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 2212, Toledo, Ohio. *New Radio Log Book, Free.*

STOPS FALLING HAIR

Lucky Tiger Knocks Dandruff and Scalp Ailments like Whyte-Fox (1 and 2)

Medicated Massage heals skin irritations, and No. 2 Whyte-Fox stops rectal itchings. Used by Millions. Money-Back Guarantee. Write for free booklet.

At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

SKIN BLEMISHES

pimples, blackheads, etc., cleared away easily and at little cost by

Resinol

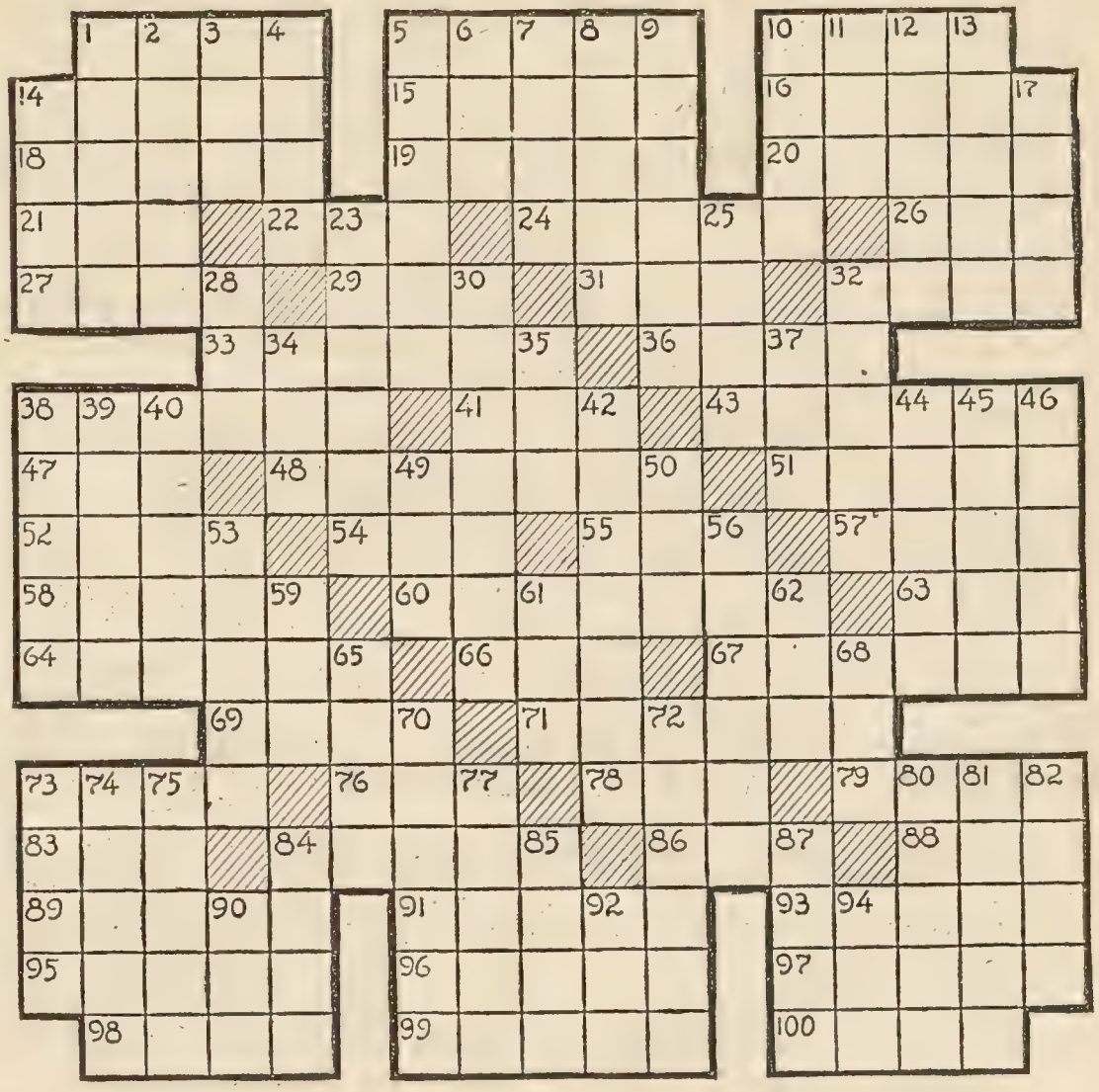
Index to Advertisements

This Issue

ADVERTISER	PAGE
American Stove Company	44
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., The (Spud Cigarettes)	64
Black, Inc., Walter J.	3
Borm Manufacturing Co.	59
Bristol-Myers Co. (Sal Hepatica)	39
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., The	41
Bunte Brothers	58
Cheney & Co., F. J. (Hall's Catarrh Medicine)	79
Chicago Roller Skate Co.	79
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. (Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream)	48
Conn, Ltd., C. G.	56
Cunningham, Inc., E. T.	58
Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy and Gum	20
Fawcett Publication (Screen Secrets Magazine)	57
Florida Chamber of Commerce (Department of Agriculture)	46
Ford Motor Company	29
French Lick Springs Hotel Co. (Pluto Water)	23
Gillette Safety Razor Co.	8
Glover Company, H. Clay	59
Helbros Watch Company	24
Houbigant, Inc.	6–7
Hughes Company, K. A. (Salicon)	81
Illinois Watch, The	5
Imprint Pencil Co., Inc.	81
Kozak, Inc.	77
Leonard, Inc., A. O.	81
Lucky Tiger Remedy Company	79
Meeker Co., Inc., The	57
Menhenitt Company Limited, The	57
Meyer, Chas. (Mascarillo)	57
Musterole	77
Paris Medicine Co. (Grove's Bromo Quinine Tablets)	57
Parker Pen Company, The	Second Cover
Plymouth Motor Corporation	37
Polk Miller Products Corporation	50
Poloris Co. (Acadona)	81
Procter & Gamble (Camay Soap)	Back Cover
Propp Electrical Decorative Equipment	56
Radio-Victor Corporation of America	38
Resinol	79
Rexall Drug Stores	42–43
Rumidor Corporation, The	27
Stewart-Warner Corporation	61
Vapo-Cresolene Co.	59
Viscose Co., Dr. L. W. Clason	59
Waterman Company, L. E.	Third Cover
Williams Company, The J. B.	19
Winton Watches	62
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.)	47
Zemo	81

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Two New Puzzles:

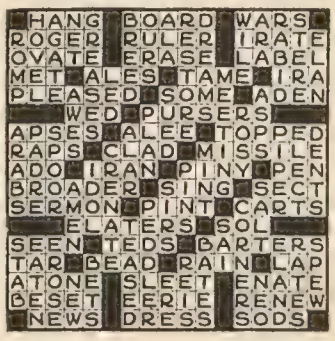


HORIZONTAL

1 Boil
5 A European capital
10 Sheep
14 Platform
15 Worship
16 Suffered illness
18 Part of the large intestine
19 Wanderer
20 Part of a barrel
21 Form of to be
22 Japanese fish
24 Growing out
26 Cardinal number
27 A cape; headland
29 Horse
31 Prefix meaning upon
32 Dispatched
33 Woman's name
36 Heave up; to raise aloft
38 That which is overdue for payment
41 Brood of pheasants
43 Insidious or deceptive woman (plural)
47 Born
48 Utters indistinctly
51 Shaped like a tore or segment
52 Dexterous; clever
54 Wire measure
55 Riotous assembly
57 A panel
58 All, taken severally
60 Deserved
63 Japanese coin
64 Succession of things
66 Go rapidly
67 Most recent
69 At the highest point
71 Came to be
73 Miss of attaining
76 Plump
78 Rested
79 A fish
83 Beard, as of grain
84 Walk pompously
86 Mound
88 Forbid
89 Light boat
91 Astonish
93 Awn
95 Negotiate with
96 Partaker of a meal
97 Diminishes
98 Strays
99 Rims or margins
100 To restore, as in printing

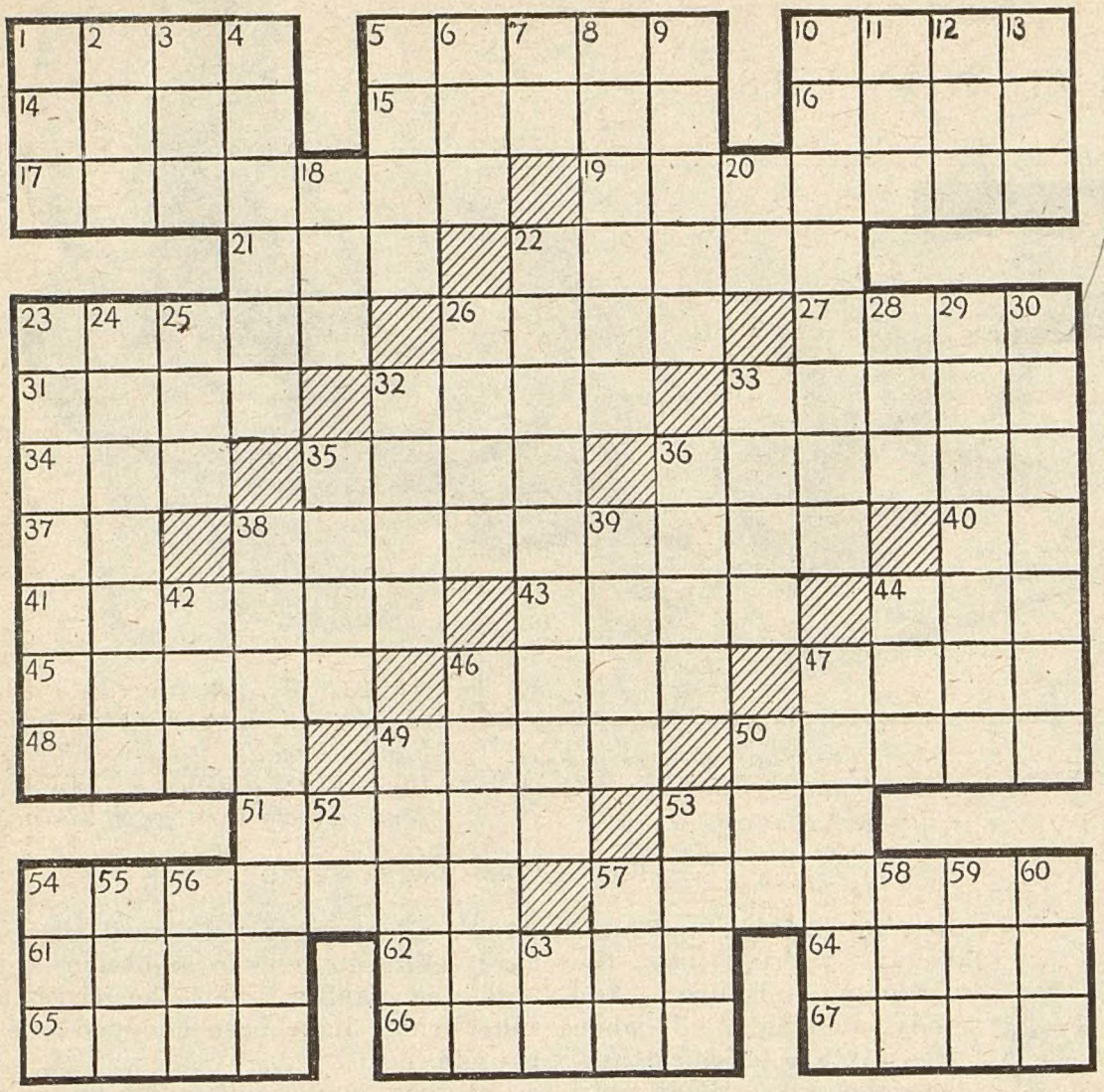
VERTICAL

1 Shop
2 Narratives
3 Self
4 Departed
5 An outcast
6 Bustle
7 Ramble
8 Woman's name
9 Celestial being
10 Relieve of tension
11 Humor
12 Puff up
13 Cardinal number
14 Examine with care
17 Small hollow, as one made by a blow
23 A cavity (anatomy)
25 Binds
28 Comprehend
30 More tractable and docile
32 A sharpening device
34 A man's name contracted
35 A cereal grass
37 Becoming; proper
38 South American mountain range
39 Female sandpiper
40 Allude
42 Stoats
44 Blot out
45 Baseball teams
46 Odor
49 Man's nickname
50 Inebriate
53 A test
56 To delay
59 Although
61 Polish by friction
62 To obstruct
65 Yielding
68 Spread for drying
70 Formal display
72 Supplies food
73 An occurrence
74 Cognizant
75 Internal
77 Swollen
80 Lessen
81 Mark used to indicate an insertion
82 Extremities
84 Puts in place
85 Specific flavor or tinge
87 Recedes
90 Propeller
92 A letter
94 Consume



Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 Shell beads used as money by North American aborigines
5 Less
10 Things given or admitted
14 Silkworm
15 In respect to
16 Greek god equivalent to the Latin god Cupid
17 An area of ground (military)
19 Users of insolent and reproachful language
21 Noise
22 A department in France
23 Peeled
26 Chief personage, as at a social gathering
27 Pleased; happy
31 Supreme deity of the Norse pantheon
32 A fertilizer
33 One of the United States
34 Linger behind
35 Substance secreted by the liver
36 Material; substance
37 Form of to be
38 Tease; irritate
40 Note of the scale
41 Most unusual
43 Masculine
44 Receptacle for coal
45 To habituate
46 Grant the use of
47 Accomplished
48 Pace
49 A book of the New Testament
50 Daunted the spirits or courage of
51 Separate particulars in an enumeration
53 Obeisance
54 Imply secondarily
57 To cleanse
61 Genus of liliaceous plants
62 Penetrate
64 Bellow, or utter a deep, loud cry
65 Jackdaws
66 Sharp pain
67 Puts in place

VERTICAL

1 A fit of peevishness or ill humor
2 Prior
3 Melody
4 Rich, well cultivated tract of land
5 River in Germany
6 Tavern
7 The symbol for an element
8 Unsubstantial; visionary
9 Part of a flight of steps
10 A deputy or representative
11 Metric measure of area
12 Rocky pinnacle
13 An equine
18 Succor
20 Into
22 Long, narrow, ribbon-like flags
23 North Star
24 Substance of exceeding hardness
25 Space between furrows in a plowed field
26 Pickle in brine
28 Descended, as from a vehicle
29 Windflower
30 Mocked
32 Aromatic plant of the genus Mentha
33 Labyrinth
35 Foundation
36 Bland; clement
38 Derivative of menthane (plural)
39 Slender and thin
42 Regret
44 In what manner
46 Bemoan
47 Dowries
49 Apportions
50 A small, rudely formed boat
52 Toward
53 Iceberg
54 Lowbred, presuming person
55 Leaf of the palmyra palm (variant)
56 Forthwith
57 Lair
58 A deer
59 Artificial channel between sandbanks
60 The bitter vetch
63 Note of the scale

C	A	N	O	N	I	Z	E		A	I	S	L	E	S
A	D	O	R	E		A	V	E	R	T		E	R	A	S
R	A	V	E		A	N	E	N	T		A	V	E	N	A
A	G	A		B	L	I	N	D		P	L	A	C	E	D
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	L	E	D	G	E	R		T	S	A	R	I	N	A	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

Itching Torture Ended

Don't suffer night and day with itching, burning skin. Get cooling, soothing, antiseptic Zemo. Thousands find relief in first application. Safe, dependable, invisible. Zemo helps restore skin to healthy smoothness. Use any time for Itching, Dandruff, Pimples, Blemishes. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. All Druggists.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Don't Do This → use

LEONARD EAR OIL

An Ear Oil of great benefit in many cases of Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises. Simply Insert in Nostrils and Rub in gently back of Ears. Soothing and Penetrating. On the market since 1907, and many thousands have written of the relief obtained. Price $1.25 at drug stores. Folder about "Deafness" on request to A. O. LEONARD, INC., Suite 825, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"Well! I got rid of that cold— I took—

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Salicon
TRADE MARK

The "*Write*" Gift for Children

Individual Name
DE LUXE PENCIL SETS **1.00** Post Paid

Embossed *genuine leather case* with coin pocket, ruler and Assortment of lead pencils, *every piece engraved with name in 18 Kt. Gold.* Point protector and sharpener included.
—*Supreme in its class.*

JUNIOR SET—Embossed genuine leather case and 3 pencils, *name engraved in 18 Kt. Gold* **50c**

Send check, money order, cash or U. S. Postage
IMPRINT PENCIL CO., Inc.
112 "L" Fourth Ave., New York City

Boils

50¢
IN CANADA 60¢

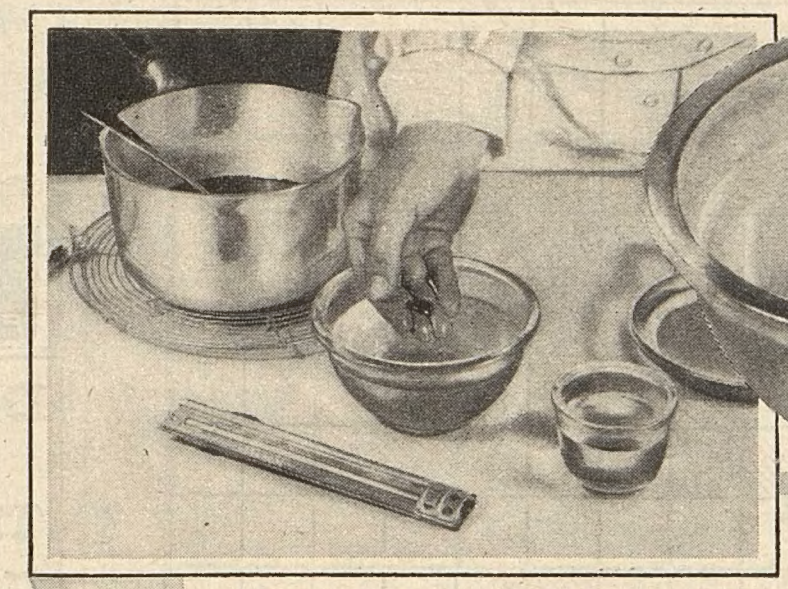
Don't squeeze—don't cut. Acadona Boil Poultice stops pain, draws boil to head, prevents spreading, leaves no scars. At your druggist. Free sample from Poloris Co., 79a E. 130 St., New York.

ACADONA
BOIL POULTICE Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Christmas Candies

By Ethel Somers

WE strongly advocate the use of a thermometer in making your Christmas candies. We realize, however, that many of our readers have no candy thermometer at hand. For their benefit we include herewith the essential details of making tests by the cold-water method. The common causes of failure in cold-water testing lie in the use of too little water, or water that is not cold enough, testing too much of the candy sirup at one time, or letting the candy continue cooking while the test is being made. Using cold water in a bowl rather than a cup and adding but one-half teaspoon of the hot sirup at a time insure uniform testing.



At 238° F. (soft-ball stage) a half teaspoon of hot sirup dropped into cold water forms a ball.

At 251° F. (caramel stage) the hot sirup separates into hard threads upon striking the water, and may then be formed into a caramel shape.

THREE COLD-WATER TESTS

At 246° F. (hard-ball stage) the sirup can be shaped in a ball which is plastic but hard enough to hold its shape.

Sea Foam

- 1¼ cups sugar (white or brown)
- ¼ cup water
- ¼ cup corn sirup (light or dark)
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg white
- 1 teaspoon flavoring
- ½ cup nut meats, or cocoanut, or candied fruit, or combinations of these

BOIL the sugar, water, corn sirup, and salt to the soft-ball stage (238° F.). Beat the egg white stiff but not dry, and slowly beat in one-half of the hot sirup with an egg beater. Beat continuously. Return the other half of the sirup to the fire and cook a bit past the caramel stage, or to 256° F., when you can form it in a caramel under cold water, the edges being quite crisp. Now pour this slowly, beating with a spoon or heavy whisk, into the sirup-egg mixture. Add the flavoring, and when the mixture becomes thick add the nuts. Beat until the mixture will hold its shape. Then drop on waxed paper or pour into oiled pans to be cut into squares.

Opera Creams

- 2 cups sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1 tablespoon corn sirup
- 1 cup cream or evaporated milk
- ½ teaspoon flavoring

MIX all the ingredients except the flavoring and bring quickly to a boil. If the mixture starts to curdle, beat rapidly with a rotary egg beater. Do not stir the mixture after it has started to boil except to gently pass the spoon over the bottom of the pan to prevent sticking. Boil to a hard soft-ball stage (240° F.). Holding the pan close to a dampened platter, gently pour out the candy. Let it stand undisturbed until cool, or at least 98° F. Using a knife, work the candy until creamy. This may take time, but it will surely change if the sirup was cooked to the right stage. Shape in a ball and cover tightly with a damp towel for one-half to two hours. Then knead, adding any flavoring desired. Form in a one-inch layer and cut into small squares.

Candied Plum Puddings

- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ½ pound dates, chopped
- ½ pound figs, chopped
- ¼ pound coconut
- ½ to 1 cup ground nut meats
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ cup cream or evaporated milk

(½ pound dates, ½ pound figs, ¼ pound coconut, ½ to 1 cup ground nut meats — or any fruit-and-nut combination totaling 1½ pounds)

COOK the sugar and cream to the soft-ball stage (238° F.). Add the butter but do not stir it in. Cool at least to 98° F. Beat vigorously until the mixture begins to thicken and turns color. Add the vanilla, then the fruit and nuts, which have been chopped fine or ground.

As soon as possible pick up in the hands and knead vigorously. Shape into tiny plum puddings or into a long roll to be sliced.

If tiny puddings have been made, garnish before serving with pistachio nuts and candied cranberries.

Variety may be attained by rolling the confection in a mixture of raisins and nuts ground together.

Maple Fudge

- 10 ounces maple sugar, or
- 1⅛ cups brown sugar plus
- ½ teaspoon mapleine
- 1¾ cups white sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon corn sirup
- 1½ cups cream, or 1 cup evaporated milk plus
- ½ cup water
- 3 tablespoons butter

AFTER cutting the maple sugar fine, dissolve in the water or in part of the cream. Stir in the other sugar until dissolved and then add the corn sirup, salt, and remaining liquid and bring to the boiling point. Wash down any crystals of the sugar that cling to the sides of the pan. Boil rapidly, with only an occasional gentle stirring, to the soft-ball stage (238° F.). Just before removing from the fire add the butter. Cool on a buttered platter at least to 98° F. Work with a knife until the mixture turns creamy. Gather in a ball and knead vigorously. Keep in a tightly covered container until ready to use, then shape as desired.

RICH Maple Fudge — For a richer product than the recipe given above two ounces of sweet or unsalted butter may be first creamed and then kneaded into the fudge together with nuts as desired.

Shape in balls and then roll in chopped nut meats, coconut, or candied fruit.

PLAN a Christmas surprise for candy appetites! Rich fudge, luscious caramels, and sea foam are just a few of the Christmas sweets that may be easily prepared by consulting Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. The pamphlets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. In sending for them, insure yourself against delay by using the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

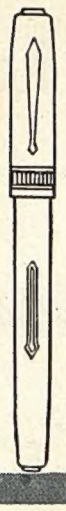
I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City.....State..... 12-14-29



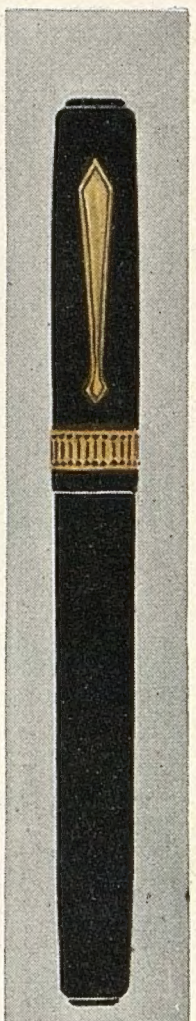
This Christmas there is something NEW —Waterman's Patrician, a fountain pen so fine, so beautiful, that it is really a piece of personal jewelry.

Forty years of pen-leadership lie behind the beauty of the exquisite Waterman's Patrician set of matching pen and pencil shown below. Tawny streamers shoot through the creamy whiteness of its Onyx barrel. Rich gold bands it.

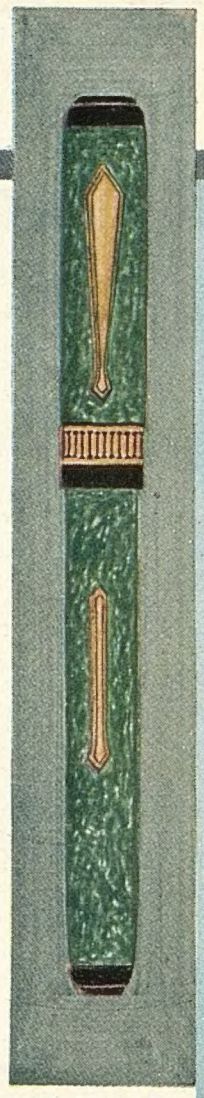
What other gift so choice for only fifteen dollars? What so prized and desirable? Or so perfect an addition to your own appointments?

Then there are these four other Patrician beauties: Turquoise, Emerald, Nacre, and Jet. All with those writing qualities that can come only from Waterman's HAND-CRAFTING of the pen point, HAND-FINISHING of the precious iridium pen-tip, and the patented Waterman's spoon-feed. These improvements have long made Waterman's the leader, and these features are now at your service in every Waterman's pen from the lowest priced to the Patrician.

NACRE
The pen....$10
The pencil ..$5



JET
The pen..$10
The pencil.$5



EMERALD
The pen....$10
The pencil ..$5

TURQUOISE
The pen....$10
The pencil ..$5

ONYX
The pen....$10
The pencil ..$5

Waterman's

Complexion history was made when 73 eminent American dermatologists★ unanimously approved Camay

I DON'T believe it's any longer much of a secret that the only complexion soap which eminent American dermatologists have officially approved is—Camay. I'm sure I've done all *I* could to spread the news!

And how good that news is! Letters come pouring in, telling me about it. And, within these few short months, Camay is well on the way to becoming the most popular complexion soap in all America!

I'm sure the dermatologists who examined Camay's formula so carefully and made so many tests of its effect on delicate complexions, are as pleased as I am. It's quite wonderful to know that girls are eager for really authoritative advice on how to take care of their skins.

Many of you already realize how authoritative that advice is. But, even at the risk of repeating, I must be sure that *all* of you know:

The 73 American dermatologists who have approved Camay as a gentle and unusually mild complexion soap are all eminent.

Fifty-six are professors of dermatology in great medical schools. Seventeen are consultants at metropolitan hospitals and clinics.

I think you'll be as interested as I was in some of the personal comments these physicians made.

One of New England's foremost dermatologists says:

"My own hands are apt to chap badly after repeated washings in the winter—I have had no trouble in this particular, while using Camay."

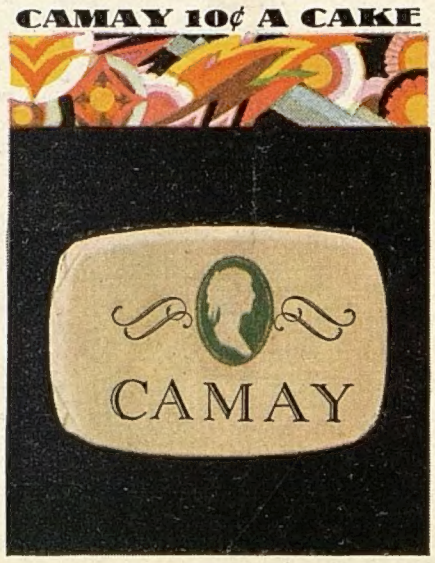
Another, a consultant at two of the South's largest hospitals, says:

"A remarkable soap! And especially good in hard water. It leaves the skin soft and clean."

But nothing anybody can tell you about Camay is half as exciting as what you're going to find out yourself, from your own complexion. I can say that firmly, because it's not only been my experience but that of hundreds of girls I've talked to.

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice about skin care from 73 of America's leading dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-129, 509 Fifth Ave., New York.



★**What is a dermatologist?** The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

J. Allen Pusey M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]